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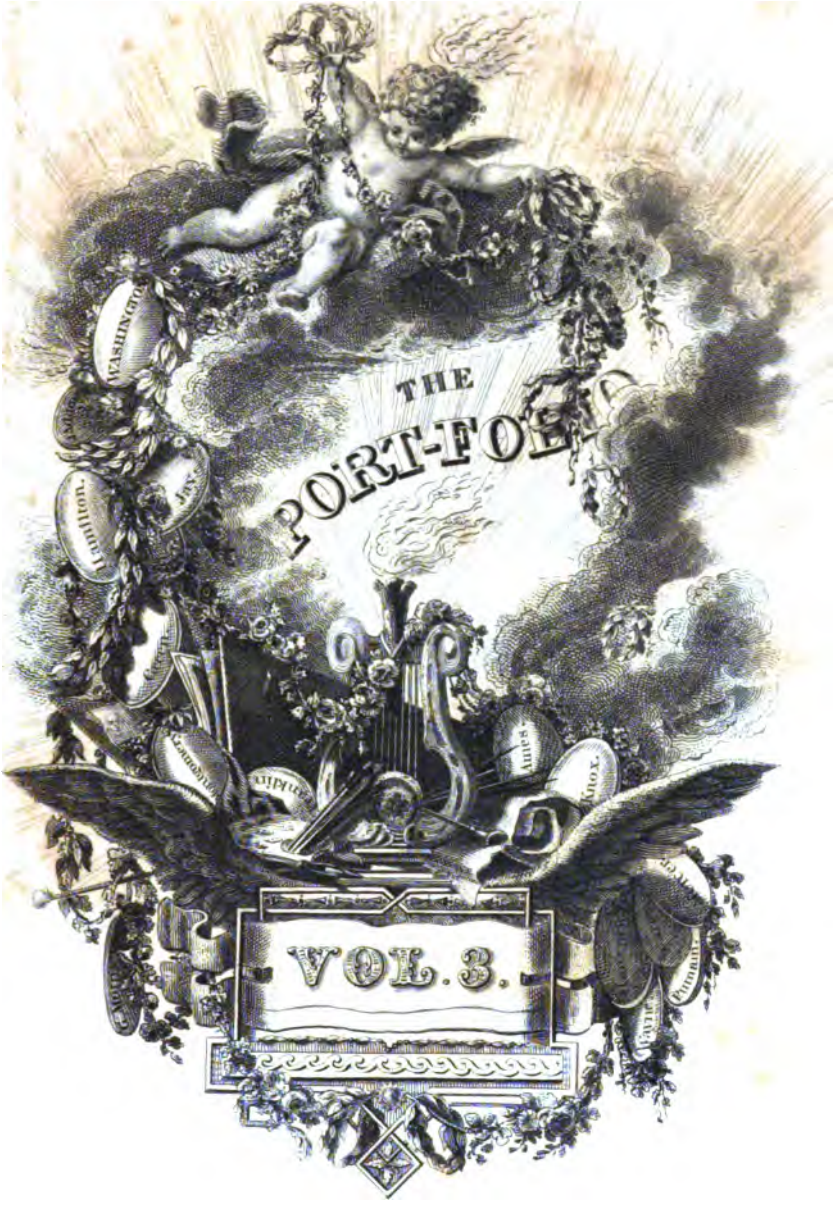

Published by Harrison Hall, No. 133 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

1817.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JANUARY, 1817.

Embellished with a Frontispiece, engraved by Fairman.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence, 2
Biographical sketch of James Lawrence, Esq. 3
Improper use of the word Grandchild, 21
Original letter from general Washington, 22
Franklinians, 25
Letter from the author of the Pursuits of Literature, on Da Ponte, an Italian poet, 27
An Author's Evenings: Manuscripts—Wine—Conjugal Life—Biography, 28
The American Lounger, No. 508—on Alliteration, 32
A Factious Member, 40
Anecdote of sir John Barnard, 41
Witty Eloquence, 43
Poems by the king of Persia, 45

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Galt's Life of West, 47
Carey's Letters to Bank Directors, 57
Clarke's Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, 59

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A Touch at the Times, 76
Scotti's Vauxhall, 80
Song, 81
Icarus, 82

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Edward Thompson—Divorce in N. Jersey—Worcester's Gazetteer—Gen. Ochterlony—Sir Roger Hall—Sheaffe—Admirals Hallowell, Coffin, and Linzee—Trotting at Boston—Mr. Clere's address to the citizens of Philadelphia—Specimen of the Sublime—Tamerlane, 83
Ogilvie's Definitions of Human Knowledge, 90

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, NO. 133 CHESNUT-STREET;

And to be had of all the Booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to express our regret that the favours of some of our poetical correspondents, have not been inserted more promptly and seasonably, during the past year. Not being in the habit of calculating, excepting on our own manuscripts, the space which an essay might occupy, we have frequently trespassed on the limits allotted to the poetical department of this miscellany.

Quevedo has been very successful in imitating the easy gayety of Horace. His *Horace in Philadelphia* has been received with delight in many a classical circle.

Curiosa reminds us that our predecessors often varied the amusement which they prepared for the public, by mingling narration with criticism; and relieved the aridness of disquisition by the charms of story. Always sedulous to propitiate the fair, *to glad their ear*, and *please their eye*, we shall seek among our own resources, or procure from foreign aid, some fabulist of cunning fancy; one of whom the great poet, in conferring upon him the distinguished privilege of having ladies for listeners, would say, "Let him tell the tale; your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak."

The crabbed and crusty rambles of *Morosus* are rejected. Such abuse of lovely woman is unmanly and unfair. Let him entertain nobler views of the sex that is "soft, mild, pitiful, flexible." Let him attune his pipe to harmonious strains, and hail the

> ——— Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things,
> Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs

The lines from a student at *Cambridge* are not sufficiently correct for publication. It is very unreasonable in this writer, and in many others, in similar cases, to expect that their juvenile attempts should take place of much more meritorious performances.

J. M S. who favoured us with a sensible essay last year, is earnestly invited to continue his correspondence.

Does the friend of Mazzei intend to keep his promise only to the ear?

The friends of *Dennie* will learn with satisfaction, that an elegant edition of *The Lay Preacher* is in the press.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty may be indulged.—COWPER.

STEEP is the ascent by which we mount to fame; nor is the summit to be gained, but by sagacity and toil. Fools are sure to lose their way, and cowards sink beneath the difficulty; the wise and the brave alone succeed—persist in their attempt, and never yield to the fatigue.—PHILOLOGICAL ENQUIRIES.

VOL. III. (28) JANUARY, 1817. NO. I.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LIFE OF JAMES LAWRENCE,

LATE CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

THE wealth of nations is in no instance so conspicuously displayed as in the value of their public men. Wealth is of consequence chiefly as a source of power; and what can add more to the power of a nation than the number of its eminent subjects?

If the interest of a country in the character of its citizens be thus generally important, what a sacredness does it not acquire, when those citizens are no more! "The blood of Douglas" can then no longer protect itself; and the people in whose cause it was shed should be animated by the sacrifice to perpetuate, extend, and hallow the recollection of the act. The property of nations in the reputation of individuals would be comparatively worthless, were reputation not to be posthumous. If the "life in others' breath" were not to outlast the life in their own, what temptation would men have to live, not for themselves, but their

country? "The path of glory" does in truth lead *beyond* "the grave," or it would be trodden by few. That it may lead far beyond, and that the number of the glorious may be great, it has been an object with mankind, in all ages, to show to the living their sense of the illustrious dead, by cherishing their renown, and evincing, in every emotion of respectful gratitude, "that they would not have their very names profaned." As polytheists, they deified the self-devoted, thinking that the best of men were the worthiest to become gods. Worshippers of one deity, they "raise," at this improved period of time, "no mortal to the skies," but would achieve the bringing of an "angel down," by making the spirit of an ascended hero walk the earth for ever, in memory immortal. Allegiance to greatness is natural to man.

The instance of individual fame, which has the most imperious claim upon the attention of a country, is where the efforts of a life have become so identified with the events of a nation, that to tell the story is among the duties which it owes to its own history. It must then be faithful, from selfishness, at least. Neglecting the memory of the dead is, in such case, negligence of national character; and respect to the deceased is involved in the obligation the nation is under to respect itself. Eminent men form "the most conspicuous features of their country's greatness;" their country sits for their picture, as for her own, with all the solicitude for a faithful resemblance that a parent feels for a portrait, in which he may survive to his children. Biography and history should be made to vie with each other, in exhibiting to posterity these "conspicuous features" in their fairest light.

James Lawrence has been eminently instrumental in establishing the naval character of these United States. He is, in some measure, the cause that an American, at the extremities of the earth, surrounded by natives of other climes, can glow with felicitation, when he remembers his home.

The youngest son of John Lawrence, esquire, of Burlington, in the state of New Jersey, he was born the 1st of October, 1781. He could hardly know what it was to have a mother, having lost this parent within a few weeks after his birth. But his two sisters, supplying her place, by their tender attention to his infant years, took the most effectual precautions to prevent his ever knowing

what it was to have lost her. These were they who first kept, with all diligence, that heart, out of which were the issues of his life. That these streams were so cheering may be ascribed to the daughters who so faithfully tended the fountain. It is matter of regret in philosophy that so little can be learned of the annals of infancy. It would be delightful to trace the very first germinations of character—to follow the tree to the twig—contemplate an oak, operated upon in the acorn—a Nelson produced in the nursery. Imagination is at liberty to indulge in speculations like these, but is generally left to create its materials. In the present instance, however, it is somewhat supplied with facts. The man manifested such gratitude for the care of the minor, that either the attentions of the sisters, or the grateful sense of the brother, must have been more than common. This sense, it should be remembered, they had implanted; and, though done for the good of others, the first fruits of it were fairly their own; as well to be an assurance that their culture had been crowned with success, as an honourable acknowledgment for the disinterestedness of their labour. His affections for these sisters were in a measure filial, as well as fraternal, being bound to them by the double tie of blood and education. In him their tenderness had awakened the soul, and had moulded the heart, leaving nothing to futurity but to elevate the genius. Their assiduities were directed to the feelings and the principles. These were moral, and those were the best. They felt relieved from responsibility, on giving him up to society, liberal, humane, and virtuous.

At the age of twelve he is said to have first discovered a passion for the sea. But his father, attached to a profession, in which he had been considerably distinguished, was solicitous that another of his sons should be educated a lawyer. To this solicitude James, it seems, yielded, and prepared, with a resignation greatly beyond his years, to offer up his darling ambition a sacrifice at the shrine of his duty. He was put to a grammar-school, at Burlington, where his improvement indicated as well of his talents as his manners had favourably for his disposition. The mediocrity of his father's means did not admit his receiving a collegiate education—a circumstance which had a tendency to damp his relatives' ardour in preparing him for professional pursuits,

and partly occasioned his being suffered at last to live on the element for which he was born. The circumstance most deprecated by all, at the time, and perhaps by himself, was the one of his whole life that appears, upon review, ought most to have been desired—since the world had probably not known the eventual amplitude of his fame, but for this original narrowness of his fortune. He was now thirteen years of age, and still he determined to stand yet longer the tug, so grievous to be borne, of duty against inclination. He removed to Woodbury. Here it was that he commenced a course of legal researches, under the care of his brother, John Lawrence, esquire. He entered on this course, sincerely determined to persevere. He "resolved, and re-resolved" in vain; the office was a prison, from which he longed to escape; for "he had heard of battles." Its walls, however, confined him for nearly two years—a length of time that is matter of wonder. At this period his father died. James was now wholly an orphan. Losing the only parent he had been permitted to know must have touched him severely. While they were together in being, we have seen, with admiration, yet surely not without shuddering, the filial reverence of a pious youth approximate by degrees to self-immolation. At length they are sundered; and, though the shock must have been great, and James felt for the departed the utmost veneration, yet duties to himself survived. What stood between his hopes and him had vanished; and, when awe for the transition was over, no wonder he sprung to their embrace. He conceives that he is left, jointly with his brother, the arbiter of his own fate. To this brother he now urges a last appeal, in favour of the path to which his genius directs him. The appeal hardly needs urging. The brother had discovered that the pursuits of law were loathsome to the taste of his pupil. Sedentary habits, he was conscious, suited not a frame formed for activity, nor study a mind that gloried in action, nor the land a heart whose only delight was to be abroad upon the ocean. Besides, the claims of the extensive profession, for which he had been preparing, could, after all, not be met fairly but by the most liberal education the country afforded; and this it had been out of their power to give. Fixing him here might then be confining for ever to subaltern rank a superior mind. It was therefore

thought best, on the whole, to surrender him at once to the prerogative of his nature.

The crisis of his fate was past. At his own request, he was sent immediately to Burlington, and there confided to the care of Mr. Griscomb, to be initiated in the principles of navigation. Mere initiation was probably all that he required at the hands of an instructer, as he remained with this gentleman but three months—a term which seems to have included the extent of his nautical education. We hear of him afterward under no other preceptor. Giving his master, Griscomb, the utmost credit for fidelity in acquiring, as well as for faculty in communicating, the knowledge of his art, we are yet not to suppose that he could render the most apt and assiduous of scholars an accomplished navigator in only three months. The elements of the theory were certainly all he could have taught him; and these were enough. His mind, once receiving a proper direction, could go forward, at leisure, of its own motion. A guide was wanting only to show the path, and to mark out the course; it was for Lawrence to arrive alone at the goal. While exercising, afterwards, the duties of his profession, he was universally pronounced a most finished seaman; and this proud character could not have been acquired, but by devoting himself exclusively to the acquisition of nautical science, with the advantage of combining practice with theory.

In the seventeenth year of his age—in the bloom of youth, and the pride of his strength—full of heart and hope, he applied for a station in the navy. Such was the correctness of his character, the promise of his life, and the interest in his person, that many of the oldest and wariest veteran worthies of the state came forward with alacrity, in aid of his application. The mail that carried it returned with a warrant for midshipman Lawrence; and he thus entered his country's service, on the 5th of September, 1798.

His first essay upon the ocean was a voyage to the West Indies, in the ship Ganges, under captain Thomas Tingey. This cruise, and others that followed it, passed, without any uncommon occurrence, leaving him only the benefits of experience, and the blessings of esteem, till, about two years after his first appointment, we find him promoted to an acting lieutenancy, on board the

Adams, captain Robinson, with whom he remained, in that capacity, till March, 1801, when the reduction of the navy deferred his hopes, and prevented a confirmation of his merited promotion.

But an incensed country soon required its indignation to be felt by the distant Turk, in his innermost castle. The bay of Tripoli may be considered, in some measure, as the nursery, and Preble the father of our present navy. Here it was our national mariners, almost all of them, served, and together—learned how to contend and confide: each emulous of the others' example, they conquered with glory, or else kindled a dazzling light about defeat, that threw even the glory of victory into the shade. They carried terror through the regions of the prophet, and excited astonishment in less barbarous countries.

In this war Lawrence was a commissioned lieutenant, and attached to the Enterprise, as first officer. In the night of the 3d of February, 1804, led on by Decatur, he volunteered, with about 70 men, in a ketch of four guns, to destroy a frigate of 44, in the harbour of Tripoli, within half gun-shot of the bashaw's loaded batteries. We now behold him "seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." Two corsairs, full of armed foes, are riding near at the time: yet the frigate is destroyed, and not an American lost. In a struggle where "every thing was settled by the sword"—not so much as a pistol being fired by us—there can be no doubt the captain's gallantry was very powerfully seconded by a first lieutenant, with the spirit and uncommon personal prowess of Lawrence. In his official account to the commodore, captain Decatur thus writes:—"Every support that could be given was received from my officers; and, as each of their conduct was highly meritorious, I beg leave to enclose a list of their names." This was not a notice to call for gratitude from the first lieutenant, who, although looking up to his captain, at the time, as to the summit of his profession, probably regarded him as marked rather by care of his own, than solicitude for the character of others. This achievement has been compared, for brilliancy, with the recapture of the Hermione, by captain Hamilton, than which the British claim nothing bolder. For this, in the November following, the president of the United States was re-

quested "to present, in the name of congress, to captain Stephen Decatur a sword, and to *each of the officers* and crew *two months' pay*"—a present which an officer of rank should consider as degrading to his dignity, and a sovereign of power as a derogation from his bounty. Lieutenant Lawrence declined the proffered gratuity, with an indignation scarcely repressed by respect for the hand that offered, or the name that sanctioned it. As these public acknowledgments derive all their consequence from the manner in which they are given, mere sailors only regarding pecuniary value, it is at all times desirable to distinguish between officers and men. A medal to Decatur, swords to the officers, and the pay to the crew, would have been more appropriate.

Some months after the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, the bombardments of Tripoli commenced, and the temporary command of the Enterprise had devolved upon Lawrence. August 4th, mention is made, in the "general orders" of the day, that "lieutenant Lawrence, of the Enterprise, and lieutenant Reid, of the Nautilus (commanding those vessels, in the absence of their captains), merit their commander's thanks, for their active exertions, in towing out and protecting prizes."

At midnight of the 28th of this month, Tripoli was bombarded by the gun-boats, "within pistol-shot of the rocks." A brisk firing upon the shipping, town, batteries, and bashaw's castle, was kept up, from 3 o'clock until daylight; when, nearly exhausted of ammunition, they retired upon the signal given. The captains were officially reported to have conducted their respective divisions with their usual firmness and address, and to have been well supported by their several officers. Lieutenant Lawrence, of the Enterprise, commanded, on this occasion, gun-boat No. 5; as also, in the bombardment of September 3d, which, from similar intrepidity, was followed with equal execution.

The bey is said by some to have sought shelter from these bombardments in his bomb-proof apartment. Others report that, when the rest of the Tripolitans fled the ramparts, he alone stood, surveying with calmness the enemy's operations, through his glass. But, coward or hero, the history of these vigorous hostilities renders not highly improbable a suggestion of the time, that, unless peace were proffered, and the captives set at liberty,

the Americans, ere long, "would bury the bashaw in the ruins of his castle."

Towards the end of August, or early in September, lieutenant Lawrence was removed from the Enterprise to the John Adams, under captain Chauncey. With him he was engaged in a variety of services, in what has been emphatically termed "a memorable warfare," until he sailed for America with that "determined commander," Edward Preble.

A short interval only had elapsed, after his arrival in the United States, when a novel situation awaited him, of no very pleasing interest. He was to be the first adventurer across the Atlantic, in that new species of vessel, a gun-boat. The command of gun-boat No. 6, was assigned him, with orders to return to Tripoli. Giving the orders implied an opinion that the execution of them was a possibility at least; and it was not in this officer to shrink from attempting what was thought to be possible. A gun-boat is a sort of armed coaster, spoiled for a coaster by the weight of its guns, and spoiled for guns by the dimensions of a coaster. Some of the ablest European mariners have expressed their astonishment that any man could be found, with hardihood enough to hazard his life, over a tempestuous ocean, in such a crazy vehicle. Our American mariner despaired indeed of reaching his place of destination, but he did not give himself up to despair. He stepped on board his vessel, confiding in his fate; and the bark carried Lawrence and his fortunes in safety to the Mediterranean.

He returned again not till after the establishment of peace, having been engaged in the wars with the Moors, Tunisians, and Tripolitans, nearly five years.

After his return, he was some time at New York, attached to the navy-yard in that city. While here, the attention of the naval gentlemen of the place was attracted by some "queries," in "The Public Advertiser," the object of which was to call commodore Rodgers to account, for not having exercised the powers, with which he was invested by government, respecting gun-boats, in a particular manner, on a then recent occasion. These remarks, in a country where the press is free to a fault, and its licentiousness appears to be digging the grave of its liberty,

Lawrence and his brethren had probably passed without notice, had they been confined to what concerned the commodore only and was without any personal reflections upon him. But having passed the commodore, glancing only at his official relations, this political archer thought proper to attack the inferior officers, and particularly, the commanders of gun-boats. "Why," he asks, "are the commanders of these gun-boats suffered to be swaggering through our streets, while they should be whetting their sabres?" So much insolence incensed the whole corps; and Lawrence, the senior officer then on that station, in behalf of them addressed this note to the printer.

"*To Mr. Frank, editor of the Public Advertiser.*

"Your queries, in the Public Advertiser of Monday, were of a nature to excite indignation in the coldest bosom, and procure for you the chastisement which a scoundrel deserves. In answer to your "Queries" which immediately relate to the navy—if you wish to be informed why commodore Rodgers did not employ the *apparent force* with which government has invested him, I would refer you to the constituted authorities. On this subject, they *alone* can gratify your curiosity. In regard to the commanders of gun-boats, whom you term *swaggerers*, I assure you their "sabres" are sufficiently keen to eat off your ears, and will inevitably be employed in that service, if any future remarks, injurious to their reputation, should be inserted in your paper.

(Signed) "JAS. LAWRENCE, Lieut. U. S. Navy,
"In behalf of the officers.

"*Navy-yard, New York, 6th Sept.* 1807."

Frank, it seems, had respect for the length of his ears, and took care not to tempt the sabres to the employment that was threatened.

Lawrence was next appointed first lieutenant to the Constitution, where he remained until promoted to the rank of master and commander. He was then forthwith directed to take command, in succession, of the Vixen, the Wasp, the Argus, and Hornet; and was twice sent with despatches to Europe—once to London, and afterwards to Paris.

In 1808 he married the daughter of a respectable merchant of New York, Miss Montaudevert.

He was in this city at the declaration of war, on the 18th of June, 1812; and, within a few days after an event, that of course

gave new hopes to the navy, he was at sea, in command of the Hornet, in company with the President, United States, Congress, and Argus; commodore Rodgers commanding the squadron. The Jamaica fleet was the object. After a day spent in chase of the Belvidere, in vain only from her having the advantage of the wind, the squadron followed the fleet, as diligently as the information they could collect would admit, until the 13th of July, when they arrived at the chops of the English channel. Disappointed in their object, they now ran down near the Azores, thence back, by the banks of Newfoundland, and arrived at Boston the 31st of August. This cruise was not distinguished by any signal success—seven captures, and but one recapture having been made. But if much was not performed, it certainly is not because much had not been attempted. A bolder cruise the most experienced circumnavigator of the globe may be defied to produce. At a time when the British claim the ocean by conquest, and every wave as part of their dominion, that a little fleet of five vessels should traverse, unmolested, this immense domain, from one extremity to the other, and not a British frigate be seen, but to fly, the fleet challenging this proud power, in the seat of its immediate authority, is enough to gratify our national pride, even had nothing been taken.

Just before the arrival of the squadron, captain Hull had arrived at Boston, in the frigate Constitution, with the captain and crew of the vanquished Guerriere. Albion upon the ocean had struck to America! Great in battle as retreat, the Constitution was scarcely more distinguished for the present glorious conquest of a frigate, than she had of late been for her truly admirable escape from a squadron. The honour of each achievement was liberally shared by her gallant commander with his first lieutenant. Government, giving way perhaps too far to the natural impulses of these brilliant occasions, that followed so hard upon each other, made Morris a captain, over the heads of elder, not better officers. Seniority is, however, the apple of the eye, as well to the mariner as the soldier. Lawrence, who very justly felt himself to be fully the peer to any officer of his own, and especially to any of subordinate rank, as master and commander, determined to remonstrate. He had been first lieutenant of the

same vessel, and had served with equal fidelity. The promotion was two grades. One had sometimes been denied to signal merits. He was thus outranked by his junior, in life as in service. His own standing was but one grade higher than in Tripoli. Others, his equals there, were commodores now. All of similar commission with him were alike dissatisfied: many of a higher were not without their apprehensions, that a promotion, which had not the sanction, might yet leave the authority, of precedent. They saw in it the violation of a principle, on the peculiar sacredness of which a navy must at all times depend for existence. Influenced by these reflections, captain Lawrence addressed a letter to the secretary of the navy department.

"*U. S. ship Hornet, 10th Oct.* 1813.

"SIR,

"I was much gratified this evening with a report of your return to Washington, and hasten to address you, as the guardian of our rights, on a subject that nearly concerns me, as well as others of my grade in the service. It has, for some time, been currently reported in this city* (and in fact I have seen two letters from Mr. Goldsborough that strengthen the report), that lieutenant Morris was to be promoted to the rank of captain in the navy, in consequence of his conduct on board the Constitution, in the late action with the Guerriere. I have the most exalted opinion of lieutenant Morris—of course can have no wish to detract from his merits; but, after the most mature consideration, I really cannot discover wherein his exertions, as first lieutenant, entitle him to the rank to which I understand he is about to be promoted. The appointment of master and commander would, in my opinion, amply compensate him, and, as far as I can judge, give universal satisfaction. I have consulted with commodore Rodgers, who fully agrees with me in opinion, and has authorized me to make use of his name, in my communication to you on the subject. Commodore Bainbridge's sentiments on the occasion, I presume, you are acquainted with, as he informs me that he has written you. I am fearful you will consider my remonstrance as improper, but trust, on taking my feelings into consideration, you will make every allowance, when I inform you that my friends coincide with me in thinking, that the promotion of lieutenant Morris to the grade I first mentioned, bears peculiarly hard on me, as I was first lieutenant with the now commodore Decatur, at the time he destroyed the frigate Philadelphia, at that time, if not now, thought as much of as the capture of the Guerriere: for which exploit he was promoted to the rank of post captain, and I rewarded with the offer of two months' pay. After devoting near fifteen years of the prime of

* Boston, where the Hornet then lay.

my life faithfully to the service of my country, without a furlough (excepting one for six weeks), you must not think hard of my having remonstrated thus plainly on lieutenant Morris's promotion over me. I assure you I should regret extremely leaving the service, at any period, particularly at this; but, if outranked by an officer, who has not greater claims than myself to promotion, I have no alternative. Trusting to the impartiality of your decision

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES LAWRENCE.

"*Hon. Paul Hamilton.*"

In this letter the temperate and the firm are very happily blended. It evinces an obvious struggle between delicacy and spirit, arising from a desire to reconcile an anxious solicitude to save the feelings of a brother, with a fidelity, at all events, determined to vindicate his own. This embarrassment is amiable, as indicating a love of politeness, even in the pursuit of justice. It shows a disposition to yield every thing to manners but rights. He stops, in relation to Morris, at the precise point of propriety; contending, not for a preference, but merely that his friend's "claims to promotion were *not greater*" than his own; that the affair of the Philadelphia was *thought as much of* as the affair of the Guerriere. In regard to Hamilton, the terms of the letter are not respectful merely; there is a degree of ardency in the expression. He appeals to the secretary as to the "guardian of his rights;" and a more apologetical remonstrance was never received from a ward. He urges the countenance of Rodgers and of Bainbridge, and hints his resignation, not as a threat to intimidate; this he knows to be absurd; but as an alternative to interest, suggesting as to a friend, whose return to Washington had gratified him much, that this object of his most extreme regret might not yet be forced upon him as inevitable, by the necessity of his condition.

To an epistle, thus cautiously worded, the secretary replies,

"*Navy Department, Oct. 17*, 1813.

"SIR,

"Your letter of the 10th instant has reached me. The suggestion with which that letter concludes prevents an answer in detail, and confines me to the

single observation, that if (without cause) you leave the service of our country, there will still remain heroes and patriots to support the honour of its flag.*

"I am, sir, Yours,

"PAUL HAMILTON.

"*Capt. Lawrence, U. S. ship Hornet.*"

It is difficult to realize the feelings of captain Lawrence, on the receipt of this letter. He called on a friend, threw the contemptible scrawl upon the table, and, spite of his manhood, the tear gushed. In the bitterness of his heart, the resolve was expressed never to set foot upon his deck again. But his friends interceded. "There is still a last resort: try what a memorial can do: the senate may redress you. Your vessel invites: she is ready for sea and the enemy. Desert her not now, when she most needs you! Address the senate. Leave every thing prepared for the purpose; but go where duty calls! If you survive to return, and find this ultimate application has failed, it will not then be too late to resign; but now, when a single expedient remains unattempted, it at least is too early."

The intercession prevailed. The memorial was prepared, signed, and delivered. It sets forth succinctly his various services, with that characteristic precision which marked a mind whose pride was deeply wounded, by being compelled to hint, even in self-vindication, that he had "*done the state some service.*" This document once completed, was abandoned to its fate. October 27th, 1812, captain Lawrence again took the seas, in the Hornet, under commodore Bainbridge, who commanded, for this cruise, the frigate Constitution.

Their place of destination was the East Indies; but in running down the Brazils, in the month of December, they ascertained that the Bonne Citoyenne, laden with specie, was lying in St. Salvador, at anchor.

This vessel, larger than the Hornet, and of greater force, in guns and men, captain Lawrence was so desirous to meet, that the Portuguese were alarmed for their neutrality. Through the con-

* This letter was a circular in the office. The secretary had only to sign; the clerk could write and superscribe. The letter to Ludlow, of the New York navy-yard, was in the same words

suls of their respective nations, at the port, this desire of the American was communicated to the British commander To Mr. Hill, captain Lawrence writes, on the 28th December—"I now request you to state to captain Green, that I will meet him, whenever he may please to come out, and pledge my honour that neither the Constitution, nor any other American vessel, shall interfere."

"If captain Green wishes to try equal force," wrote commodore Bainbridge, on the same day, "I pledge my honour to give him an opportunity, by being out of the way, or not interfering."

December 30th, captain Green replies, "I am convinced, if such a rencontre was to take place, the result would not long be dubious, and would terminate favourably to the ship I have the honour to command; but I am equally convinced that commodore Bainbridge could not swerve so much from the paramount duty he owes to his country, as to become an inactive spectator, and to see a ship, belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of an enemy."

Upon this the commodore, in a letter published after his return home, remarks—"Captain Green was certainly not warranted in questioning the sacred pledge I made to him, from which I certainly should never have swerved." If this pledge needed confirmation, it was confirmed by the equal explicitness with which the honour of captain Lawrence was pledged, on the same occasion. The forfeiture of two such pledges would have been so strange a novelty in naval history, that the bare possibility of its being incurred could hardly have put captain Green reasonably in fear.

The perfect propriety of challenges between sea-captains, in a public war, it was thought, had been sufficiently settled, by the history and practice of the British. "This whole business of naval warfare, incalculable as it is in its importance to a commercial nation, is yet a strife only for glory. It is not to enrich or augment one fleet, at the expense of another—to support a country by spoils, or extend empire by the conquest of ships: it is a contest for superiority—a mere struggle for distinction, and the opportunity that cannot otherwise be met, may very fairly be

sought." But if there be any, whose minds are refined to that degree of tenderness as to object, upon principle, to the right of challenge, let them but consider well the various circumstances under which captain Lawrence was placed in this cruise, and either exempt from censure his challenge to the Bonne Citoyenne, or acknowledge their unwillingness to pardon any thing to "poor human nature." He had left a country, which he had certainly reason to distrust, as regardless of his claims, at a time when he was in doubt, if not in despair, as to the fate that awaited them. Unless those claims were answered, he must go into retirement, on his return, with a fame, in the minds of some men, perhaps, of doubtful dignity, and with the forfeiture of his only object in life. To this indeed he might have been equal; but "*a wounded spirit who can bear?*" The recollection of having been outranked haunted him by day, and his nights were pillowed upon the thorn which had been left, as the last act of kindness for the quietude of his slumbers, by a temperate secretary's laconic politeness. His character, the all he had been labouring for fifteen years to establish, was at stake. The Bonne Citoyenne, however, did not come out, although every possible invitation and assurance was given to tempt her. Commodore Bainbridge left the Hornet alone, four days together, off the harbour, from which the Bonne Citoyenne could discover that the Constitution was nowhere within forty miles; and finally, to deprive captain Green's excuse of the least possible verisimilitude, he went himself into port at St. Salvador; where he remained three successive days—in any part of which time he might, by the laws of the place, have been detained twenty-four hours, upon application to the governor. But all was in vain; the Bonne Citoyenne was far too prudent to be induced to trust her safety to any thing but her anchor.

Commodore Bainbridge left her in the care of captain Lawrence, and sailed for America.

He kept her in custody, together with the Packet, an armed schooner of twelve guns, till January 24th, so very closely, that the Packet was obliged to send her mail to Rio, in a Portuguese smack. On this day the Montague, seventy-four, arrived from Rio Janeiro, whither she had been sent for, to come to the relief of these distressed blockaded vessels, and compelled the disap-

pointed captain reluctantly to retreat; which he did, not without imminent hazard, by going into port, and sailing out the same evening. The Bonne Citoyenne saved her money, at the expense of her credit.

The schooner Helen, prize to the Hornet, was the first to announce to the United States the second victory of the Constitution frigate.

The conqueror of the Java, on his arrival in America, was eager to bear the amplest testimony to the worth of captain Lawrence. He took the responsibility of the pledge which he made to the captain of a superior vessel, from his confidence in the gallant commander, brave officers and crew of the Hornet, all of whom expressed the most ardent desire for the contest. The high state of discipline, and exact order which the Hornet was in, made him confident of a favourable result. The battle declined by the Bonne Citoyenne, he considered, under all the circumstances of the case, as a victory gained by the Hornet. The commodore thus concludes his letter to the secretary of the navy:—"Permit me, sir, to take this opportunity of expressing to you the great satisfaction I have received from captain Lawrence's conduct, in every instance, since being under my command; and I respectfully recommend him particularly to your notice, as a most meritorious officer." Before the publication of this letter, the government had become justly sensible to the captain's merits.

The blockade, for nearly a month, in a neutral port, of two vessels of war of the enemy, by a vessel hardly the equal to one of them, being at length raised by a ship of the line, gallantly sent for to a distance, for the purpose, captain Lawrence made the best of his way to Pernambuco.

February 10th, he captured the English brig Resolution, with ten guns and $25,000, but a dull sailer, and, taking out the crew and the money, he burnt her. He afterwards cruised near Maranham and Surinam, till the 23d of the month, when he stood for Demarara. Next morning a brig was discovered to leeward, and chased as near shore as the want of a pilot would admit. In the course of the chase, a vessel was descried at anchor, without the bar of Demarara river, with English colours flying. Captain

Lawrence was in the act of beating round the Corobano bank, to get at her, when another sail, on his weather quarter, was seen to approach him. It was the Peacock, captain William Peake. As she bore down she hoisted English colours. Immediately the Hornet was cleared for action, and kept close to the wind, to get the weather guage of the adversary. At ten minutes past five, captain Lawrence displayed the American flag, tacked, and in about a quarter of an hour exchanged broadsides, in passing, at half pistol shot distance. Finding the enemy in the act of wearing, captain Lawrence bore up, received his starboard broadside, ran him close aboard, on the starboard quarter, and here kept up so well directed and tremendous a fire, that in less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action, the signal of distress had taken the place of the British flag. In an instant lieutenant Shubrick was on board—found the Peacock cut to pieces, her captain killed, many of the crew killed and wounded, her mainmast by the board, six feet water in the hold, and the vessel fast going down. The two ships were immediately brought to anchor, the Hornet's boats despatched to bring off the wounded, the guns thrown overboard, the shot-holes that could be got at plugged, every thing done, by pumping and bailing, to keep her afloat; yet she went down, before her seamen could all be removed. But captain Lawrence, on this occasion, to the honour of humanity, lost more men in saving than in conquering the enemy. Only one man was killed in the fight. Three of his brave fellows, in the struggle to rescue the vanquished, sunk for ever with them and the vessel.

Incidents, similar in spirit to these, have frequently graced our naval achievements. They interest our patriotism, as of the same country, and our sympathies, as of the same species. The character of our ocean heroes is humanely glorious. Such is their humanity, it is difficult to say whether the enemy have more of dread for their valour in the fight, or of admiration for their magnanimity after the conquest. "*Utrum magis virtutem pugnantes, an mansuetudinem victi.*"

Lieutenant Connor, with some other officers and men, employed in removing the prisoners, narrowly escaped, by jumping

into the boat; and four of the Hornet's seamen were taken off from the tops, just before the Peacock had entirely disappeared.

One of the finest ships of her class in the British navy, the Peacock, in force, was only not equal to the Hornet—the difference constituting no decided advantage. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained with exactness. Her slain captain went down with his ship, wrapped in her flag. Four men were found dead on board: the master and thirty-two others wounded; three of them mortally. The Hornet had one killed, and two slightly wounded, her rigging and sails cut, her hull but very little injured.

Celerity was the feature that characterized this engagement, and was such as to give to it the effect of magic. "A vessel, moored for the purpose of experiment," say the Halifax papers who first tell the story, "could not have been sunk sooner." Seizing her at the instant of wearing, and taking a broadside to run close aboard, was a bold design; and the brilliancy of the execution, as has been remarked by a judge upon the subject, was certainly unsurpassed even by the boldness of the design.

The Peacock was of the same rate with the Bonne Citoyenne. If the least shadow of imputation rested before upon captain Lawrence, or his commander, for any presumed temerity, relative to the challenge of the latter vessel, it was effectually dispelled by the victory over the Peacock; since, had the other come out, her fate, in all probability, would have been the same. A reluctance would be felt at suggesting that captain Lawrence could, at the same time, have shown as much service to the Packet, of twelve guns, had she come out in company with the Bonne Citoyenne, the suggestion looks so like boasting, were it not for the singular fact, that the Bonne Citoyenne, with the Packet in company, did not come out.

The vessel the Hornet was after, when the Peacock bore down, lay at anchor, within about six miles, during the engagement. She afterwards proved to be the Espiegle, of fifteen thirty-two-pound carronades, and two long nines. Captain Lawrence, from the size, expected at the time an attack, thinking her commander might well calculate on the Hornet being disabled in the combat. Our ship was prepared to receive her. By nine o'clock

her boats were all stowed, a new set of sails bent—every thing was again ready for action.

Next morning captain Lawrence found on board 270 souls; and, as his crew had been for some time on short allowance, he determined to steer forthwith for the United States.

No sooner had they arrived at New York than the officers of the Peacock honourably made public their grateful feelings, for the kindness of captain Lawrence, and the officers under him: they said, "*we ceased to consider ourselves prisoners.*" The crew most heartily vied with their captain in his generosity, as well as his bravery. The sailors of the Peacock were left destitute of a change of apparel, so suddenly their vessel had sunk. The crew of the Hornet contributed enough to present each of them with a seaman's suit. Such conduct is worthy heroic sailors! They indeed received no thanks; nor did they want them. These hearts of oak, from opposite extremities of the ocean, mingling together on the same deck, beat with but one common pulsation.

Amidst the applause and acclamations that greeted him from every direction, on his return home, the circumstance, not the least agreeable to the feelings of captain Lawrence, was, that his memorial had, in his absence, succeeded, and his rank been settled by the senate of his country, to his entire satisfaction.

On the opening of the first meeting of congress, his battle was thus officially noticed by the president of the nation:—"In continuance of the brilliant achievements of our infant navy, a signal triumph has been gained by captain Lawrence and his companions, in the Hornet sloop of war, which destroyed a British sloop of war, with a celerity so unexampled, and with a slaughter of the enemy so disproportionate to the loss in the Hornet, as to claim for the conqueror the highest praise."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Grandchild and Grandchildren.—There is something very absurd in this. *Grandfather* is properly the *great* or *greater father;* but the case seems to be just the contrary with *grandchild,* who is the *little* or *less child.* The French therefore express it much more sensibly than we do, by *petit-fils.*

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. WASHINGTON'S LETTERS, No. 2.

The following letter appears to be addressed to the governor of one of the colonies, but the envelope is lost. There is something peculiarly interesting in the contemplation of Washington at the age of twenty, writing with the zeal which we find here, about the property, dignity, and lands of the British monarch. It shows tha the mind of this great and good man was deeply impressed with those principles, which ornament the individual and support the state. In his youth we behold him exerting his "heroic spirit" in defence of the sovereign to whom he owed obedience: but when the obstinate ignorance of the ministers of this same "master" dissolved the ties of allegiance by harsh, and illegal acts, we see him with the same promptitude, girding on his sword, to defend his own rights. Although he ardently loved peace, and was bountifully gifted with the "sweetest phrase"* of it, yet he hesitated not an instant between the summons of his country, and the "still small" and delightful whispers of rural retirement and domestic quiet. He was not one of those contemptible negatives in political arithmetic, who have "nothing to do with public affairs, and leave them to the care of wiser heads." He thought with Cato, that it is the duty of every man, to take one side or the other in all important questions. As a subject, he knew it was his duty to defend the rights of the government by which he was protected; as a man, he felt that it was his right to scan the principles by which that government was guided, and his privilege to resist every unlawful encroachment. In making his election, at that dreadful conjuncture, which appalled the *craven hearts* of many, he had every thing to lose, and nothing, as an individual, to gain.—Wealth did not allure him, and the seductive temptations of power had no influence in his deliberations. He had the wisdom to comprehend the extent of the usurpation; and, happily for his country, he had also the ability to conduct, and the fortune to achieve the great work of our deliverance. He mounted the fearful eminence with a firm and deliberate step; and even his foes, with some few disgraceful and conspicuous exceptions, were compelled to say,

> However heaven or fortune cast his lot,
> There lives in him,
> A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
>
> * Richard II.

With a perseverance which no sinister event could divert; an energy which no force could withstand; a sagacity which no stratagem could elude, he accomplished the mighty labour. He gave us freedom, stability, and happiness, by devising and establishing the best form of government, considered with respect to its theory and practical operation, that ever was conceived. In return for all this, he intrigued for no power, he claimed no reward: for what has man to give in recompense for such services? He retired to Mount Vernon, and, amidst its peaceful shades, he composed an address to his fellow-citizens, in which our best interests are wisely scanned, and our best principles are powerfully inculcated. Of this political legacy, we may use the language of Dr. Young in speaking of Johnson's Rasselas—"it is a mass of sense." He spins no webs of technical sophistry; he bewilders by no mazy labyrinth of precedents; he dazzles with no glittering figures of ambitious eloquence; he does not distort or disguise: but in the plain language of common sense, aided by the potent auxilliaries of long experience and unquestionable rectitude, he illustrates our political relations, and indicates our political march. The consecrated altar of Apollo supplied a holy spark to rekindle the fires of the Greeks which had been extinguished by the infatuated followers of the Persian monarch. So when our horizon shall be dimmed by ignorance, if ever the time should arrive, when difficulties perplex and dangers dismay, let us unfold this scroll of wisdom, and ponder, with mingled emotions of affection and respect, upon the lessons of Washington.

If there exist a man design'd by Heaven,
To cheer with wisdom a benighted land,
Tho' FOUL DETRACTION scowl upon his name,
Tho' the deaf adder scorn the charmer's song,
Yet shall he feel within a still small voice,
Breathe an approving blessing on his toil;
Wise in the manliness of ancient days,
Simple in manners as the guileless child.
His counsels late posterity shall hear,
And *weep at their neglect.*———

WILLS CREEK, 24th April, 1754.

May it please your Excellency,

It is with the greatest concern I acquaint you, that Mr. Ward, ensign in captain Trent's company, was obliged to surrender his small fortress in the Forks of Monongahela, at the summons of captain Contrecœur, commander of the French forces, who fell down from Venango with a fleet of 360 canoes and batteaux, conveying upwards of one thousand men, eighteen pieces of artillery, and large stores of provisions and other necessaries Mr. Ward having but an inconsiderable number of men (not exceeding 30,) and no cannon to make a proper defence, was forced to deliver up the fort on the 17th instant. They suffered him to draw out his men, arms, and working-tools, and gave leave that he might retreat to the inhabitants with them. I have heard of your excellency's great zeal for his majesty's service, and for all our interests on the present occasion; therefore I am persuaded you will take proper notice of the Indian's moving speech, and think their unshaken fidelity worthy your consideration.

I have arrived thus far with a detachment of 159 men; col. Fry with the remainder of the regiment and artillery is daily expected. In the mean time we shall advance slowly across the mountains, making the roads as we march, fit for the carriage of the great guns, &c. and are designed to proceed as far as the mouth of Red Stone Creek, which enters Monongahela about 37 miles above the fort (the French have taken), from whence we have water carriage down the river: there is a store-house built by the Ohio company at the place, which for the present, may serve as a receptacle for our ammunition and provisions.

Besides the French herein mentioned, we have credible information, that another party are coming up Ohio. We also have intelligence that 600 of the Chippoway, and Ottoway Indians are marching down Scido Creek to join them.

I ought first to have begged pardon of your excellency for this liberty of writing, as I am not happy enough to be ranked among those of your acquaintance. It was the glowing zeal I owe my country that influenced me to impart these advices, and my inclination prompted me to do it to you, as I know you are solicitous for the public weal and warm in this interesting cause—that should rouse from the lethargy we have fallen into, the heroic spirit of every free-born Englishman, to assert the rights and privileges of our king (if we don't consult the benefit of ourselves) and resque from the invasions of a usurping enemy, our master's property, his dignity, and lands.

I hope, sir, you will excuse the freeness of my expressions, they are the pure sentiments of the breast of him who is with all imaginable regard and due respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient and very humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

N. B. I herewith have inclosed for your Excellency's perusal a copy of the summons from the French officer, and also the Indian's speech which was delivered to, and brought by Mr. Ward.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—FRANKLINIANA.

A gentleman who has had access to the library of the United States, recently purchased from Mr. Jefferson, has transmitted to us the following extracts from an anonymous pamphlet, with the marginal notes of Dr. Franklin, in his own writing. Neither the title nor the date of the pamphlet is given, but the subject and the time are sufficiently evident.

TEXT. "We are not in general sensible of the benefits we derive from society, till we happen to be deprived of them; but by reflection we may easily conceive the happiness we enjoy *beyond what is attainable by solitary savages.*" Page 2.

NOTE BY DR. FRANKLIN. The difference is not so great as may be imagined. Happiness is more generally and equally diffused among savages than in our civilized societies. No European, who has once tasted savage life, can afterwards bear to live in our societies. The care and labour of providing for artificial and fashionable wants—the sight of so many rich, wallowing in superfluous plenty, whereby so many are kept poor and distressed by want—the insolence of office—the snares and plagues of law, and the restraints of custom, all contribute to disgust them, with what we call, civil society.

TEXT. "If the law of nations allows men to treat a conquered country as they please, the *right of original property*, the *creation of a colony*, and the *supplying it with people*, must give a much better title to jurisdiction and superiority." Page 30.

NOTE. The British nation had no original property in the country of America. It was purchased by the first colonists of the natives, *the only owners*. The colonies were not created by Britain, but by the colonists themselves. The people that went cost the nation nothing to send them there: they went at their own expense, N. S. and Georgia excepted, and to these were sent many people who died or went away.

TEXT. "Their division into provinces at present makes *every colony a little state of itself.*" Page 44.

NOTE. There you hit it; and they will always (probably) continue so.

TEXT. "Whilst they *depend on Great Britain*, they are sure of being presently informed of any danger that threatens them." Page 45.

NOTE. While connected with Great Britain, they are sure of being engaged in all her wars and quarrels.

TEXT. "It is true a time will come, *when the North American colonies shall exceed Great Britain in strength.*"

NOTE. Then don't make enemies of them, if you are wise.

TEXT. "It is also likely that, *in time, America will make her own manufactures.*"

NOTE. You are hastening that time by your own folly.

TEXT. "And perhaps a separation take place by consent, *when the national debt is discharged.*"

NOTE. He seems to imagine the colonies concerned in the national debt;—a notion quite new.

TEXT. "The *further the colonists extend themselves from the sea and great rivers*, the dearer our manufactures must come to them, on account of *land carriage.*"

NOTE. The further they extend themselves, the less likely to be too populous, so as to engage in manufactures: but no distance they can go from the sea, will add much by carriage to the price of British goods. The country is full of rivers and lakes; which this writer seems not to know.

TEXT. "For a province, formed entirely from subjects of the state, to pretend to equality, seems a sort of civil mutiny. It is to be hoped that our colonists have run into these excesses, rather from error in judgment than from a design *to withdraw* their allegiance."

NOTE. It is great impudence or folly in a man to suppose that, because he is an Englishman, every American owes him allegiance. If every Englishman is not a sovereign over every American, neither can he communicate such sovereignty to another, by choosing him parliament man.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DA PONTE'S ITALIAN POETRY.

Letter from the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," to a Friend, upon an ode of Lorenzo Da Ponte.

The following letter has been some time in our possession. It was withheld because we entertained some scepticism on the score of its authenticity. Our doubts have been removed, and we cheerfully publish so honourable a testimonial of the talents of one of our adopted citizens. We get vice and disorder in abundance from Europe, but in this emigration we have something to cherish:—a rich plant, and not a baleful weed.

THERE are at present in Italy, or there were in latter times, as you well know, my dear friend, many persons of distinguished and brilliant talents, the successors of Dante, Petrarch and Chiabrera; of whom perhaps, at some future time, I shall make honourable mention. Among these are Monti, Casti, Mazza, Savioli, Bondi, Parini, Cesarotti, and many others, whose reputation may be considered unalterably established. But at present I would draw your attention to a small volume, which accidentally fell into my hands not long since, of a poet, residing amongst ourselves, entitled "Poetical Essays of Lorenzo Da Ponte," in various style and measure, all very pleasing and beautiful, and on subjects, amusing, serious, and sublime. The poet, although confined to a narrow sphere, has merited much true glory; but for his ode, entitled "Death of the Emperor Joseph II., and Accession to the Throne of Leopold II." I would boldly place him between the Savonese and the Tuscan. It is not my intention, in this place, to mention his other delightful poetry; but I will cite this ode alone before the tribunals of the learned; for, as is well said by Muratori, "a single composition, though it be brief, is sufficient to discover the ability of its author; and men of science will thence perceive the brilliancy of his genius, and the depth of his judgment." As far as relates to myself, I would not hesitate to place this ode in competition with any production of the most worthy disciples of Dante and Petrarch, either with regard to the subject-matter, the lyrical arrangement, the tenderness and

sublimity of the thoughts, the vivacity of the ideas, the splendour of the colouring, or the measure—whether majestic, grave, tender or animated.

Indeed, after having perused, re-perused and pondered this wonderful ode, I believe, that if Petrarch had heard it, he would have assigned the author a place very near to himself, without requiring any other proof of his sublime, fertile and cultivated genius.

Your most devoted,

Gennaro, 1804. T. M

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

Thus in delight my winter evenings roll.

MSS. Pascal is the author of the following advice to authors:—If you wish to have your works printed without errors, never write the manuscript well; for if you do it is given to the apprentices, who make a thousand blunders; whereas, if it is difficult to read, the best workmen are put upon it.

This advice may do where the manuscript is to be put immediately in the hands of a printer; but if it is to be submitted previously to an editor; the chances are ten to one that it will be thrown in the fire, if it is not well written.

—

Wine. Kotzebue makes one of his characters, who is expatiating in praise of wine, assign as a reason why fishes do not talk, the fact that they drink nothing but water. Demosthenes was likewise a water-drinker, and Cicero was remarkably temperate; but Gay, when writing on wine, elevated, probably, by his subject, says,

Thou—with eloquence profound,
And arguments conviotive didst enforce,
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd.

Conjugal Life. Mrs. Tighe's *Psyche* is among the best poems of the present day; but owing, probably, to its allegori-

cal form, it is not popular. The diction is polished with exquisite art, and the fair author never loses an opportunity, though constantly in the regions of fairy land, of inculcating useful lessons on the realities of life. To every Beatrice of my acquaintance, who has wisely resolved to live no longer on disdain, I recommend the following stanzas, which convey salutary advice, with not less feeling than truth.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
May wake the impassion'd lover's tender dread,
And touch the string that clasps his soul so strong:
But, ah! beware, the gentle power too long
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
Who blast the joys of calm domestic strife,
And flies when discord shakes her braid with quarrels rife.

Oh! he will tell you, that these quarrels bring
The ruin, not renewal of his flame;
If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;
From violence, reproach, or peevish blame
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!
Indifference comes the abandon'd heart to claim,
Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,
Close follow'd by disgust and all her chilling train.

If there be any in this predicament, among those who may honour my lucubrations with a perusal, I would advise them, with more than a bachelor's fervour, to seize the first reconciling moment. It may be very hard indeed to bear with all the cross humours of a capricious husband: but cross humours, if properly managed, may be dissipated, and the close of the day be gilded by those cheerful rays, that succeed an April shower.

—

Biography. In the present rage for biography, the legitimate end of this species of writing seems to be neglected. Many of the writers deliver themselves, as if they were in a court of justice, and under an obligation to declare the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth. But even on such occasions, the rule of evidence does not require the disclosure of any fact which is irrelevant to the subject of discussion. So, in relating the life of a deceased person, the biographer should not be indulged in the detail of idle, indecent or impertinent anecdotes. He should feel for the frailty of human nature, and respect the actual condition of society. If the publication of particular incidents can be shown, positively, to be conducive to some proper purpose, moral or intellectual, they may be said to be the property of the public; and he who undertakes the office of instructing his fellow men, would betray his duty if he should shrink from the task, however unpleasant it might be to his feelings. The subject is treated with much force and perspicuity, in a passage which I shall transcribe from a pamphlet recently published.

"Silence is a privilege of the grave, a right of the departed: let him, therefore, who infringes that right, by speaking publicly of, for, or against, those who cannot speak for themselves, take heed that he opens not his mouth without a sufficient sanction. De mortuis nil nisi bonum, is a rule in which these sentiments have been pushed to an extreme, that proves how deeply humanity is interested in maintaining them. And it was wise to announce the precept thus absolutely; both because there exist in that same nature, by which it has been dictated, so many temptations to disregard it,—and because there are powers and influences, within and without us, that will prevent its being literally fulfilled—to the suppression of profitable truth. Penalties of law, conventions of manners, and personal fear, protect the reputation of the living: and something of this protection is extended to the recently dead,—who survive, to a certain degree, in their kindred and friends. Few are so insensible as not to feel this, and not to be actuated by the feeling. But only to philosophy, enlightened by the affections, does it belong justly to estimate the claims of the deceased, on the one hand, and of the present age and future generations on the other; and to strike a balance between them. Such a philosophy runs a risk of becoming extinct among us, if the coarse intrusions into the recesses, the gross breaches upon the sanctities, of domestic life, to which we have lately been more and more accustomed, are to be regarded as indications of a vigorous state of public feeling—favourable to the maintenance of the liberties of our country. Intelligent lovers of freedom are from necessity bold and hardy lovers of truth; but, according to the measure in which their love is intelligent, is it attended with a finer discrimination, and a more sensitive delicacy. The wise and good (and all others being lovers of license rather than of liberty, are in fact slaves) respect, as one of the noblest characteristics of Englishmen, that jealousy of familiar approach,

which, while it contributes to the maintenance of private dignity, is one of the most efficacious guardians of rational public freedom."

In another part of this work, which does so much honour both to the head and the heart of the author, he eloquently urges the immunity of genius from the visits of those eaves-droppers before alluded to:—those "hackney scribblers," as Burns, with prophetic fears, very justly stigmatizes them, whose savage stupidity, gropes in the mud after the appetites of the body, when they should be gazing with delight upon the bright surface of the ethereal mould.

"But you will perhaps accuse me of refining too much; and it is, I own, comparatively of little importance, while we are engaged in reading the Iliad, the Eneid, the tragedies of Othello and King Lear, whether the authors of these poems were good or bad men; whether they lived happily or miserably. Should a thought of the kind cross our minds, there would be no doubt, if irresistible external evidence did not decide the question unfavourably, that men of such transcendent genius were both good and happy: and if, unfortunately, it had been on record that they were otherwise, sympathy with the fate of their fictitious personages would banish the unwelcome truth, whenever it obtruded itself, so that it would but slightly disturb our pleasure. Far otherwise is it with that class of poets, the principal charm of whose writings depends upon the familiar knowledge which they convey of the personal feelings of their authors. This is eminently the case with the effusions of Burns. In the small quantity of narrative that he has given, he himself bears no inconsiderable part; and he has produced no drama. Neither the subjects of his poems, nor his manner of handling them, allow us long to forget their author. On the basis of his human character he has reared a poetic one, which, with more or less distinctness, presents itself to view in almost every part of his earlier, and, in my estimation, his most valuable verses. This poetic fabric, dug out of the quarry of genuine humanity, is airy and spiritual; and though the materials, in some parts, are coarse, and the disposition is often fantastic and irregular, yet the whole is agreeable and strikingly attractive. Plague, then, upon your remorseless hunters after matter of fact (who, after all, rank among the blindest of human beings), when they would convince you that the foundations of this admirable edifice are hollow, and that its frame is unsound! Granting that all which has been raked up to the prejudice of Burns were literally true, and that it added, which it does not, to our better understanding of human nature and human life (for that genius is not incompatible with vice, and that vice leads to misery—the more acute from the sensibilities which are the elements of genius—we needed not those communications to inform us), how poor would have been the compensation for the deduction made, by this extrinsic knowledge, from the intrinsic efficacy of his poetry—to please and to instruct!

"In illustration of this sentiment, permit me to remind you that it is the privilege of poetic genius to catch, under certain restrictions, of which perhaps at the time of its being exerted it is but dimly conscious, a spirit of pleasure wherever it can be found,—in the walks of nature, and in the business of men. The poet, trusting to primary instincts, luxuriates among the felicities of love and wine, and is enraptured while he describes the fairer aspects of war: nor does he shrink from the company of the passion of love, though immoderate—from convivial pleasure, though intemperate—nor from the presence of war, though savage, and recognized as the hand-maid of desolation. Frequently and admirably has Burns given way to these impulses of nature, both with reference to himself, and in describing the condition of others. Who, but some impenetrable dunce or narrow-minded puritan in the works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exaltation of the rustic adventurer, Tam O'Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader, in the outset, that his hero was a desperate and sottish drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring; and heaven and earth are in confusion;—the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and, while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within. I pity him who cannot perceive that, in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, NO. 508.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

ON ALLITERATION.

"Apt alliteration's artful aid."—CHURCHILL.

MANY definitions have been given of alliteration. One calls it "the repetition of the same letter or letters at certain intervals"—another, "the repetition of the same letters or syllables"—a third, "the repetition of the same letter, at the beginning or any emphatic part of a word, at certain short intervals"—a fourth, "the beginning of two or more words which are consecutive with the same letter." These definitions are incorrect—being too

limited and vague; limited, because they require a repetition of the same *letters*, while they should require a repetition of letters of the same *power* only—vague, because they confound alliteration with rhyme. The following definition is therefore preferred: *Alliteration is that species of composition in which the sound of consecutive words or syllables, at certain short intervals, begins with letters of the same or similar powers.*

It seems that this kind of ornament has been admired ever since beauty of language was studied. It abounds in Homer, one of the earliest of the Grecian poets. In Virgil, who sought more than Homer for beauty, it is still more frequent. Among the ancient rhetoricians, Hermogenes described it under the name of parechesis; Aristotle called it paromoiosis, and the Latin rhetoricians annominatio. Among the Icelanders it was considered one of the chief requisites of poetry. Van Troil tells us, "the Icelandic poetry requires two things; viz. *words with the same initial letters*, and words with the same sounds. Equally requisite was it considered among the ancient English and Welch. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that, "in the time of Henry II., the English and Welch were so attached to this verbal ornament, in every highly finished composition, that nothing was esteemed as elegantly delivered, no diction considered but as rude and rustic, if it were not first amply refined with the polishing art of this figure." Indeed, in some of the ancient English poetry, more attention is paid to alliteration than to rhyme, arrangement or measure. It occurs frequently in all the classical poets, from the days of Spencer to the present time. Yet modern rhetoricians seem to have considered it either a false refinement, or as too trivial to employ their attention. Lord Kaimes has indeed condescended to say:—"When two ideas are so connected as to require but a copulative, it is pleasant to find a connexion in the words that express these ideas, where even so slight as where *both begin with the same letter.*" But other writers on the subject have passed it over in almost utter silence. This is the more to be wondered at, because they have paid so minute an attention to other branches of rhetoric, not much more important. But, notwithstanding their neglect of it, alliteration has caught the attention of every reader and writer of a delicate taste. Many

have admired it in the writings of others, and they have endeavoured to imitate it, without having considered its nature, or even known its name. A taste for it cannot therefore be factitious, but must be founded in the original principles of our nature. This taste, like all others of the kind, is susceptible of much improvement from attention and practice; and this improvement will be serviceable to both the reader and the writer; to the reader, as it will enable him more readily to see, and more fully to enjoy, the beauties of alliteration—and to the writer, as it will facilitate the use of them. It facilitates pronunciation: it imparts both sweetness and energy—and is no inconsiderable aid to the memory. In addition to these powerful considerations, it may also boast the authority of the highest masters. It is found in Homer and Isocrates, in Virgil and Cicero, in Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Gray, Pope, and many later writers.

From what Stewart says (Philosophy of the Human Mind, chap. 5), it appears that alliteration is founded on that *association of ideas* which arises from *resemblance*. If this be true, it certainly deserves some attention from those who treat on the *philosophy of rhetoric*.

Much of the pleasure which alliteration affords is to be accounted for, like that of rhyme, on the principles of music.* But in its nature it is very distinct from rhyme. All the syllables into which it enters are compound, and its beauty consists in the *initial* sounds of those syllables, while that of rhyme consists in the *closing* sounds. Indeed it is necessary to rhyme, that the *initial* sounds be dissimilar. Rhyme and alliteration differ in another respect. Alliteration gives beauty to prose as well as poetry, but rhyme gives beauty to poetry only. In prose the jingle of rhyme is a positive deformity. In comparing the excellencies of the two, rhyme will be found to have no great preference. In point of richness of melody, perhaps they are equal: and in the places they occupy they are nearly so. For rhyme holds a conspicuous place—the end of the line—and alliteration often occupies one still more so—being the emphatic word. Rhyme has a uniformity of places, and those places being known, the mind always

* See Lord Kaimes' Elements of Criticism, *Versification*.

expects it, and is always gratified. But the places of alliteration not being fixed, the mind is not prepared for it, and often passes it unnoticed; yet when it is noticed, it pleases the more by being unexpected: and it also pleases more than rhyme, by admitting of greater variety.

We shall now consider the power and arrangement of letters in alliteration. It is not necessary that the *same letter* be repeated, to produce this beauty; for many letters have, at times, the power of others, and if rightly arranged, they will produce alliteration. Thus *c* sometimes has the sound of *k*, as *courts* of *kings*. Both *c* and *k* have the power of *qu*, as, I came from captain *K*irwan's *qu*arters. *C* has also the sound of *s*, as, *the centurion's servant*. *E* and *i* have the power of *u*, as, *early his irksome task he urged*. *F* has the power of *ph*, as, *then flew the phantom far*. *G* has the power of *j*, as, *gems and jewels*. *I*, used as a consonant, has the power of *u* and *y*, as, *so convenient for your use*. *T* has the power of *sh*, as, *his actions show his meaning*. Finally, alliteration does not entirely cease, when the letters which begin the consecutive syllables have not the same power, but are somewhat similar, as, *all things in order—all the ancient patriarchs*. Accordingly, in the definition which we have suggested, it is made to consist in the repetition of letters of the *same* or *similar* powers.

It is generally thought necessary that the letters of the same or similar powers should begin the consecutive words; but it is evident that alliteration would be perfect, provided these letters begin the accented syllables of such words, as, *beginning to beguile—a great ambiguity*. When part of the syllables to which these letters are prefixed are unaccented, it is imperfect, as, *a victim of intemperance*. It is still more imperfect, but does not cease to please, when all of them are unaccented, as, *virtuous by nature*. Accordingly it is said, in the above definition, that letters of the same or similar powers may begin, either with the consecutive *words*, or the *syllables* that compose them. It should here be added, that these letters of similar powers should be repeated at certain short intervals. They should be short, because, if otherwise, we forget the former before we arrive at the latter.

We have observed that alliteration facilitates pronunciation. This requires more attention, since it is denied by some writers. They doubt, whether a person could pronounce the same sound at intervals easier than he could vary from it. This is a question to be decided by experiment only; and from the trials which we have made, we are decidedly of opinion, that we can repeat the similar sounds more easily than we can enunciate various sounds. It is true some sounds are far more easy to the organs than others; and thus it might be easier to vary from a difficult sound to an easy one, than to repeat the difficult sound: but take two different sounds, equally easy to the organs, and it will be found easier to repeat one of them at intervals, than to enunciate them alternately. This may be accounted for on the principle of that facility which is acquired by habit. It is a well known fact, that we can pronounce a difficult word or syllable more easy for having just before pronounced it. Is it not reasonable, then, to suppose, that any sound is more easily repeated than first pronounced? But it is said again, that though alliteration may facilitate pronunciation, still the facility which it gives could not conduce to the pleasure which this figure yields; for this is the pleasure of the ear, and not of the organs of speech. To this it may be replied, the pleasure which alliteration yields belongs not solely to the ear. It is acknowledged, that much of it consists in sound. But much of it is also to be accounted for upon the principle of *sympathy* and the *communication of passion among related objects*. It is well known, that when a person speaks with ease and pleasure to himself, we hear him with pleasure. We sympathize in the pleasure with which he speaks; and this seems to give a degree of excellence to what he utters. Thus alliteration, by giving facility to the speaker, gives pleasure to the hearer, on the same principle.

Some attention ought to be paid to the duration of the intervals at which the letters of similar powers should be repeated. If repeated at some intervals, they render language difficult to the organs of speech, and unpleasant to the ear: but if the length of these intervals be varied, it becomes easy and delightful. These intervals must be varied according to the place of the accent, and the power of the letters which compose the alliterative language. Concise and simple rules concerning them cannot

perhaps be given. The proper length of each interval is better ascertained by trial, the ear deciding what is agreeable to it, and the organs of speech, what is easy to them.

In the use of alliteration we ought to remember that it must not be used to the exclusion of greater beauties. The greatest beauty should always be preferred; and as this, though not the least, is nevertheless inferior to some others, it must be relinquished when it would displace them. There is the greatest danger of sacrificing *perspicuity* and *propriety* to it; because when we seek among words, nearly synonymous, for such as produce it, we are apt to admit such words, in preference to those which would express our meaning with greater precision: yet such is the multitude of our synonymous words, that there is great scope for the use of alliterative language, without any injury to *precision* or *propriety*. Thus the writer can say, "*d*eepest *d*ye," instead of deepest hue—"*b*attle *b*lade," instead of sword—"*s*oon he *s*oothed his *s*oul to pleasures," instead of soon he lulled his mind to pleasure. In this choice of words, he may even avail himself of many which contain alliteration in themselves. Of these *compound adjectives*, as we may call them, some are peculiarly elegant, as "*b*lood-*b*ought," "*b*last-*b*eaten," "*w*ar-*w*orn." Alliteration conveys different degrees of pleasure, according to the nature and arrangement of the letters which produce it. Some letters have a richer sound than others, and therefore produce this beauty in a greater degree. Sometimes two consonants blended, form a kind of *compound consonant;* and a repetition of this is more beautiful than a repetition of one of its component letters only. Thus, "the cynic's *sn*uff and critic's *sn*eer," is more beautiful than

"The one writes the *S*narler—the other the *S*courge,"

It has already been remarked, that when letters of similar powers begin the accented syllables, this beauty is greater than when they begin the unaccented ones. It should be added, that when these coincide with emphasis, the beauty is still more evident. In verse the same effect follows, when they coincide with the poetic accent. The reason is, they then occupy the more conspicuous places, and therefore more completely seize the at-

tention. When the emphasis, and the verbal and poetic accents all coincide, the effect is peculiarly pleasant. Such is the effect in the following lines:

" *R*uin seize thee, *r*uthless king."

" *F*ields ever *f*resh, and *g*roves for ever *g*reen."

" *W*eave the *w*arp and *w*eave the *w*oof."

" Thoughts that *b*reathe, and words that *b*urn."

It also adds to the beauty of alliteration to have *related* words begin with letters of similar powers. Even where there is only a grammatical relation, as between a noun and an adjective, or a verb and its agent or object, it gives additional beauty: but where the relation is in the sense, it gives still more. This is especially the case in comparisons, either by similitude or contrast, when the words, standing for the things compared, begin with letters of similar powers, as, " To be *r*eally holy is to be *r*elatively holy"—" I know how to be *ab*ased, and I know how to *ab*ound—" that man may *l*ast, but never *l*ives," &c. In comparisons, alliteration sets the words compared in a stronger point of light, and thus aids expression. This is the excellence to which lord Kaimes alludes, in the quotation which we made from him. It therefore not only has all the beauty which we have asserted, by occupying the most conspicuous place in the sentence, but it possesses that fineness of language which arises from its aptitude to convey ideas. It is on account of this force that it is so often used in proverbs, as, " the more *r*ain, the more *r*est"—" when *w*ine is in, *w*it is out." Indeed the force of this manner of expression seems to have much the same effect upon the vulgar which fondness for rhyme produces. While the one leads them to vary the pronunciation of words, to make them chime with other words, the other often suggests words different from their meaning, to form alliterative proverbs, as, " If you dont *l*ike it, you must *l*ump it."

But perhaps the artful repetition of the aspiration is most successful where the language is intended as an echo of the sense. This will appear from the following lines:

" So talk'd the spirited sly snake."

" Then rustling, crackling, crashing, thunder down."

"Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures."

"The rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves."

"Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind."

"And the winds and the waves wafted William away."*

"And sadly silent, seeks the sweets of sleep."*

It ought to be observed, that this, like all other beauties, may be used too profusely, and produce satiety and disgust. Who is not cloyed with it, in the following eulogy on a young lady, which appeared some time since, in the public prints? "If *b*oundless *b*enevolence *b*e the *b*asis of *b*eatitude, and *h*armless *h*umanity a *h*arbinger of *h*allowed *h*eart, these *c*hristian *c*oncomitants *c*omposed her *c*haracteristics, and conciliated the esteem of her *c*otemporary ac*qu*aintances, who *m*ean to *m*odel their *m*anners after the *m*ould of their *m*eritorious *m*onitor."

But we have some specimens of alliteration, in which there are none of the beauties which we have ascribed to it. All we can admire in them, and probably all that their authors intended we should admire, is their perseverance and ingenuity in hunting out so many words of the same initials, and arranging them in a connected discourse. Of such is the "Specimen of Alliteration," found in the second volume of the Repository, in which most of the words begin with *p*. Of such is Hubald's Latin poem in praise of baldness, addressed to *C*arolus *C*alvus, or Charles the Bald. It consists of a hundred lines, all of which begin with *C*. Such also is the "*P*ugna *p*orcorum *p*er *P*ublium *P*ortium *p*oetam," a poem, published more than a hundred and sixty years ago, in which *every word* is said to begin with *p*. These we admire, not for any real beauty, but on account of the ingenuity which they display.

Alliteration is not adapted to the language of deep-toned passion. It is evident, that when the mind is engaged in a very

* These two lines are quoted from a Port Folio, of an old date. The author of the former of them did not perceive this alliteration, until a long time after the ballad was published. The latter is the last line of the description of a solitary smoker, who had exhausted his last cigar.

serious subject, or wound up to a high pitch of feeling, it cannot be disposed to attend to the smaller beauties of language: but it is principally when we are in a playful mood, or at best but moderately affected, that this beauty pleases most; for the mind has leisure then to attend to the minor beauties of language, and has a relish for them.

It may be added, that alliteration gives peculiar zest to wit. Those who have succeeded well, as ludicrous or facetious writers, have been more attentive to this than it has generally been supposed. It appears in the facetious names which they have invented, as, "*B*usby *B*irch," "*P*eter *P*indar," "*T*abitha *T*owser," "*W*him *W*hams of *L*auncelot *L*ongstaff:" also in their sallies of wit, as,

"For every *why* he had a *wh*erefore."

"Magnanimous Goldsmith, a *g*ooseberry fool."

"But thousands die without a *th*is or *th*at."

"*D*ie and *e*nd*o*w a *c*ollege or a *c*at." E.

A FACTIOUS MEMBER

Is sent out, laden with the wisdom and politics of the place he serves for, and has his own freight and custom free. He is trusted like a factor to trade for a society, but endeavours to turn all the public to his own private advantages. He has no instructions but his pleasure, and therefore strives to have his privileges as large. He is very wise in his politic capacity, as having a full share in the house, and an implicit right to every man's reason, though he has none of his own, which makes him appear so simple out of it. He believes all reason of state consists in faction, as all wisdom in haranguing, of which he is so fond, that he had rather the nation should perish than continue ignorant of his great abilities that way; though he that observes his gestures, words, and delivery, will find them so perfectly agreeable to the rules of the house, that he cannot but conclude that he learnt his oratory the very same way that jackdaws and parrots practise by. For he

coughs, and spits, and blows his nose with that discreet and prudent caution, that you would think he had buried his talent in a handkerchief, and were now pulling it out to dispose of it to a better advantage. He stands and presumes so much upon the *privileges of the house*, as if every member were a tribune of the people, and had as absolute power as they had in Rome, according to the established fundamental custom and practice of their quartered predecessors, of unhappy memory. He endeavours to show his wisdom in nothing more than in appearing very much dissatisfied with the present management of state-affairs, although he knows nothing of the reasons: so much the better; for the thing is more difficult, and argues his judgment and insight the greater; for any man can judge that understands the reasons of what he does, but very few know how to judge mechanically, without understanding why or wherefore. It is sufficient to assure him, that the public money has been diverted from the proper uses it was raised for, because he has had no share of it himself; and the government ill managed, because he has no hand in it: which, truly, is a very great grievance to the people, that understand, by himself and his party, that are their representatives, and ought to understand for them how able he is for it. He fathers all his own passions and concerns, like bastards, on the people; because, being trusted by them, without articles or conditions, they are bound to acknowledge whatsoever he does as their own act and deed.

ANECDOTE OF SIR JOHN BARNARD.

Sir Robert Walpole was more than once heard to say, that sir John Barnard, a plain citizen of London, an honest man, and one of the representatives for that city, during six parliaments, was the only member whom he found it difficult to answer or refute.

"There is," said that able minister, "so much evident integrity in all he says, that the preponderancy of good design makes up for any defect in argument, and wins the hearts of all parties."

During the time that the subject of the present article was first magistrate of the metropolis, a little employment in his disposal became vacant, and many candidates applied, for whom strong interest was made. At a court of aldermen, held soon after, a poor friendless freeman presented a petition for the place in question; to which the lord mayor appointed him, without asking one question, or receiving a single recommendation in his favour. The old man, unable to utter a word, retired with tears in his eyes, and a heart throbbing with gratitude.

Sir John being asked by one of his associates, what superior merits the successful candidate possessed, replied in the following words:

"I guessed that my manner of proceeding would excite your attention and surprise; yet, after an explanation, I am inclined to think, that you will not only approve of what I have done, but that, placed in my circumstances, you would have acted precisely in the same manner.

"I never spoke to the person whom I have appointed, and am as entirely a stranger to his situation, and the circumstances of his life, as any gentleman present."

The curiosity of the alderman naturally increased.

"But in my way to Clapham Common, which, as many of you know, I have visited for a little fresh air and undisturbed repose, for these last eight-and-twenty years, my notice has been attracted by the sedentary diligence and unremitting attendance of the man to whom I have given the place; which I wish was better worth his acceptance.

"It was at a little watchmaker's shop," continued sir John, "on London bridge (in those days a street, crowded with houses), that he first caught my eye; and during the whole period I have specified, at my going out of town in the afternoon, and at my return in the morning, he never was absent from his post and employment a single day.

"I know nothing, as I have before observed, of the state of his finances; but the appearance of his coat, and his grey locks, indicate that he is not very young, nor very wealthy; and he, who for so many years has been ineffectually diligent—he who has toiled so long, without securing a comfortable competency for

declining life, has, in my opinion, a preferable claim, a demand which ought not to be resisted, on the generosity, as well as justice, of a commercial city like ours."

The worthy citizens not only agreed in opinion with their chief magistrate, but, uniting their contributions, made a handsome purse, which sir John was requested to present, in their names, to the man whom he had so laudably patronized. Subsequent inquiry fully justified the step which had been taken in favour of the veteran mechanic. It was a case of genuine distress, beyond the possibility of imposture.

FOR THE PORT-FOLIO.—WITTY ELOQUENCE.

Mr. Oldschool,

Amusing myself a few days ago with the perusal of a volume, containing reports of the debates in the parliament of Ireland, in the years 1763 and 1764, I was forcibly struck, in a variety of passages, by the superiority of the eloquence of that day. I do not mean the verbiage, but the intrinsic excellence and weight of argument—the simple wisdom of some of the orators, the sparkling wit, the pungent humour, the keen satire, and the biting irony of others—and of all of them the condensed solidity of argument, which seemed rather to scorn than to solicit the aid of high-sounding words, and to urge conviction with vehemence and energy, rather than to court applause and admiration. Of Malone it was said by lord Camden, that he was among orators what the La Plata was among rivers: but his eloquence was such that, to present a specimen of it, one must give an entire oration. I happened, however, to stumble upon a short speech of a celebrated orator, lawyer and humourist, who seems to have been, in his day, the subject of much admiration. His name was Harwood. Though without the dignity or wisdom of Malone, he was superior in wit—a talent above which the mighty mind of the former was elevated by simplicity and directness.

A motion being made, in the house of commons, that an address should be presented to the lord lieutenant, that he would be pleased to order the report of his majesty's attorney and solicitor general, with respect to the legality of granting the office of chancellor of the exchequer for life, to be laid before the house, a great debate ensued, in which Harwood made a speech, the conclusion of which I extract for your publication, if you think it deserving of a place.

"In a word, my sentiment is, that lawyers do, and that they *should* differ in opinions upon points of law. I think also that it is very proper for lawyers upon some occasions, to differ, not only from one another, but from themselves. I believe there are many gentlemen present who have found the advantage of it. If all lawyers were to be of the same opinion, what subjects could there be for litigation? If there were no subjects for litigation, there would very soon be no lawyers;—and if there were no lawyers, what would people do for advice? and to whom could even the crown have applied, upon *the great and momentous occasion* that we are now considering? I cannot sufficiently admire and commend my worthy friend's opinion, that my brethren of the law ought *always* to be consulted, especially upon important and public occasions: it is an opinion from which great and manifest advantages will result, if it should be adopted; and I cannot but congratulate my brethren, that it is adopted in a very considerable degree already. There are knotty points, which even those august personages, the lords, to whom we in this lower house look up, with an humble sense of our inferiority, may possibly find it something difficult to discuss:—they have, therefore, as it is very fit and becoming they should, the prime of our lawyers for their counsellors. The lawyer of a lord, ought not, certainly, to be less than a judge; and accordingly we see that our learned judges, seated on the soft wool-sack, and distinguished by the lordly robe, are always at hand, in their house, to be occasionally consulted by them, to save their lordships the labour of thinking; which is certainly beneath the dignity of personages so sublime and august. If it is fit, as my worthy friend has advanced, and as I heartily agree, that lawyers ought *always* to be consulted, it is fit that we, of the commons, should have our lawyers too; and it gives me great plea-

sure to see that we are not without them. Look which way I will, some of the learned body are still in my eye; and this being the case, what need have we to look abroad? It would neither do us nor our lawyers credit, to have consultations without doors, to explain or determine what they are expected to explain, and we are to determine within. I humbly conceive that this affair, *great, and solemn, and momentous as it is*, may maintain its dignity in parliament, as well as in a court of law, and be as skilfully discussed, and as wisely determined. As to the laying of the written opinion of the attorney and solicitor general before the house, I confess I do not see what end it will answer. Whatever their opinion *was* I cannot tell; and if I could, I might be equally at a loss to know what their opinion *is*. As the gentlemen, therefore, are here, ready to answer for themselves, I must declare myself against the motion." And accordingly it passed in the negative.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

POEMS BY THE KING OF PERSIA.

Fath Ali Shah, the present sovereign of Persia, is celebrated for being, not only a munificent patron of learned and ingenious men, but himself the author of *a Dirwan*, or collection of elegies and sonnets. Mr. Morier, in his travels, lately published (p. 186), informs us that the king's chief poet receives from his majesty a gold *tomaum* (about one pound in value) for every couplet, and once obtained the remission of a considerable debt by the composition of some pleasing verses. The government of Kashan, one of the chief cities in Persia, was the reward of poetical excellence, according to Mr. Scott Waring, who, in his "Tour to Sheeraz," has exhibited a specimen of the king's amatory productions. The following translations are from a French version; and the notes are added, in the hope that some of our poetical correspondents may be induced to clothe the ideas of the royal poet in a proper dress.

III.

My soul, captivated by thy charms, wastes itself away in chains, and bends beneath the weight of oppression. Thou hast

said, "love will bring thee to the tomb: arise and leave his dominions. But, alas! I wish to expire at thy feet, rather than to abandon altogether my hopes of possessing thee. I swear by the two bows, that send forth irresistible arrows from thine eyes, that my days have lost their lustre: they are dark as the jet of thy waving ringlets; and the sweetness of thy lips far exceeds, in the opinion of *Khacan*,* all that the richest sugar-cane has ever yielded.

IV.

The humid clouds of spring float over the enamelled meads, and, like my eyes, dissolve in tears. My fancy seeks thee in all places, and the beauties of nature retrace, at every moment, thy enchanting image. But thou, O cruel fair one! thou endeavourest to efface from thy memory the recollection of my ardent love, my tender constancy.

Thy charms eclipse the glowing tulip:—thy graceful stature puts to shame the lofty cypress. Let every nymph, although equal in beauty to *Shireen*,† pay homage to thy superiority; and let all men become like *Ferhad of the mountain*,‡ distracted on beholding thy loveliness.

How could the star of day have shone amidst the heavens, if the moon of thy countenance had not concealed its splendour be-

* This is a poetical surname adopted by the author, signifying *emperor* or *king*.

† *Shireen*, the favourite of the monarch whom European writers style *Chosroes*, is no less celebrated on account of her beauty than for the passion with which she inspired *Ferhad*.

‡ Of this unfortunate poet, the romantic story has often been told. The mountain to which our royal poet alludes is the *Kooh Bisetoon*, in the province of Curdistan, where are still visible many figures, sculptured on a rock, which, by the romances of Persia, are ascribed to *Ferhad*. Among these sculptures, travellers have noticed the representations of a female; according to local tradition, the fair *Shireen*, mistress of king Khosroo, or Chosroes, and the fascinating object of *Ferhad's* love. As a recompense for clearing a passage over the mountain of Bisetoon, by removing immense rocks, which obstructed the path—a task of such labour as far exceeded the powers of common mortals; by the lover, however, executed with ease,—the monarch had promised to bestow *Shireen* on the enamoured statuary; but a false report of her death having been communicated to him in a sudden manner, he immediately destroyed himself; and the scene of this catastrophe is still shown amid the recesses of mount Bisetoon.

neath the cloud of a veil? Oh! banish me not from thy sight—command me—it will be charitable—command me to die. How long wilt thou reject the amorous solicitation of thy *Khacan?* Wilt thou drive him to madness by thy unrelenting cruelty? Is he doomed to endless tears and lamentations?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

And do you think there are any who are influenced by this?

Oh lud! yes, sir;—the number of those, who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves, is very small indeed. SHERIDAN'S CRITIC.

The Life and Studies of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy of London, prior to his arrival in England; compiled from materials furnished by himself. By John Galt. London printed. Philadelphia reprinted; Moses Thomas, 8vo, pp. 196: $2, with a portrait.

IT is related of Alexander, that he envied the good fortune of Achilles, in having a Homer to inscribe the monument of his fame. We do not think Mr. West need indulge any regret of this sort. His biographer has taken an artless, but captivating view of the subject entrusted to him. His materials have enabled the writer to throw an air of the wonderful into his narrative, which tends to increase the respect with which the reader comes to the perusal of it; and we do not doubt that he has exceeded the bounds of truth, no further than a portrait painter, who contrives, from an ugly face, to make a handsome portrait, and still retain the features of the original. There is something in the fortunes of Mr. West so peculiar, that credulity readily seizes the sceptre, because reason is almost unable to accompany his rapid career to wealth and fame. A quaker at the head of the fine arts:—an American among the first favourites of the British king, presents an anomaly not less honourable to the talents of the subject than the liberality of the monarch.

Mr. West was born in Chester county, in this commonwealth, on the 10th October, 1738. Of his father, it deserves to be mentioned, that he was the first person who maintained that it was the duty of christians to give freedom to their slaves. Instead of thrumming the old threadbare topics of liberty and equality, he gave an unequivocal proof of his sincerity, by manumitting a person who stood in this relation to him. Not satisfied with this, he proposed the matter to his neighbours, and, about the

year 1753, his efforts were crowned with complete success; for it was established as one of the tenets of the sect of friends, or quakers, as they are vulgarly called, that no person could remain a member of their community who held a human creature in slavery. Those who have followed the indefatigable steps of Clarkson, while he was engaged in a similar enterprise, will not fail to draw a comparison, highly honourable to this pacific sect: and they who estimate so lightly the state of society in this country, may blush to receive a precedent, in the code of humanity and the law of nature, from the woods and wilds of a remote province.

We shall pass by the prediction of an enthusiast, named Peckover, that West would prove no ordinary man, because the story is really too ridiculous to claim our attention. The first indication of a taste for the profession which he has since adorned, was given by West in his seventh year, when he executed a likeness of an infant niece, whom he was rocking in the cradle. Here is a distinct inspiration of genius; for he had never seen an engraving or a picture; nor is it probable that he had even heard any conversation on such subjects, as the quakers have no esteem for the fine arts, and regard artists as "things of naught."

We are told, in this volume (p. 23), that it was the custom of those who resided near the highways, after supper and the last religious exercises of the evening, to make a large fire in the hall, and to set out a table, with refreshments for such travellers as might have occasion to pass during the night; and when the families assembled in the morning, they seldom found that their tables had been unvisited. This, continues our author, who, most assuredly, never was in Chester county, was particularly the case at Springfield, where West was born. After a lapse of many years, and in a foreign country, fancy naturally reverts to the scenes and days of infancy, with fond and romantic enthusiasm. What is harsh and rugged we forget or soften; and exaggeration insensibly spreads her canvass to receive the brighter colours. To what extent the charity of the elder West may have been carried we shall not pretend to say. It is evident that his means were very narrow, because the son was indebted entirely to strangers or friends for every aid that he had in his professional education. We do not believe that such a custom ever did exist in this country, and least of all should we seek for it in the habits of this sect. We know that they are kind to each other, but their charity does not extend beyond the pale of their own church. They are not known on our pauper list; and a quaker beggar was never seen in our streets. If the scene of such open-handed hospitality had been laid in Maryland, Virginia, Georgia or the Carolinas, there would have been some probability in this representation:—but that the good folks of *Ches-*

ter county! ever practised such prodigal benevolence, is beyond the memory of those who have lived near the spot long enough to have heard the fact. It is by no means unusual, in the unfrequented parts of this state, for travellers to be invited to partake of *what is going;* and the good folks of the house will relinquish their bed, in order to accommodate the weary with the "chief nourisher in life's feast." In the morning, if a compensation is mentioned, it is firmly rejected, *eo nomine*, when offered under that name; though you are sometimes told you may give "*the wife*" one or two dimes for her "*trouble.*"

The pen and ink miniature of little Sarah was shown to Mr. West, who, we are told, remembering the prediction of Peckover, was delighted with this early indication of talent in his son. (p. 21.) But the author says, that although he was allowed to amuse his leisure hours in the same manner, it did not occur to any of the family to provide him with better materials! (p. 28.) Luckily for the young artist, some Indians, on an annual visit to Springfield, were pleased with his sketches of birds and flowers, and they taught him to prepare red and yellow colours: his mother *then* gave him a piece of indigo, and he was thus provided with the three primary colours. The fancy, says our author,

"is disposed to expatiate on this interesting fact; for the mythologies of antiquity furnish no allegory more beautiful; and a painter who would embody the metaphor of an artist instructed by nature, could scarcely imagine any thing more picturesque than the real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatic colours. The Indians also taught him to be an expert archer, and he was sometimes in the practice of shooting birds for models, when he thought that their plumage would look well in a picture." P. 29.

Some of his neighbours, like the Indians, were struck with his ingenuity; and from their description of a pencil, he contrived to furnish himself with a substitute, by clipping the tail, and afterwards shaving the back, of his father's favourite cat. The old gentleman was amused with his ingenuity; but he was still left to grope his way, with no other guide, until the following year, when that singular good fortune, which we shall find always following him, brought to the house a merchant of this city, named Pennington. This gentleman did something more than the father: he presented to the artist a box of paints and pencils, together with canvass prepared for the easel, and a few of Grevling's engravings. West was then in his eighth year, had never seen any but his own drawings, and it is said that he was even ignorant of the existence of such an art as that of the engraver. The reader may easily imagine with what enthusiasm he contemplated his present.

Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends

O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame, he knows not what excelling things,
And win, he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. AKENSIDE.

The pastimes of youth and the tasks of the school were forgotten for several days, during which, concealed in the garret, he finished a composition from two of the engravings!

"Sixty-seven years afterwards the writer of these memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of "Christ Rejected," on which occasion the painter declared to him, that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." P. 36.

We omit, with reluctance, several other incidents, indicative of wonderful precocity. He was allowed to visit Mr. Pennington, at Philadelphia; and he soon composed a landscape, in which he represented a river, with vessels on the water, and cattle pasturing on the banks. This picture is exhibited in our Academy of Fine Arts. In Philadelphia he met a Mr. Williams, a painter; and this appears to have been the first person who was able to form a proper judgment respecting the artist. He lent him the works of Fresnoy and Richardson on painting; and these books, the prediction of Peckover, the preacher, together with the indications of genius which he had displayed, and continued to exhibit, during the space of eight years, at length opened the eyes of his parents. But a serious difficulty arose. We have already stated that the sect of friends is opposed to any pursuit or profession that is merely ornamental; and Mr. West had already been taken to task for his indulgence of a predilection in his son, which was regarded as little less than criminal. We are acquainted with an artist, who was born in this city, and belonged to the same persuasion with West, who, very early in life, gave proof of considerable taste in portrait painting. After the bent of his genius had been resisted for a long time, by his father, the old gentleman, at length, told him that, as he seemed to be determined to pursue this *vain calling*, he might do it in a manner that might be of some use to his fellow-citizens, by going to *Thomas Rutter's*, where he could ornament fire buckets and signs. Here he learned to mingle colours; and with this acquisition he threw himself upon the world.

Mr. West was unwilling to thwart the bias which was so evident, and he referred the destiny of his son to a public meeting of the friends. That the result of their deliberation was favourable to the wishes of our young artist, must have been owing to the wonder which his abilities had

excited, and to a singular exertion of magnanimity, mingled with christian humility. When the proverbial pertinacity of this sect is taken into view, we are at a loss for adequate language to express the feelings of admiration which this anecdote excites. We do not see any evidence, in the speech of *John Williamson*, of that "astonishing gift of convincing eloquence," which Mr. Galt attributes to him. It is a plain and sensible discourse, which would readily occur to any man of liberal notions. At the conclusion of his address, "the women arose, and kissed the artist; and the men, one by one, laid their hands on his head, and prayed that the Lord might verify, in his life, the value of the gift which had induced them, in despite of their religious tenets, to allow him to cultivate the faculties of his genius."

The principal argument of *Williamson* was drawn from the pacific purposes of the art of painting; and it is a little singular, that in the very next moment, we find the artist strutting as a soldier. It does not appear, however, that he took the field. He returned to Philadelphia, and was very soon in full practice, as a portrait painter. His evenings were generally spent with our old provost, Dr. Smith, one of his earliest patrons; from whose conversations he probably derived most of his literary education. How long he remained in Philadelphia we are not informed; but as soon as his funds enabled him to undertake the journey, he went to New York. The remarks that occur here, on the comparative state of society in the two cities, show that Mr. West is still a Philadelphian. In one of the earliest volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we recollect to have seen a copy of verses, in which this city is hailed as the *Athens of America*, and the ridiculous vanity still prevails—although it is impossible to discern, among the opulent and the learned, much evidence of a title to so proud a rank. "It would be difficult," says Mr. Galt, "to assign any reason why it has so happened that no *literary author*, of any general celebrity, with the exception of Franklin, has yet arisen in America." We believe that the fame of Franklin rests upon his philosophical writings, and his labours as a politician. His literary essays are a model of easy style, but they are too meagre to have augmented the stock of intellectual enjoyment in the world, as our author supposes, and they are very little read. We should have more authors if we had more readers. But our libraries are loaded with the best ancient and modern writers; and who shall enter the lists, when the field is so crowded with all that genius can invent, and art achieve? with Shakspeare and Otway, with Dryden and Pope—Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Johnson and Mackenzie, with D'Arblay, Fielding, Smollett, Edgeworth, Radcliffe, Hannah Moore and Mrs. West? Besides this most appalling spectacle, there is a disposition among us to put down every effort of this description that is indige-

nous. Out of a hundred of those readers, who seek no more than amusement, and that kind of information, in regard to the ordinary intercourse of domestic or fashionable life, which we glean from the drama, the novel or the popular essay, nine-tenths are not capable of forming any opinion on the merits of a book; and they content themselves with a sneering repetition of the term "American;" and so the book goes to the trunkmakers. But in religion, in law, in politics, medicine, and the useful arts, the case is different. Under these heads we can arrange a number of books, which any nation might be proud to claim. These are topics which come home to every man's business and bosom. We have no hereditary fortunes, which will enable a well educated man to pursue or patronize literary studies: no men of leisure, except here and there an opulent merchant, whose better days have been spent in poring over a leger, and whose mind can now grasp no more than the current news of the day. As to our poets, who are yet slumbering in the caves of obscurity, we need add nothing to what Mr. Galt has said.

"Poetry is the art of connecting ideas of sensible objects with moral sentiments; and without the previous existence of local feelings, there can be no poetry. America to the first European settlers had no objects interesting to the imagination, at least of the description thus strictly considered as poetical; for although the vigour and stupendous appearances of nature were calculated to fill the mind with awe, and to exalt the contemplations of enthusiasm, there was nothing connected with the circumstances of the scene susceptible of that colouring from the memory, which gives to the ideas of local resemblance the peculiar qualities of poetry. The forests, though interminable, were but composed of trees; the mountains and rivers, though on a larger scale, were not associated in the mind with the exertions of patriotic valour, and the achievements of individual enterprise, like the Alps or the Danube, the Grampians or the Tweed. It is impossible to tread the depopulated and exhausted soil of Greece, without meeting with innumerable relics and objects, which, like magical talismans, call up the genius of departed ages, with the long-enriched roll of those great transactions, that, in their moral effect, have raised the nature of man, occasioning trains of reflection, which want only the rhythm of language to be poetry. But in the unstoried solitudes of America, the traveller meets with nothing to awaken the sympathy of his recollective feelings. Even the very character of the trees, though interesting to scientific research, chills, beneath the spaciousness of their shade, every poetical disposition." pp. 99, 100, 101.

While Mr. West was at New York, he saw a Flemish picture of a hermit, praying before a lamp, and he painted a companion to it, of a man reading before a candle. It was a long time before he could produce, during the day, a proper light; but genius, though often baffled, is never overcome. He persuaded a person to sit in a dark closet, with a

candle in his hand, and thus he obtained precisely what he desired. Here, as in the invention of the *camera* (p. 60), West had no other instruction than what his own ingenious observation suggested. About this time he copied a Belisarius, from the engraving, by Strange, of Salvator Rosa's painting. Many years afterwards, when he saw the original, we may easily conceive his gratification, on finding that he had coloured his copy almost as faithfully as if it had been painted from the original.

In 1759, his steady friend, the provost, made an arrangement in his behalf, for a voyage to Italy, by which he was to accompany the son of a Mr. Allen to Italy. Mr. Kelly, a merchant of New York, was then sitting to him, and West, having heard that a vessel was about to sail from Philadelphia to the region of the arts, expressed the ardent desire which he felt to repair thither, and drink of the pure fountain of inspiration. When he finished the portrait, Mr. Kelly requested him to take charge of a letter, addressed to an agent in Philadelphia, and to deliver it personally when he should go to that city. Mr. Smith's letter reached him about the same time, and he left New York. On his arrival in Philadelphia, the letter from Mr. Kelly was found to contain a draft in favour of "the ingenious young gentleman," who was the bearer of it, for fifty guineas, as a present, to assist him in the voyage which he wished to make. Such instances of noble munificence are rare, but West's good genius always found a friend for him. Scarcely had he touched the shores of Italy, when he was loaded with letters to cardinal Albani, and several other persons in Rome, who were most distinguished for erudition and taste. When he was within a few miles from the *eternal city*, West, having walked forward while his horses were feeding, sat down to rest himself, and contemplate the scenery by which he was surrounded. The reflections which are said to have occurred to our young traveller are somewhat beyond his years (æt. 22), and we should rather refer them to the more matured understanding, mingled with the sympathy and taste of the author.

"The sun seemed, to his fancy, the image of truth and knowledge, arising in the east, continuing to illuminate and adorn the whole earth, and withdrawing from the eyes of the old world, to enlighten the uncultivated regions of the new. He thought of that remote antiquity when the site of Rome itself was covered with unexplored forests; and passing with a rapid reminiscence over her eventful story, he was touched with sorrow at the solitude of decay with which she appeared to be environed, till he adverted to the condition of his native country, and was cheered by the thought of the greatness which even the fate of Rome seemed to assure to America. For he reflected that, although the progress of knowledge appeared to intimate that there was some great cycle in human affairs, and that the procession of the arts and sciences from the east to the west demonstrated their course to be neither stationary nor retrograde;

he could not but rejoice, in contemplating the skeleton of the mighty capital before him, that they had improved as they advanced, and that the splendour which would precede their setting on the shores of Europe, would be the gorgeous omen of the glory which they would attain in their passage over America." pp. 117, 118.

The sixth chapter commences with an interesting view of the society which West was about to visit. The difference between it and that which he had just quitted is pointed out in a beautiful contrast. "In America," says the author, "all was young, vigorous and growing,—the spring of a nation, frugal, active and simple. In Rome all was old, infirm and decaying,—the autumn of a people who had gathered their glory, and were sinking into sleep, under the disgraceful excesses of the vintage." Mr. Robinson, afterwards lord Grantham, who lodged at the same hotel to which West was conducted, was so struck with the circumstance that an American, and a quaker, had come to Rome, to study the fine arts, that he immediately introduced himself, and insisted that he should dine with him. Upon being informed of the letters which West had brought, he observed that they were addressed to his most particular friend, and he added, with that frankness which is so common among our southern gentlemen, that as he was engaged to meet them at a party, in the evening, he *expected* (this is the author's word) his young friend would accompany him.

Our limits begin to warn us that we cannot indulge the pleasure which we feel in following Mr. West, on his visit to the seat of the arts. His first introduction to the Apollo is an animated picture; and there is an interesting account of his first essay, which we cannot extract. Our readers have often heard, no doubt, of the improvisatori of Rome, and they will be pleased to find, in these pages, something more than mere description to prove their existence. Mr. West was introduced to a venerable old man, with a guitar on his shoulder, who was called Homer, in consequence of the splendour of diction and grandeur of conception which he displayed. In the true spirit of his vocation, this descendant of the rhapsodists preferred a wandering life to a settled income; and like the immortal bard whose name he bore, he might have begged his bread, in his old age, among those who had hung with rapture upon his tones, but for the liberality of several Englishmen, who gave him an annuity, which enabled him to live as he wished. The moment it was suggested to him that West was an American, who had come to study the fine arts in Rome, he

"took possession of the thought with the ardour of inspiration. He immediately unslung his guitar, and began to draw his fingers rapidly over the

strings, swinging his body from side to side, and striking fine and impressive chords. When he had thus brought his motions and his feelings into unison with the instrument, he began an extemporaneous ode, in a manner so dignified, so pathetic, and so enthusiastic, that Mr. West was scarcely less interested by his appearance, than those who enjoyed the subject and melody of his numbers. He sung the darkness which for so many ages veiled America from the eyes of science. He described the fulness of time, when the purposes for which it had been raised from the deep were to be manifested. He painted the seraph of knowledge descending from heaven, and directing Columbus to undertake the discovery; and he related the leading incidents of the voyage. He invoked the fancy of his auditors to contemplate the wild magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, in the new world; and he raised, as it were, in vivid perspective, the Indians in the chase, and at their horrible sacrifices. 'But,' he exclaimed, 'the beneficent spirit of improvement is ever on the wing, and, like the ray from the throne of God which inspired the conception of the virgin, it has descended on this youth, and the hope which ushered in its new miracle, like the star that guided the magi to Bethlehem, has led him to Rome. Methinks I behold in him an instrument, chosen by heaven, to raise in America the taste for those arts which elevate the nature of man,—an assurance that his country will afford a refuge to science and knowledge, when, in the old age of Europe, they shall have forsaken her shores. But all things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward; and truth and art have their period of shining and of night. Rejoice, then, O venerable Rome, in thy divine destiny; for though darkness overshadow thy seats, and though thy mitred head must descend into the dust, as deep as the earth that now covers thy ancient helmet and imperial diadem, thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, already spreads towards a new world, where, like the soul of man in paradise, it will be perfected in virtue and beauty more and more.' The highest efforts of the greatest actors, even of Garrick himself, delivering the poetry of Shakspeare, never produced a more immediate and inspiring effect than this rapid burst of genius. When the applause had abated, Mr. West, being the stranger, and the party addressed, according to the common practice, made the bard a present. Mr. Hamilton explained the subject of the ode: though with the weakness of a verbal translation, and the imperfection of an indistinct echo, it was so connected with the appearance which the author made in the recital, that the incident has never been obliterated from Mr. West's recollection." pp. 145, 146, 147.

The continual excitement which our painter's feelings endured brought on a fever, and it became necessary to seek relief in quiet and retirement. He went to Florence, where he suffered a painful confinement of eleven months. Here he met with another of those fortunate accidents which distinguished his professional career. He became acquainted with Mr. Matthews, one of those few merchants who combine

"the highest degree of literary and elegant accomplishments with the best talents for active business." From him he received an invitation to accompany him on a tour through the principal cities of Italy. In the mean time the noise of his fame had reached his native shores, and when he called upon his bankers, to receive a small balance of ten pounds, he found that he had an unlimited credit. His old friend, Mr. Allen, justly regarding him as an honour to his country, had resolved to direct his correspondents in Leghorn to furnish him with whatever money he might require. Mr. Hamilton, then governor of Pennsylvania, insisted on dividing the honour, by joining him in the responsibility of the credit. On this circumstance Mr. Galt very justly remarks:

"A more splendid instance of liberality is not to be found, even in the records of Florence. The munificence of the Medici was excelled by that of the magistracy of Philadelphia." p. 160.

After visiting most of the repositories of art in Italy, he returned to Rome, and devoted his time to the study of the ornaments of that capital. He painted a picture of Cimon and Iphigenia, and, subsequently, another of Angelica and Madoro; in consequence of which he was honoured with the usual marks of academical approbation, which reward and stimulate the ambition of young artists. He was also elected a member of the academies of Florence, Bologna, and Parma. He had the honour of being introduced to the prince of Parma, by the desire of his highness. At p. 182 we have a melancholy picture of the powerful effects upon the arts, as well as morals, of that theocratical despotism which overspread the whole country. The same state of disease, we are told, pervades Spain, where so much chivalric generosity has recently poured torrents of blood in vain. Mr. West visited Paris, where he inspected the principal works of the French artists, and the royal collections. He thought that the true feeling for the fine arts did not exist among the French to that degree which he had observed in Italy. On the contrary, says our author, it seemed to him that there was an inherent affectation in the general style of art among them, which demonstrated, not only a deficiency of native sensibility, but an anxious desire to conceal that defect.

He intended to have returned home, but he received a letter from his father, advising him to go to England; and here Mr. Galt drops the curtain.

We shall trespass upon the reader a little longer, to make but a few remarks. At p. 52, the author mentions Francis Hopkins and Thomas Godfrey, among the early associates of West. The former, we imagine, was Francis Hopkinson, the father of one of our most distinguished advocates, and at present a representative in congress, from this city: the lat-

ter we take to be the inventor of the quadrant. The credit of this discovery was taken from him by an Englishman, named Hadley; and, if this be the same person, we are surprised that Mr. West, who sat at the elbow of the author, did not avail himself of this occasion to assert the claims of his friend and countryman. The exalted respect which we feel for his character, would induce us to admit a plea of ignorance, without hesitation; the more especially as several anecdotes are extant, which show that, in all the adulation by which he has been courted, he has not forgotten his natal soil. We shall select a single instance. During our revolution, intelligence arrived in London of some signal disaster which had befallen our troops. A courtier, who envied the prosperity of West, seized an opportunity of communicating the tidings to him, in the presence of the British sovereign. The artist replied, without the slightest hesitation, that he was very sorry to hear it; and the malignant meddler was still more mortified to learn, afterwards, that the answer had raised, instead of injuring, the character of the painter in the estimation of his royal patron.

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Letters to the Bank Directors on the pernicious consequences of the prevailing system of banking operations, and on the facility of reducing discounts to any extent, as soon as the bank of the United States commences business. By M. Carey. 8vo. pp. 44.

It is a point of honour among the rabble not to strike a man when he is down, and in matters of business it is sound policy to assist rather than oppress a debtor. These are the dictates of generosity and judgment, which one would think scarcely necessary to be repeated in the present day. But the pamphlet before us is a lamentable proof that the light of day is still excluded from the discount table. Scarcely had we emerged from the gloom of war, when we were plunged into deeper distress by the folly, the madness and the cupidity of the persons who manage our money concerns, under the name of bank directors. For some months past it has been next to impossible to collect any debts, and the few payments that were made were at discounts of from 6 to 15 per cent; to which may be added the loss of interest. Sales were so dull that goods were sacrificed at auction, often for less than first cost: and it was scarcely possible to raise money on real security. In this state of things, the author of this and other publications, has repeatedly and earnestly exhorted the directors of the banks to abandon their absurd and vicious system of curtailing discounts: a system, he says, which has "prostrated arts and manufactures—paralized industry—sunk the value of almost every species of property," and drawn upon the almost exhausted stores of the poor to swell the coffers of the opulent.

Mr. Carey states one fact which throws considerable light upon this subject and serves to explain very satisfactorily to our mind, the reason why this course was pursued. "Money," he informs us "cannot be had of the brokers, but at the rate of from 18 to 30 per cent per annum." A man who would be sadly affronted, if he were asked to dispose of a riding horse, will go before an inquisitorial bank tribunal, and exhibit a full inventory of all his goods and chattels: disclose his embarrassments, confess his difficulties, and pray for an accommodation but for a few months. No matter how much the account of "bills receivable" may preponderate over that of "bills payable"—his note is rejected. But he very soon has an offer for some of his houses or lands, or he is driven to a broker, where he is decently *shaved*. It is immaterial which alternative he adopts; the money often comes from the very chamber, where his intreaties had no avail. We shall not undertake to affirm that this is precisely the course of business, but the reader will see that such a scheme may be effected. We are far from wishing, in the language of sir Thomas Brown, that men should "swallow falsities for truths, dubiosities for certainties, possibilities for feasibilities, and things impossible for possibilities themselves." But our conjectures will derive no small weight from the consideration that, during all the distraction and distress which has pervaded the trading part of the community, for some time past; those who were connected with banks sat unmoved, and apparently unconcerned. They bought and they sold. They seemed to have at command the treasures of "Ormus or the Ind." They wore the cap of Fortunatus; they burnished the lamp, and emulated the profusion of Aladdin. Even the *runners* ran the rapid road to riches and rank.

In such a state of things it is in vain that pamphlets are written, and their reasonings supported by the experience and authority of such men as Percival, Baring, Huskisson, or even the governor of the bank of England. Mr. Carey may be respected as a sensible writer, on fiscal matters, and we shall admire his zeal and independence; but he may remember that Cassandra raved until Troy was burned.

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The French academy have ordered a medal to be struck in honour of DUCIS, their celebrated tragic poet. All nations ought to feel an interest in the homage paid to genius; but England especially may view with pleasure the distinction shown to a man devoted to English literature, and who, by his six translations from SHAKSPEARE, (*King John*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*,) manifested at least his fond admiration for the great bard, whom the mass of Frenchmen, not having capacity to comprehend, presume in their ignorant vanity to despise.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

Travels into various countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa, by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL.D. Part II. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land.

Section second, 4to, pp. about 850. Price 4l. 14s. 6d. Cadell and Davies, 1814.

Section third. To which is added a supplement, respecting the author's journey from Constantinople to Vienna; containing his account of the gold mines of Transylvania and Hungary, 4to, pp. 750. Price 4l. 14s. 6d. 1816.

[The two volumes contain (including maps and charts) 56 engravings, of the full size, and 48 vignettes.]

These are the third and fourth massive volumes of Dr. Clarke's splendid performance. The latter of them constitutes the last section of the second part. It brings the author back, after so long a sojourn, to the shores of his native country. No conjecture is given as to the probable extent of the portion yet in reserve, and of which the subjects are to be Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Lapland, and Finland. Its preparation, we may presume, will be carried on without intermission.

The first volume traced him across the Russian empire, from north to south, and left him at the metropolis of the Mahomedans. Thence the narration in the second volume carried him to the Troad, to Rhodes, to Egypt, to Cyprus, and to the Holy Land, and left him at Acre, on his return towards Egypt; in which region of wonders we find him occupied through nearly half the third volume, which is the largest of the series. It commences with a prefatory miscellany of notices and observations, respecting the rules of selection which he has observed, and the improvements that have been made during the progress of the work, respecting the disputed site of Heliopolis, and also the reluctance, in certain quarters, to admit the evidence, still regarded by him as quite decisive, that the splendid and interesting antiquity brought from Alexandria, and now in the British museum, is actually what Egyptian tradition has represented it to be, the tomb which once contained the body of Alexander the Great.

The preface is followed by 'Remarks,' by Mr. Walpole, 'on the Libraries of Greece,' and a catalogue of the books in the monastery of Patmos.

The traveller and his companion quitted Acre for the last time, under the renewed and final benediction of the famous old Djezzar Pasha, who did not long, it seems, survive their visit. He was evidently fast declining at the time, and was sensible of it himself, but, with good reason, was very careful to conceal it from his subjects, well knowing the advantage that would be taken. In his last moments he felt an *amiable* concern to secure tranquillity to his successor in the government; and, not content with a mere idle avowal of his benevolence, he gave it practical effect, by an 'energetic' act, which very characteristically consummated the glory of his whole life.

"The person whom he fixed upon for his successor, was among the number of his prisoners. Having sent for this man, he made known his intentions to him; telling him at the same time that he would never enjoy peaceful domi

nion while certain of the princes of the country existed. These men were then living as hostages, in Djezzar's power. 'You will not like to begin your reign,' said he, 'by slaughtering them: I will do that business for you.' Accordingly, ordering them to be brought before him, he had them all put to death in his presence. Soon afterwards he died, leaving, as he had predicted, the undisturbed possession of a very extensive territory to his successor, Ismael Pasha, described by English travellers, who have since visited Acre, as a very amiable man, and in every thing the very reverse of this Herod of his time."

The notice of the ruins of an ecclesiastical building with pointed arches, at Acre, leads the author into a refutation of the notion, that this mode of architecture had its origin in England. He abounds with proofs to the contrary.

He reached Aboukir about the time of the surrender of Cairo by the French; and, passing several days on board one of the ships appointed to convey the prisoners to France, witnessed, and has vividly described, the wretched, squalid, motley appearance, and the mirthful, farcical and profligate character of the wrecks of the French army.

The author and his associates entered Egypt by the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, in one of the boats called *djerms*, with imminent hazard of life, from the dreadful surf upon the bar. He says there is hardly a more formidable surf any where known than that at the entrance of the Nile into the Mediterranean, and that 'it was even asserted, that the loss of men at the mouth of the Nile, including those both of the army and navy, who were here sacrificed, was greater than the total of our loss in all the engagements that took place with the French troops in Egypt.' The Arab boatmen defied the peril, and desperately drove through the furious turbulence, in which they saw, at the very moment, another djerm swamped and wrecked just at their side.

Among a variety of curious notices of Rosetta, we have a description of

"A most singular exhibition of the *serpent eaters*, or *psylli*, as mentioned by Herodotus, and by many ancient authors. A tumultuous throng, passing beneath the windows of our house, attracted our attention towards the quay. Here we saw a concourse of people, following men apparently frantic, who, with every appearance of convulsive agony, were brandishing live serpents, and then tearing them with their teeth; snatching them from each other's mouths, with loud cries and distorted features, and afterwards falling into the arms of the spectators, as if swooning: the women all the while rending the air with their lamentations. Pliny often mentions these jugglers; and as their tricks have been noticed by other travellers, it is only now necessary to attest the existence of this extraordinary remnant of a very ancient custom."

With some difficulty a djerm was hired, and provisions were purchased, for a voyage up the Nile to Cairo. It was in August, and therefore at the time of the inundation, a season which affords a singular advantage for the navigation of the river; for at that time there regularly prevails a powerful wind from the north and north-west; so that by means of the immense sail peculiar to the large boats of the Nile, the voyager can advance with great rapidity, against the utmost force of the current, to Cairo, or any part of Upper Egypt; and then, 'for returning, with even greater rapidity, it is only necessary to take down mast and sails, and leave the vessel to be carried against the wind by the powerful current of the river. It is thus possible to perform the whole voyage from Rosetta to Bulac, the quay of Cairo, and back again, with certainty, in about seventy hours—a distance equal to four hundred miles.'

In this passage towards Cairo the author was struck with the populous appearance of the banks of the river, the villages being in almost uninterrupted succession. He also dwells with admiration on the prodigious fertility of the soil of the Delta, of which the best watered portions produce three crops a year—the first of clover, the second of corn, the third of rice; and then there are 'never-ending plantations of melons, and of all kinds of garden vegetables; so that, from the abundance of its produce, Egypt may be deemed the richest country in the world.' But never was superlative applause more completely neutralized by an account of the other parts of the character than in this instance.

"But to strangers, and particularly to inhabitants of northern countries, where wholesome air and cleanliness are among the necessaries of life, Egypt is the most detestable region upon earth. Upon the retiring of the Nile, the country is one vast swamp. An atmosphere, impregnated with every putrid and offensive exhalation, stagnates, like the filthy pools over which it broods. Then the plague regularly begins, nor ceases until the waters return again. General Le Grange assured us that the ravages in the French army, caused by the plague, during the month of April, at one time amounted to a hundred men in a single day. Throughout the spring, intermittent fevers universally prevail. About the beginning of May certain winds cover even the sands of the desert with the most disgusting vermin. Lice and scorpions abound in all the sandy desert near Alexandria. The latest descendants of Pharaoh are not yet delivered from the evils which fell upon the land, when it was smitten by the hand of Moses and Aaron; the 'plague of frogs,' the 'plague of lice,' the 'plague of flies,' the 'murrain, boils and blains' prevail, so that the whole country is 'corrupted,' and 'THE DUST OF THE EARTH BECOMES LICE, UPON MAN AND UPON BEAST, THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND OF EGYPT.' This application of the words of scripture affords a literal exposition of existing facts, such a one as the statistics of the country do now warrant. Sir Sydney Smith informed the author that, one night, preferring a bed upon the sand of the desert to a night's lodging in the village of Etko, as thinking to be secure from vermin, he found himself entirely covered with them."

Drinking the water of the Nile, during the period of its overflow, is apt to produce a disorder, called "prickly heat," which often 'terminates in those dreadful wounds, alluded to in scripture by the words "boils and blains."' Such an effect will not be wondered at, after hearing what are the ingredients of the potion. 'The torrent is every where dark with mud;' a ladle or bucket, dipped into it, will bring up a quantity of animalculæ; 'tadpoles and young frogs are so numerous that, rapid as the current flows, there is no part of the Nile where the water does not contain them.' Putting, however, the drinking out of the question, and regarding the river as an element to float and journey upon, Dr. C. says it affords a most delightful contrast to the heat, the sand, the dirt, and the vermin, which co-operate to plague, almost out of his life, the traveller by land.

At the time the djerm reached Bulac, the travellers were roused early in the morning from their cabin, with the intelligence that the pyramids were in sight,

"—— and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, ele-

vated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity. Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror: which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain, rather than pleasure. Hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them may not have been conscious, that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and situation—ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and repose."

At Cairo, and in its most interesting vicinity, about three weeks were spent by our author, in the incessant activity and research by which he is always so meritoriously distinguished. By means of a canal which intersects the city, the Englishmen visited the different quarters of it, and were somewhat the less sensible, from the prevalence of water, of its being the 'dirtiest metropolis in the world.' There was, however, great superabundance of diseases and plagues, the ophthalmia, dysentery, and "boils of the Nile," with all manner of vermin that crawls or flies. 'Such a plague of flies covered all things with their swarms, that it was impossible to eat without hiring persons to stand by every table with feathers or flappers; to drive them away. Lizards were crawling about in every apartment equally in the houses of rich and poor, and could fasten themselves on pendant mirrors and the glass of the window.

There was at the time, encamped on the isle of Rhouda, under the command of general Baird, a strong detachment from the army in India It had come up the Red Sea, and across the desert from Cosseir, to co-operate against the French. Its appointments, appearance and stile of living, were splendid and sumptuous, presenting a violent contrast to the condition of the army from England, encamped near Alexandria. The travellers were soon at home among its military shows and its banquets. Gen. Baird ascribed the safety of the army in navigating the Red Sea, in no small degree to the truth of Bruce's chart.

There happened to arrive at Cairo a native Abyssinian ecclesiastic, a Dean. A very curious account is given of an examination, into which, by our author's management, he was drawn, in a company of literary travellers, with a view to try the veracity of Bruce, a copy of whose travels was in the possession of gen. Baird. It was settled that no mention should be made of Bruce, but a series of questions put from his work; which work lying on the table, it was impossible for him to have any knowledge. His answers on a great number of points, though now and then contradicting Bruce, tended on the whole very powerfully to prove the general fidelity of his representations. And when that traveller's plates of natural history were shown him, he instantly recognised a great number of them, called them by exactly the same names that Bruce has given; and in many instances attributed to them the properties ascribed by him. Our adventurers were highly gratified by such testimony in favour and in vindication of one of the most memorable predecessors of the fraternity. The *general* truth of Bruce's relations concerning Abyssinia and himself, has been put beyond all doubt by successive and accumulated evidence; the same evidence, however, convicting of such deviations from fact, in some parts of his narration, as can by no stretch of candour be imputed to mere ne-

gligence or lapse of memory. Thus, with a perfect certainty of the general truth of the representation, the reader nevertheless, feels a continual repression of interest, from the impossibility of a perfect reliance on any one of the particulars in the narration. While nine parts out of ten of the work *may* be accurately true, the reader's knowing that Bruce did not make strict truth an absolute rule in his narration, disables him to give, if we may so express it, so much as half his faith to any thing in the work, till it is verified by some other testimony. The very interest and prolongation of the question and controversy respecting him, are a reproach on his memory. Concerning a perfectly honest narrator such a controversy would very soon have ceased. There is something in the whole manner of genuine scrupulous truth, which soon puts an end to scepticism and cavil. Though a few things in the relation were to appear strange beyond all precedent, a prevailing palpable integrity in the relater would make any thing be believed that was not contradictory or impossible;—would at least make it be believed, that *to the best of the traveller's knowledge and belief* the fact was so.

We are happily now in a better era for the veracity of travellers. Whether the tribe is becoming better principled or not, we are certain of more attention to truth. This very example of Bruce will have been of mighty service to convince them all that honesty is the best policy. It is become evident to them, that between the internal evidence in their narratives, and the probability of other adventurers being ere long on their track, there is no chance for the success of any very gross deception. At the same time, so much the greater honour is due to those of the earlier travellers, whose integrity sufficed for the veracity of their relations, at a time when the dictates of this policy were by no means so imperious.—But we are sorry to have diverted so long from the excellent traveller with whose work we are at present concerned; a work which will always rank very high for most, if not all of the qualities which should distinguish the report of such a peregrination.

We have very lively descriptions of the people and customs of Cairo, while liveliness, our author says, is the thing totally wanting in all the inhabitants but the Arabs. Their disposition is 'to exist without exertion of any kind; to pass whole days upon beds and cushions, smoking and counting beads.' This dulness pervades the habits and families of the residents from Europe, excepting, we presume, the long-famed Signor Rosetti. But the living inhabitants are a matter of inferior consideration in a region which seems even now to belong much more to the people who lived there innumerable ages since. Those ancient possessors have left their imperishable works upon it, as if in evidence of the perpetuity of their claim; and as if to maintain it, have left their very bodies, still existing and complete, refusing to submit to the ordinary destiny of mingling with the dust. 'What signify,' the enthusiast for the ancient world will exclaim, 'what signify these transitory, vulgar, living men, and their operations and their abodes, on a field occupied above with pyramids and beneath with catacombs? on a field where eternal monuments seem inhabited by the spectres of the dead?' Dr. Clarke displays habitually a high degree of this susceptibility to the venerable and awful character of funereal antiquity. There is however one little circumstance in the account of the visit to the pyramids, which struck us as oddly inharmonious with this state of feeling. He says, 'some Bedouin Arabs, who had received us upon our landing (from the Nile) were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party, to prove who should first set his foot upon the summit of this artificial mountain' (the great pyramid). This we think, was a vastly puer-

ile sort of emotion to prevail in such a situation; and wonderfully different from those impressions of awe, amounting even to terror, which he a little while before described as inevitably incident to a person of sensibility in approaching these stupendous monuments. We should really have thought that any one of the cultivated and reflective persons of the party, or at any rate that our author, would have been perfectly willing to be left the last in the ascent, if by that means he might be the more abandoned to the power and impression of the scene. Or, are we to take it that this competition to get foremost was an effect of the very terror alluded to, —that it was from the apprehension of being quite seized and overpowered by it if left in the rear of this sort of virtuoso mob? Indeed, it seems that into this very predicament one of the party, an officer, was actually thrown, being literally so overwhelmed with the stupendous sight around him, that about midway of the ascent he became unable to proceed. Dr. C. went down from the top, to excite and assist him, and he was at length conducted to the summit. On that summit the party were, each and all, to play another little game, that of carving their names in the stone. For to us it appears a rather ill-judging kind of vanity and egotism, to attempt to turn this awful structure to the use of recording an hour's visit of beings, whose whole life on earth is such a trifle of duration, compared with that of a work which, at the end of the world, will have been so far towards co-eval with all time. Why was exactly this circumstance to be recorded on such a monument, in preference to millions of more serious ones that have taken place in the presence of this solemn pile? Without question it was well to avoid all *affectation* of high and tumultuous enthusiasm, of profound and absorbing reverie, while standing for a few moments in so majestic a position; and perhaps it was rational not to be actually rapt into such a state of feeling. But we cannot well comprehend how the visible magnificence, immensity, and antiquity, the visionary musing, the impression of solemnity, the crowding access of recollections and associations, inseparable, as it may be supposed, from any susceptible, highly cultivated, and classical mind, should admit a full suspension for so trivial and at the same time protracted an employment, as that of cutting a man's name on the stone—when, too, it was the first time and to be the last, of being in so sublime a situation, and when the situation was to be held but for a few moments.

It will be alleged, and most truly, no doubt, that it not so easy to lose sight even for one quarter of an hour, of the little article self, in the most striking situations on earth; in situations where our contemplative visitant is naturally beset by a whole host of ideas bearing no direct relation to himself. And a long list of travellers' names, which might be found inscribed on the venerable remains of antiquity in the different parts of the world, would tell us that the above remarks are somewhat hypercritical. We readily quit the topic, to say how much we are gratified by the animated and interesting description of the great pyramid, of the objects in its vicinity, and of the grand panorama beheld from the summit. We were most powerfully arrested by the observations and experiments on the famous well, which is found in an obscure passage at the central interior of the pyramid.

"In this passage we found, upon our right hand, the mysterious well. Pliny makes the depth of it equal to one hundred and twenty-nine feet; but Greaves, in sounding it with a line, made the plummet rest at the depth of twenty feet. 'The mouth of it is barely large enough to admit the passage of a man's body; but, as this may be effected, it is to be regretted that the French, during all their researches here, did not adopt some plan for the effectual exa-

mination of a place likely to throw considerable light upon the nature of the pyramid, and the foundation on which it stands. This would require more time than travellers usually can spare, and more apparatus than they can carry with them. In the first place, it would be necessary to fasten lighted tapers at the end of a long cord, to precede the person descending, as a precaution whereby the quality of the air below may be proved, and those fatal effects prevented, which often attend an improvident descent into wells, and subterraneous chambers of every description. Many hands, too, would be required above, to manage and sustain the ropes by which an adventurer, during the experiment, must remain suspended.' We threw down some stones, and observed that they rested about the depth which Greaves has mentioned; but, being at length provided with a stone nearly as large as the mouth of the well, and about fifty pounds in weight, we let it fall, listening attentively for the result from the spot where the other stones rested. We were agreeably surprised by hearing, after a length of time which must have equalled some seconds, a loud and distinct report, seeming to come from a spacious subterraneous apartment, accompanied by a splashing noise, as if the stone had been broken into pieces, and had fallen into a reservoir of water, at an amazing depth. Thus does experience always tend to confirm the accounts left us by the ancients; for this exactly answers to the description given by Pliny of this well; and, in all probability, the depth of it does not much differ from that which he mentions, of eighty-six cubits, or one hundred and twenty-nine feet, making the cubit equal to eighteen inches. Pliny says that the water of the Nile was believed to communicate with this well. The inundation of the river was now nearly at its height. Can it be supposed that, by some hitherto unobserved and secret channels, it is thus conveyed to the bottom of this well? It seems more probable that the water is nothing more than the usual result of an excavation in a stratum of limestone, carried on to the depth at which water naturally lies, in other wells of the same country; as, for example, in the pit called *Joseph's Well*, in the citadel of Grand Cairo."

Such a profound pit, opening in a place itself so dark and awful, is the superlative aggravation of gloom and mystery. The descent into the depth of this gulf of central night, if indeed it shall not be forbidden by a mephitic state of the air, is one of the most signal exploits yet awaiting an intelligent and daring curiosity. The adventurer for whom it is reserved (it must not be the officer who was so completely unmanned on the outside of the pyramid, in cheerful day-light,) will have had some sensations with which he will in vain seek for persons adequately to sympathize.

So inexhaustible is the power of these Egyptian monuments over the imagination, that notwithstanding every former description we have read of the interior of the great pyramid, we feel an undiminished interest in accompanying the new explorer, through the leading passages, in the lateral ducts and recesses, and into the final grand apartment, where remains the soros, or tomb, which once contained, but not since the earliest periods of profane history, the lifeless personage for whom the whole enormous pile was raised as an eternal sanctuary and memorial. And really setting aside the purely superstitious part of the proud projector's anticipations, that is to say, the direct and personal advantage believed to be conferred on the condition after death, by an indestructible sepulchre, and regarding only the intention of commanding the veneration of the successive living generations, we must acknowledge the wisdom of his calculation;—provided only that he could have been certain his body should be for ever secure against profane intrusion, and that there should be an unfailing record or tradition transmitted downward, of its actually being in the unknown chambers of the inviolable structure. For a certain solemn and venerating sentiment *would* have been entertained, involuntarily, by all subsequent generations, for the dead personage so known to have his

dwelling in the impenetrable sanctuary within such a structure. Such would have been the feeling at this very day, beyond all escape or cure; and so much the stronger the more cultivated might be the beholder's mind. Only imagine the effect of stupendous vastness, and of the continually deepening solemnity of antiquity, combined with that reverence which it is a principle of our nature to feel for the remains of the dead; and all this rendered still more emphatic by the secrecy and mystery of the unexplored abode! If, with respect to the second of the great pyramids there were any record to make us quite certain that it thus contains and conceals an ancient inhabitant, much of this state of feeling would be experienced by reflective men in approaching it; at least if the beholder approached it in solitude and under the other circumstances favourable to solemn thought; though certainly the effect would be much less powerful from his seeing the mightiest of these abodes of death violated and vacant.

It is with a proper caution that we have said 'reflective men;' for Dr. Clarke has given a most gross and offensive instance of the total want of any thing belonging to this order of feelings, in a portion of our English invaders of Egypt. The opprobrious fact is, the beautiful soros in the grand chamber of the pyramid, an object that had remained uninjured during nearly a hundred generations, having been held sacred by all sorts of barbarians, amid all manner of hostilities and ravages, is now no longer entire since Englishmen have had the free range of the country.

"The soldiers and sailors of our army and navy having had frequent access to the interior of the pyramid, carried with them sledge-hammers, to break off pieces, to be conveyed to England; and began, alas! the havoc of its demolition. Had it not been for the classical taste and laudable interference of colonel, now general Stuart, then commanding officer in that district, who threatened to make an example of any individual, whether officer or private, who should disgrace his country, by thus waging hostility against history and the arts, not a particle of the soros would have remained. Yet, as a proof of the difficulty which attended this worse than Scythian ravage, the persons who thus left behind them a sad memorial of the British name, had only succeeded in accomplishing a fracture near one of the angles. It was thus disfigured when we arrived; and every traveller of taste will join in reprobating any future attempt to increase the injury it has so lamentably sustained."

Thus in a place more majestically monumental than any other on earth, in the peculiar religion of perpetuity, our people have secured a permanent monument to their disgrace. By means also of dilapidation, the French have left a lasting memorial, but which will not be among the recorded dishonours of their Egyptian expedition. They made a vigorous and persevering attempt to force an entrance into the interior of the third pyramid; and had there been time for prosecuting the operation, they would perhaps have disclosed another magnificent sanctuary of death, and found a tomb not deserted by its ancient inhabitant.

In the above observations we have assumed that the intention and use of the pyramids were such as history has represented; that the Egyptian monarchs constructed them for their tombs. But Dr. Clarke has started a different speculation respecting the great pyramid. He seems half willing to make it believed, that it was built by the Israelites for a temporary receptacle in which to deposit the body of Joseph, till the time should arrive at which they were to carry it away with them out of Egypt. And he reasons the matter with a very ingenious plausibility. But he will probably convince but very few readers, and indeed we think his own faith is of an extremely slight consistence. Not to remark that there seems something rather

rashly bold in so completely and unceremoniously setting aside, at a stroke, the whole authority of the Greek historians, especially after the compliment just paid, in the passage we have transcribed, to the accuracy of the ancients, in their descriptive notices at least, concerning ancient structures,—we should think there is insuperable improbability in the nature of the thing. Could it comport with the common sense of any set of human beings that ever lived, to employ, even if they had the power to do so, the labour of myriads, during a long course of years, and with a combination, in the plan of execution, of all possible adaptations to perpetuity, for a purpose confessedly temporary, and when a thousandth, perhaps a ten thousandth part of the toil would have created a solid receptacle for the venerated object; and when also that sacred object had already been preserved in safety for a long time without any such mighty munition?—for a long space of time it surely *must* have been, subsequently to Joseph's death, before the family of Jacob could have grown to a sufficient multitude to make such a project appear feasible even to the most enthusiastic among their very dreamers. Add to this, that their patriotism and imagination might naturally operate in the way of contracting in prospect the probable duration of their sojourn in a land not their own.

But, in the next place, supposing they had the disposition to act in a manner so very preposterous, it seems impossible to believe they could have had the power to do so. We presume no one can reflect on the enormous labour and expense of constructing the great pyramid, and not feel an irresistible conviction that such a work could not be carried on and completed—we do not say without the *sanction* of the supreme power of the state, but—without the direct authority, assistance, and almost compulsion of that power. Now is it not against all manner of probability, that an Egyptian tyrant, long enough after Joseph's death probably, to have had for him little or no direct personal interest of friendship and gratitude, contemplating from his palace at Memphis an alien tribe, which had never combined or coalesced with his people, and which he and his people would naturally regard through the medium of a jealous, oppressive and calculating policy, devising how to turn them to most servile and gainful account,—that under such circumstances, he would suffer them and aid them to withdraw the main force of their labours from the service of the state, and for an indefinite length of time, to raise for a person of their own tribe a funereal structure surpassing all that had ever been attempted in honour of the proud monarchs of Egypt themselves?—We confess that nothing appears to us much more impossible to be believed.

When our author and his companions approached the sphinx, their attention was awakened to extreme curiosity by a 'reddish hue discernable over the whole mass, quite inconsistent with the common colour of the limestone used in building the pyramids, and of which the sphinx itself is formed.

"This he says, induced us to examine more attentively the superficies of the statue; and having succeeded in climbing beneath the right ear of the figure, where the surface had never been broken, nor in any degree decomposed by the action of the atmosphere, we found, to our very great surprise, that the whole had once been painted of a dingy red or blood colour, like some of the stuccoed walls of the houses in Pompeii and Herculaneum."

Nor was this all: he detected an inscription, written in black, upon the red surface; so concealed from ordinary observation by the height from the ground, and the shade of the ear, as to elude the vigilance of all former inspectors. Of the characters, partly Coptic and partly Arabic, with

several curious monograms, he has given a *fac-simile* delineated with the utmost care: no attempt has been made to interpret them.

The next excursion, in which they passed what Dr. C. agrees with Savary in judging to be the site of Memphis, was to the pyramids of Saccara, which he regards as 'a continuation of the same great cemetery to which those of Djiza also belonged.' Those of Saccara bear the indications of still more remote antiquity, in the more decayed state of the surface, and in their less artificial and therefore more primitive form, as being nearer to that of the simple tumulus, the most ancient form, beyond all question, of sepulchral monument. These more southern pyramids are in different degrees of approach, toward the tumulus, and toward the finished pyramid; and as we proceed,' says Dr. C. 'in surveying them from the south towards the north, ending with the principal pyramid of Djiza, we pass from the primeval mound, through all its modifications, until we arrive at the most artificial pyramidal heap.'

One of these southern masses is built of unburnt bricks, and is in a very mouldering state. The bricks contain shells, gravel and chopped straw. There is one which Pococke thought as large as the principal one at Djiza. Like in a measure, to that grand pyramid, a number of these southern ones are graduated, but not with so great a number of steps, one of the most conspicuous 'consisting of only six tiers or ranges of stone; the pyramid itself being a hundred and fifty feet in height.'

At Saccara the author descended into several of the rifled catacombs, found scattered fragments of mummies, and observed with the most pointed attention the form and dimensions of the niches where the bodies had been placed, in order to decide the question whether they were laid in a recumbent or set in an upright position. And between his observations here, and information acquired elsewhere, he was satisfied, to absolute certainty, that they were placed horizontally. These subterranean apartments had an oppressively offensive smell, for which he could not at all account.

There is no gaining access to the catacombs where any of the mummies are remaining entire. They are most carefully concealed and obstructed by the Arabs, who make an unworthy trade of their contents. The repositories of embalmed birds are allowed to be examined. Dr. C. descended into one of them, stored with a countless multitude of the earthen jars containing them, piled in ranks over and behind one another. His description, and the subsequent observations on the veneration felt for the Ibis, and the cause of such immense accumulations of these birds, are curious.

Towards the close of the dissertation on the origin and design of the pyramids, he has brought together in a note, the opinions of many learned men on the question,—hardly perhaps worth such a consumption of time and intellect as these references alone would suffice to show that it has cost—whether the Egyptian god named Apis, Serapis, and Osiris, was not in truth a deification of the patriarch Joseph. Dr. C. appears considerably inclined to adopt the affirmative. This would explain, he thinks, various particulars in the Egyptian mythology and ritual. Thus, 'the annual mournings which took place for *the loss of the body of Osiris*, and the exhibition of an empty soros upon those occasions, might be ceremonies derived from *the loss of Joseph's body*, which had been carried away by the Hebrews when they left the country.'—'If,' he says, 'the connexion between ancient Egyptian mythology and Jewish history had been duly traced, an evident analogy founded upon events which have reference to the earliest annals of the Hebrews, might be made manifest.'

One of the excursions from the head-quarters at Cairo, was to the undoubted site of the ancient Heliopolis, the On of the Mosaic history; where stands, 'on the spot where the Hebrews had their first settlement' the celebrated obelisk, 'the only great work of antiquity,' says our author, 'now remaining in all the land of Goshen.' 'Its height is between sixty and seventy feet; its breadth at the base, six feet: the whole being one entire mass of reddish granite. From the coarseness of the sculpture, as well as the history of the city to which this obelisk belonged, there is reason to believe it the oldest monument of the kind in Egypt.' An engraving is given from the drawing, in making which he was particularly attentive to preserve the rude character of the sculptured hieroglyphics, instead of misrepresenting them, as it is justly complained that travellers have been in the habit of doing, in such subjects, by giving more correctly delineated forms of the objects they suppose to have been intended by the ancient sculptor.

Dr. Clarke, though evidently one of the very last men to despair of the attainment of any object important to knowledge and literature, seems to surrender all hope on the subject of the elucidation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

"Isis long ago declared, that no mortal had ever removed her veil; and the impenetrable secret seems not likely to be divulged. One solitary fact has been vouchsafed to ages of restless inquiry upon this subject; namely, that the hieroglyphic characters constituted *a written language*, the signs of an ancient alphabet, expressed according to the most ancient mode of writing, in *capital letters;* and it is probable that the more compound forms were a series of monograms."

He several times adverts to it as a curious fact, apparently well established, that the alphabetical characters of ancient Egyptian writing, were formed from the hieroglyphics, by a gradual change, or degeneration of those signs from their primitive form, of pictures of visible objects, into types at last very little more than arbitrary.

The noted crux ansata, or cross surmounted with a ring as a handle, so continually recurring among the hieroglyphics, is regarded as the only one of them that has had the misfortune to be detected. Our author cites the authority of those early christian writers, who, on the testimony of converted heathens, have declared it to typify 'life to come:' this he thinks may be admitted as its abstracted or symbolical meaning; his opinion of its *immediate* signification he has not done much amiss to leave in the Latin of Jablonski.

On the return to Rosetta the travellers examined, a little to the south of Rachmanie, a mass of ruins, which had escaped the observation of the French, though D'Anville had marked the spot as the situation of the ancient Sais. Dr. C. had no doubt that he was standing among the relics of that city, while beholding in irregular heaps the remains of massive foundations, and the still lofty ramparts of a vast inclosure. From the inhabitants of a neighbouring village he obtained a variety of curious antiquities, on which he has made several interesting observations; especially on a hieroglyphic tablet, now in the university library at Cambridge, and of which a very large engraving is given in the book.

In one sense, any sculptured stone, any fragment of a column, or a sphinx, or a god, was a more interesting object than almost any of the living human beings expending their little mortal allotment of time on this enchanted ground. Our author, however, took proper notice of their condition, character, and habits. The people of Cairo were suffering much, at the very time the 'English were in possession of the city,' from the barbarity of the Turks. One form in which it was exercised, was particu-

larly atrocious. They murdered, without ceremony or restraint, wherever they met with them, the women who were known or suspected to have been married to, or to have cohabited with men of the French army. They even accounted this a meritorious sort of religious sacrifice to the sanctity of the true faith. Multitudes were abandoned to this fate at the departure of the French, while some accompanied the embarkation. Our author and his companions aided the escape of four young women, by dexterously managing to conceal them in their *djerm* in descending the Nile. The people had also a grievous recollection of that low villain general Menou, whose rapacity had omitted no expedient of extortion. Dr. C. gives, afterwards, a very amusing account of his interviews and negociations with this base, and insolent, and irritable Mahomedan, (for such he pretended to have become,) respecting the antiquities which the French, at the time of their surrender at Alexandria, were designing secretly to carry off; especially the magnificent sarcophagus of Alexander, of which Dr. C. had privately received some slight intelligence, upon which he acted with a promptitude which resulted in the addition of this sumptuous relic to the riches of the British museum.

In a polite interview with a gentleman of the Egyptian institute, he found them packing up some of those performances which have since resulted in the vast and superb work *Description de l'Egypte*. They acknowledged the limited scope which had been allowed to their researches, which, they said, 'had always been restricted to the march of their army.'

It was by means of a copy from a drawing finished by one of the chief engineers of the institute, that Dr. C. has been enabled to give an elegant plan of the catacombs near Alexandria, the Necropolis of the ancient Rhacotis, a city that was in ruins before the building of Alexandria. He spent six hours within these dark and solemn apartments, to which access is obtained by a strait descending perforation in the soft rock, not by the ancient entrance, which is now concealed. Even after all he had already beheld, of the labours of the Egyptians in accommodation or in honour of the dead, he contemplated with amazement this vast cemetery, with its temple of Serapis, (as he is inclined to judge one of the apartments may have been,) surrounded with regal tombs. In this supposed sanctuary, or close in its vicinity, he saw sculptured the orb with wings, which figure, if it is considered as the symbol of Serapis, as god of the shades, will tend, he remarks, to confirm Jablonski's opinion, 'that Serapis was a type of the *infernal sun*, that is to say, of the sun during its course through the *lower hemisphere*, or winter signs of the zodiac; as Ammon was of the *supernal*, or path of the sun during the summer months.' And it is ingeniously attempted to be shown that even this explanation is perfectly compatible with the notion of those who believe that Serapis was no other than a mythological personation of the patriarch Joseph.

Considerable space is occupied with curious description, narration and disquisition, concerning Pompey's pillar. The examiners were very reasonably amazed at the manner in which they found this stupendous column supported, that is to say, 'upon a small prop of stone about *four feet square*;' this is absolutely the sole base on which the pedestal rests. The inverted hieroglyphics on this stone, prove it to be the fragment of some structure in ruins before the pillar was raised.

The Greek inscription on the pedestal, which had been noticed by Maillet and by Pococke, eluded the most accurate examination of Dr. C. and several attentive investigators with him, as it had baffled all the French inspectors, during their long residence in the country. The late colonel Squire was the first that descried it. When recovered, it proves to be of

as little consequence as many a compartment of hieroglyphics would doubtless be found, if their import could be elicited from under that sacred gloom of mystery which has such a power of giving a portentous character to the merest trifles. All that can be learned from this legend, rescued by lynx-eyed inquisition from eternal oblivion, and conjecturally restored in the vacant places of some irrecoverable letters, and even one whole line, is, that

"Posthumus Præfect of Egypt, and the People of the Metropolis, (*honour*) the most revered Emperor, the protecting Divinity of Alexandria, the Divine Hadrian or [Diocletian] Augustus."

The whole *line* supplied, is that which adds 'the people of the metropolis.' From the combination of a number of circumstances in Roman history with facts in ancient customs relative to monuments to the illustrious dead, and with circumstances observable about this column, Dr. C. deduces with considerable confidence the conjecture, or the opinion, that it is a monument raised to Pompey, by either Julius Cæsar or Hadrian; and he thinks it probably once bore on its summit an urn, there being in the stone a circular excavation exactly fitted for the position of the foot of such a funereal addition.

We must not stay to recount anecdotes, of considerable interest, respecting gen. Menou; the contrasted, dignified, and Spartan habits of the English commander-in-chief, Hutchinson; or the execrable villany of the Turkish Capudan Pasha, whom the English commander took an opportunity of accosting, to the Moslem face and beard of him, and at the very head of his army, with the terms 'liar, coward, villain, assassin,' and every other opprobrious appellation he could think of, till he wept with rage and fear; and whom every reader will regret it could not have comported with a just policy for sir J. Hutchinson to have ordered a company of Highlanders to seize and hang up in the very camp of the Mahomedans.

The travellers, having a widely extended peregrination yet in prospect, were now in haste—and we have still more reason to be so—to leave Egypt, a field where a vast measure of the wonderful and mysterious is still in reserve for inquisitive labourers who will, at some future period, be enabled to protract their residence and operations in perfect exemption from Arab and Mamluke robbers, and Turkish fanatics and assassins.

The long narrow stripe of sand from Alexandria to Aboukir, where our author was to embark, seems to have no claim, but in virtue of some groves of date trees, to maintain its barren substance above the waters which are on each side working its destruction. In passing along this most dreary tract, he is led into interesting reflections and questions relative to its ancient geography; since this wretched line of desert ought to be the ground on which anciently stood the cities of Nicopolis, Taposiris Parva, and Canopus. How is it possible?—is the question forced upon the observer. The only answer is that afforded by the very palpable indications that large encroachments have been made by the sea; so that, as Dr. C remarks, the sites and remains of those cities are perhaps at this time under water. At one spot some stately fragments, bearing the ancient Egyptian character, were seen by Col. Squire. in the very act, as it were, of yielding to the invading element, being partly submerged, and no longer able to testify as to the extent of the kindred works, now, doubtless swallowed up.

The Turkish frigate in which our travellers were privileged to pass over to Asia, was one of the most remarkable scenes into which they had ever been thrown, and would have been one of the most amusing if there had been no danger of starvation or of foundering. It was such a medley

and hubbub of nations, and jargons, and customs, and passions, and fooleries, crammed and conflicting together, as might well have obliterated all remembrances and images of any objects less striking than those of Egypt. The seamanship too was incomparable, as might be guessed from the fact, of which they were assured, 'that the superannuated captain of the frigate had never been to sea before his present voyage; that at the age of seventy he had espoused a relation of the Capudan Pasha's, and obtained in consequence his appointment to the frigate: his nephew, a young man, had rather more experience, and held a station similar to that of first lieutenant in our ships.

"At night the spectacle on board was perhaps one of the most striking which persons unaccustomed to venture with Turkish mariners can possibly witness. The ship seemed to be left pretty much to her own discretion; every officer of the watch being fast asleep, the port holes all open, an enormous quantity of canvass let loose, and the passengers between decks, with paper lanthorns, snoozing over their lighted pipes; while the sparks from these pipes, with pieces of ignited fungus, were flying in all directions. Now and then an unexpected roll called forth murmuring ejaculations of 'Alla!' or 'Mahmoud!' and a few were seen squatting singly, counting their prayers by their beads."

One anecdote in this unparalleled story of a voyage, is exquisitely characteristic of the true believers. Dr. C. having casually met with a sextant, which had been taken from a French prisoner, made an observation to ascertain the ship's position, and sent a respectful message to the captain, to inform him of 'the latitude, and the probable distance from Rhodes, Finica bay, Cyprus, &c.' He was immediately summoned, and asked how he could pretend to know. The doctor mentioned the sextant, and the observations daily practised on board English and other ships. The sextant was instantly ordered to make its appearance.

"This instrument being altogether incomprehensible to him, he contented himself with viewing it in every direction, except that in which it might be used; and, stroking his long beard, said to a Ragusan, 'Thus it is always with these poor *djours* (infidels), they can make nothing out without some peeping contrivance of this kind: now *we* Turks require no sextants—*we* (pointing with his finger to his forehead) *we* have our sextants *here*.'"

The adventurers approached and admired the mountainous coast of Lycia, sublimely irradiated, at the time, with lightnings; passed close to Rhodes; crossed the mouth of the gulf of Glaucus; and quitted the ship at the island of Cos, where they staid long enough to collect a number of antique inscriptions, and to witness the refinement of Mahomedan jurisprudence, in a conviction of homicide by implication. A young man had destroyed himself in consequence of his being unsuccessful in his addresses to a young woman; the father of the girl was arrested and prosecuted on the incontrovertible allegation, that "if he had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have swallowed poison; consequently, he would not have died." The father was sentenced to pay, to the state we suppose, eighty piastres, the rated value of the young man's life.

An old crazy *caique*, manned by four men of the island of Casos, was engaged for a run to Patmos, and any other spot in the Archipelago. At Patmos, having first rendered a very important service to a party of French prisoners of the army of Egypt, who had been landed there on their way back to France, our active adventurers eagerly invaded the library of the

monastery of the Apocalypse; and a highly entertaining account is given of their researches and negociations. The whole collection of books was in a state of extreme neglect and disorder. The printed books indeed had the accommodation of shelves, and some of them were in good condition; and though the visitants soon discovered that the superior could not read, he said those were his favourites. Being asked respecting a pile of parchment volumes which were seen on the floor at the end of the apartment, evidently in the manner of rubbish, he said with an expression of contempt, they were manuscripts.

"It was indeed," says Dr. C. "a moment in which a literary traveller might be supposed to doubt the evidence of his senses, for the whole of this contemned heap consisted of Greek manuscripts, and some of them were of the highest antiquity."

Our author fell to digging in this heap with the most avaricious curiosity, and found 'the fairest specimen of Grecian calligraphy which has descended to modern times,a copy of the twenty-four first dialogues of Plato, written throughout upon vellum, in the same exquisite character.' This and a few others were purchased, and, by means of a great deal of management, clandestinely got on board the caique: the monks were extremely solicitous, and with reason, that the people of the island, and the Turkish authorities, should not know that they had touched a trifle of money.

Several of the islands of the Archipelago were visited, and among them Paros and Antiparos, on the marble and the astonishing grotto of which ou author has a number of very interesting observations. At length the course was shaped directly for Athens, and the cape of Sunium was approached amidst a rare combination of enchantments.

"We had such a glorious prospect, that we could recollect nothing like it: such a contrast of colours, such an association of the wonders of nature and of art, such perfection of grand and beautiful perspective, as no expression of perceptible properties can convey to the minds of those who have not beheld the objects themselves. Being well aware of the transitory nature of impressions made upon the memory by sights of this kind, the author wrote a description of this scene, while it was actually before his eyes: but how poor is the effect produced by detailing the parts of a view in a narrative, which ought to strike as a whole upon the sense! He may tell indeed of the dark blue sea, streaked with hues of deepest purple—of embrowning shadows—of lights effulgent as the sun—of marble pillars beaming a radiant brightness upon lofty precipices, whose sides are diversified by refreshing verdure, by hoary mosses, and by gloomy and naked rocks; or by brighter surfaces, reflecting the most vivid and varied tints—orange, red, and gray: to these he may add an account of distant summits, more intensely azured than the clear and cloudless sky—of islands dimly seen through silvery mists upon the wide expanse of water, shining towards the horizon, as it were a 'sea of glass;'—and when he has exhausted his vocabulary of every colour and shape exhibited by the face of nature or by the works of art, although he have not deviated from the truth, in any part of his description, how little and how ineffectual has been the result of his undertaking!"

The considerably protracted and most active sojourn at Athens was animated with the genuine fire of that fine enthusiasm, which every classical traveller would recognize the necessity of affecting, if he did not feel; a luxury which some of the home-confined readers of taste may be tempted to ask, somewhat querulously, why it should have been Dr. C.'s lot, rather than theirs, to revel in. The highest advantage was afforded

for a discriminative and minute survey and investigation of the beauty and sublimity lingering in decay, and on the eve of departing, never to revive in such captivating forms, in any other spot on the globe,—by the kindness and intelligence of monsieur Fauvel, the French consul, the friend of every traveller of taste; and still more by the friendly companionship and extraordinary accomplishments of don Battista Lusieri, whom there would be no hazard in pronouncing to be, of all the persons who have ever visited Athens, the individual best qualified to perpetuate, by the pencil, the images of those objects which are themselves sinking so fast into destruction. Those who have read lord Elgin's "Memorandum," are apprized that this artist was drawn by his lordship from Naples into Greece, where it seems he has remained through the long series of subsequent years, indefatigably employed, chiefly at Athens, in works which ought to find their way to the hands of those subsidiary artists in the north-west of Europe, who could so faithfully and so elegantly effect a thousand repetitions of them.

"It might," says Dr. C. "have been said of the time he had spent in Athens, as of Apelles, "*Nulla dies sine linea;*" but such was the extraordinary skill and application shown in the designs he was then completing, that every grace and beauty of the sculpture, every fair and exquisite proportion, every trace of the injuries which time had effected upon the building, every vein in the marble, were visible in the drawing—and in such perfection, that even the nature and qualities of the stone itself might be recognized in the contour. Whoever may hereafter be the possessor of these drawings, will have, in the mere *outlines* (for it is impossible this artist can ever finish the collection he has made), a representation of the antiquities and beautiful scenery of Greece, inferior to nothing but the actual sight of them. Hitherto no Mæcenas has dignified himself by any thing deserving the title of a patron of such excellence. Many have bought his designs, when he could be induced to part with them—by which means he has barely obtained subsistence; and he is too passionately attached to the sources which Athens has afforded to his genius, to abandon Greece, even for the neglect which, in his letters to the author, he complains of having experienced."

We do not hear, from any quarter, of any project (quite a practicable project it would be, undoubtedly), for obtaining a selection of those performances, for the purpose of preparing a work which might, in the combined character of truth and animation, surpass every preceding graphical exhibition of the finest features of Greece, even, on an estimate of all the excellences of all the representations together, that of De Choiseul-Gouffier.

The readers of lord Elgin's tract will also recollect that most anomalous personage, Theodore the Calmuc, as one of the corps placed under Lusieri's direction. Dr. C. saw him in this service at Athens; and he is a sample of humanity excellently fitted to put to silence the philosophizings that would maintain the native mental equality of human creatures.

"With the most decided physiognomy of the wildest of his native tribes, although as much humanized in his appearance as it was possible to make him, by the aid of European dress and habits, he still retained some of the original characteristics of his countrymen; and, among others, a true Scythian relish for spirituous liquor. By the judicious administration of brandy, Lusieri would elicit from him, for the use of his patron, specimens of his art, combining the most astonishing genius with the strictest accuracy and the most exquisite taste. Theodore presented a marvellous example of the force of natural genius, unsubdued by the most powerful obstacles. Educated in slavery—trained to the business of his profession beneath the active cudgels of his Russian masters—

having also imbibed with his earliest impressions the servile propensities and sensual appetites of the tyrants he had been taught to revere—this extraordinary man arrived at Athens, like another Euphranor, rivalling all that the fine arts had produced, under circumstances the most favourable to their birth and maturity. The talents of Theodore, as a painter, were not confined, as commonly is the case among Russian artists, to mere works of imitation: although he could copy every thing, he could invent also; and his mind partook largely of the superior powers of original genius. With the most surprising ability he restored and inserted into his drawings all the sculpture of which parts only remained in the mutilated bas-reliefs and buildings of the Acropolis. Besides this, he delineated, in a style of superior excellence, the same sculptures, according to the precise state of decay in which they at present exist."

Notwithstanding the charms of a Grecian landscape and sky, the brilliant effect of the structures of a marble, unstained by time, the open, day-light prominence, if we may so express it, of the city, the lively cast of the ideas associated in every mind with Athens, and we may add, the habitual vivacity of our author's temperament, the aspect of the place, as he approached it, bore, to his imagination, a funereal character. Tombs and monuments, indeed, on the road from the Piræeus, prepared him for this impression, and

"As we drew near," he says, "to the walls, we beheld the vast CECROPIAN CITADEL, crowned with temples that originated in the veneration once paid to the memory of the illustrious dead, surrounded by objects telling the same theme of sepulchral grandeur, and now monuments of departed greatness, mouldering in all the solemnity of ruin. So paramount is this funereal character, in the approach to Athens from the Piræeus, that as we passed the hill of the Museum, which was, in fact, an ancient cemetery of the Athenians, we might have imagined ourselves to be among the tombs of Telmessus, from the number of the sepulchres hewn in the rock, and from the antiquity of the workmanship, evidently not of later date than any thing in Asia Minor."

He takes this, and indeed several other occasions, of insisting on the remarkable fact, established by innumerable evidences, of the sepulchral signs of the ancient temples. This he had, with a just confidence, asserted against Bryant, in describing the ancient monuments on the shores of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, in vol. I. of these travels.

"The discussion which has been founded on the question, whether the Egyptian pyramids were tombs or temples, seems altogether nugatory: being one, they were necessarily the other. The *soros*, in the chamber of the great pyramid, which indisputably determines its sepulchral origin, as decidedly establishes the certainty that it was also a place of religious worship:

'Et tot *templa* Deum Romæ, quot in urbe *sepulchra*
'Heroum, numerare licet.'—*Prudentius*, lib. 1.

"The sanctity of the Acropolis of Athens owed its origin to the sepulchre of Cecrops; and, without this leading cause of veneration, the numerous temples with which it was afterwards adorned, would never have been erected. The same may be said of the temple of Venus, at Paphos, built over the tomb of Cinyras, the father of Adonis—of Apollo Didymæus, at Miletus, over the grave of Cleomachus; with many others, alluded to both by Eusebius and Clemens Alexandrinus." p. 400.

There is something very striking in this fact, as disclosing some kind of conviction, in the minds of a benighted race, that men might become greater, or associated to something greater, by dying; as well as their inextinguishable sense of the absolute necessity of having gods, that is, superhuman objects for their passions of hope and fear.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TOUCHES AT THE TIMES, No. II.

And now fair woman's damask cover'd throne,
Where female votaries can intrude alone,
Bends to the burden of those foreign charms,
The fair one's panoply—the woman's arms.
Hail to the mystic rites that oft repel,
Time's rash encroaches on the reigning belle!
Hail to the Toilet!—Fading beauties there,
The wanton ravages of age repair;
Now fade the furrows, now the pimples fall,
While paints and plasters nicely cover all;
Now fragrant washes purify the skin,
And silver tweezers wander o'er the chin,
Or form the arching beauty of her brow,
Or straggling urchins from her forehead mow.
Now graceful waves the soft, luxuriant curl,
The fastening hid beneath a precious pearl;
No natural portion of her scanty stock,
But form'd by art upon a Scotti's block.
Now pure white robes but half her form enrol,
In utter contrast to her darker soul.
Madam equipp'd—the reign of terror o'er,
The willing handmaid seeks the grateful door,
While patch'd up beauty sweeps the trembling floor.
When tardy moments hours of triumph bring,
She and her toilet to the carriage spring;
United might! to conquer and to rule,
The pointless "witling" and the "fopling" fool.

Now gout and gluttony, supremely blest,
Hail the bright dawning of the savoury feast;
Sharp Cayenne pepper marks the watery mouth;
Molasses-candy proves the liquorice tooth;
Lank-bodied varlets, with long lantern jaws,
Show frugal meals, beneath restrictive laws;

But if sleek "corporations"* you should see,
Mark well the cause of their rotundity;
It is not health, whatever it may seem;
Health seldom runs to such a great extreme:
Unwieldy, vast incumbrances like these,
Are in the abstract—in themselves—disease.
Would you the reason? none can disagree:
'Tis EPIOUREAN PHILOSOPHY.
Load not that man with slander or abuse,
Who boils a sheep's-head, or who roasts a goose;
In this free land, all tenets are allow'd,
Which worship Mammon, or which worship God;
Nor dare with other creeds to undermine,
Disciples of the Athenian divine.
How the eye sparkles when the turbot smokes,
And every dainty dish the taste provokes!
When potted grouse and green-goose-pies support,
The venison-pasty, season'd well with port;
When porkers' heads, array'd in martial style,
With boil'd and broil'd, compose the rank and file,
And greens and pastry, flank'd by puffs and soups,
Compose a body of the lighter troops;
When ruby port and bright Madeira serve,
(Inspiring heroes) as a *corps reserve*,
And Cuba's offspring, bursting into light,
Sails thro' the air, and towers o'er the fight!
But if some turtle hapless fall asleep,
Upon the bosom of the "mighty deep,"
And our brave tars their gallant customs break,
Uncaution'd seize the foe, ere it awake,
Gods! what new joys the epicure pervade;
The gout, the megrims and the phthisic fade,
The flashing meteor clears the clouded brain,
And sets the human kitchen up again!
Hail to the banks of Schuylkill! blest retreat,
To carve and cater, or to drink and eat;

* This well known erm seems to imply a slight allusion to an assembled body of aldermen, so famous in turtle-feast memory.—*Printer's Devil.*

Where men for philosophic maxims search,
To fry a catfish or to broil a perch:
A whole "republic" hunts the finny prey,
And once a-week annihilates a day.

Wealth makes Old Nick a saint, and folly wise,
A magic lantern to all human eyes:
Bless'd with his wealth, the high-life sot may drink,
While heirs exult, and reverend shepherds wink,
Shame with his rows and bacchanalian feats,
The very beasts that stagger thro' the streets.
What tho' intemperance a title brags;
Sin dwells as oft in broadcloth as in rags!
Drunk with Madeira—drunk with humble gin,
The fact alone originates the sin:
He knows not virtue, or the end of man,
Who lingers thus his melancholy span;
Lives but to drink, and bend at Bacchus' shrine,
Or die, like Clarence, in a butt of wine.*

Now the divine, whose future fate depends
On kind churchwardens and supporting friends,
Attunes his throat to soft, religious song,
And hails with joy the influx of the throng,
Till from the pulpit meet his dazzled view,
The well fill'd aisle and overcrowded pew;
Sound upon sound the echoing strains increase,
Or breathe the softest, sweetest notes of peace,
While beardless youth appals poor aged sinners,
And half the congregation lose their dinners.
The aged devotee exhorts her son,
To take example ere his course be run;
The pious father bids the stubborn fair
Go seek for everlasting pleasure there.

* "The only favour which the king granted his brother, after his condemnation, was to leave him the choice of his death; and he was privately drowned in a butt of Malmsey, in the tower; a whimsical choice, which implies that he had an extraordinary passion for that liquor."—*Hume, Edward IV.*

Devout conceptions with the flesh accord,
He serves the ladies while he serves the Lord,
Till some kind dame rewards th' instructive youth,
And weds this staff of piety and truth.

The happy jewellers all their wealth unfold,
While miss reviews the majesty of gold;
Gems, pure and feign'd, along the counter lie,
While each gem glistens in her sparkling eye;
Unnumber'd jewels—bracelets beaming bright,
Enticing strew'd before her ravish'd sight:
" My dear mamma, how sweet these diamonds shine,
And this pearl necklace"——" Really, very fine."
" Now do, mamma, indulge me:—this gold chain——"
" Miss," cried the jeweller, " it is too plain:
Examine this pearl cross—the diamond too,
Would look enchanting, certainly, on *you*."
" Pray, what's the cost?" " But ninety dollars, ma'am:
The pearls are real, madam—not a sham:
Rich Mrs. Flam bespoke and bade me make 'em;
But, as a favour, madam, you may take 'em."
" So—*she* bespoke them——Anna Laura, dear—
Let me first try, sir, how the baubles wear.
Why they become you, child, so vastly well—
What is the cheapest, sir, that you can sell?"
" Why, ma'am, the cheapest I can sell for cash,
Is sixty dollars, madam—cheap as trash."
" You are the dearest tradesman, sir, in town—
Remember, sir, I pay the money down.
Sixty for these, sir?—why as I'm alive—"
" Well, ma'am, I'll let them go at forty-five."

The only cross that Laura ever bore,
Was that which now the grateful maiden wore.

The soldier struts—a brother of the band,
Who fight and conquer for their native land,

Hurl back the foe whose footsteps dare to blot
Freedom's last refuge—liberty's blest spot;
Force proud "*invincibles*," o'erwhelm'd with shame,
To yield the blighted honours of their name,
Exalt Columbia 'mid the battle's heat,
And place their trophies at her daughter's feet:
The gallant tar forsakes his "floating jail,"
To flirt with belles, or breathe the lover's tale,
Doom'd by a pair of heavenly eyes to fall,
Who never trembled at the whistling ball,
Whose hand had nail'd his banner to the mast,
Ordain'd by fate to be a slave at last!

"Star-spangled banner of Columbia," hail!
Fed by each breeze, and fann'd by every gale;
Pride of the brave, and guardian of the main,
Freedom's support, and stern ambition's bane,
Long may thy folds the storms of ocean brave,
Waft in each clime, and float o'er every wave,
Add newer beauties to the scroll of fame,
And guard the honours of thy deathless name!

FREDERICK.

SCOTTI'S VAUXHALL.

THE circling sun has sunk to rest,
On couch beneath the drooping west,
And leaves the night's chaste warden,
To light smart beaux and smiling maids,
In safety to embowering shades
Of famous Vauxhall garden.

The portal gain'd, the aching sight,
Bewilder'd by the dazzling light
Of bright illumination,
Floats o'er this vision of romance,
In airy dreams, and leaves no chance
For wholesome rumination.

Here varied lamps, in bright festoon,
Like rainbows, light the gay saloon,
Or round the pillars twining;
While from the temple's apex gleams,
The Turkish crescent's golden beams,
Our christian moon outshining.

So Turkish all, that pious Turk
Might deem it saint Mahommed's work,
Foretold in moslem stories,
And joy that paradise he'd gain'd,
And as his raptur'd sight he strain'd,
Take christian maids for houries.

On grassy mounds, through alleys green,
Like fays the blithsome nymphs are seen,
In airy groups disporting,
Or crowd, the temple's verge to gain,
To catch the varied melting strain,
Of melody transporting.

Now laud, my muse, that great friseur,
And as his fame may thine endure;
What erst was "Dunlap's lot" he
Transforms to magic scenes, that vie
With those that round the harem lie—
All hail to SIGNOR SCOTTI!!

QUEVEDO.

SONG.

How blest, while the pleasing delusion of youth
O'er the magic of love sheds the semblance of truth—
While the mind softly sleeps in a cradle of smiles,
Nor awakes to the pains which its slumber beguiles!

How bright are its rays while its sunshine illumes!
How sweet every flow'r while its mild summer blooms!
Hope brightens the prospect with charms ever new,
And the heart glows with rapture to fancy them true.

But sad! when the happy delusion is o'er,
We awaken, to slumber in quiet no more!
The sunshine, the flow'rs, and the summer depart,
And but leave their remembrance to torture the heart!

Philadelphia. R.

—

ICARUS.

HEARD'ST thou that dying moan of gasping breath,
The shriek of agony, despair and death?
Prone from his lofty station in the skies,
The lost adventurer falls, no more to rise;
Vain boast of earthly nature, that hath striven,
To rival in his flight, the lords of heaven!

Long o'er the azure air he wing'd his way,
And track'd the pure ethereal light of day,
On floating clouds of amber radiance hung,
And on the fragrant breeze his pinions flung;
But ah! forgetful that the blaze of noon
Would sweep his daring frame to earth too soon,
Spurning his sire, he rose sublime on high,
Lost in the radiance of the solar sky:—
The melting wax proclaims his sad defeat;
He fades before th' intolerable heat.

The heaving surge receiv'd him as he fell,
While sadder moan'd the unaccustom'd swell,
The Nereids caught him on the trembling waves,
And bore his body to their coral caves;
His fun'ral song they sung, and every surge
Murmur'd along his melancholy dirge:
Wide o'er the sparkling deep the sound was heard,
Mixt with the wailing of the ocean bird,
Then past away, and all was still again
Upon the wide, unfathomable main;
But to that roaring sea immortal fame
Gave, to commemorate the deed—his name!

New York, 20th Sept. 1816. E.

Mr. Edward Thompson, an opulent merchant of Philadelphia, has had the kindness to offer a passage to Calcutta for our missionary friends Mr. George H. Hough, his wife and two children, and Mrs. White, without any compensation. This worthy gentleman has made provision for their board on the passage, and done the whole in the way which does honour to his benevolence as a man, and as a professor of the gospel of the Lord Jesus.

In consideration of the generosity of Mr. Thompson, and as a testimony of sincere and exalted respect, the board of missions have elected him an honorary member of the convention. On a deputation of the board waiting on him to testify the gratitude of the body for his kindness, he observed that when any of his vessels were sailing for the east, he would readily accommodate any future missionaries.

A court in New-Jersey has decided that a divorce in Vermont is not valid, when the parties do not both belong there. It has also decided that a promise of marriage by a male over 14 years of age is binding.

The Rev. Mr. J. E. Worcester has issued proposals for publishing *a Universal Gazetteer and Dictionary of Geography, ancient and modern.* Dr. Dwight, the president of Yale college, whose testimony is entitled to great weight, has inspected a part of this work; and he is of opinion that it will be a valuable addition to the existing means of acquiring geographical information. No publication, continues the Doctor, within his knowledge, includes so wide a circuit of geographical facts in the same compass; most libraries, he *suspects*, will be searched in vain for the materials, which it is here intended to supply. There are too many persons among us, who gratify their contemptible vanity, by puffing any thing that is offered to them. This is so common that the value of a recommendation from an honest man who will read a book and whose judgment deserves to be respected, as in the case before us, is now very questionable. The practice seems to have decreased a little since the exposure, in a contemporary journal, of Henry's *Family Herbal*, which was ushered into notice under the auspices of some of the learned professors of New York. There is one of these recommendations in a book published in this city, signed by several persons: and it contains nearly as many faults as lines. We shall collect materials for a paper on this subject, hereafter.

Mr. Nicklin has published the second volume of the *Institutes of Calvin*, and the third is nearly through the press.

A cow, belonging to the honourable David Daggett, a senator in congress from Connecticut, in seven months, had milk at the average rate of fourteen quarts a day, amounting to 2968 quarts. This at 4½d. the quart, (the current price in New-Haven)

yielded $165. She was fed with hay, potatoes, bran, and oil-cake. The expense of keeping did not exceed $45—net gain $120.

General Ochterlony, who is denominated the Washington of India, and who has lately brought the Napaulese to submission and peace, is said to be a native of Boston. So also are general sir Samuel Achmuty, who distinguished himself so much in India, some years since—major general sir Roger Hall Sheaffe—admiral Hallowell, one of the most meritorious officers of the British navy, and admirals Coffin and Linzee, natives of Boston.

It is stated that the most elaborate work on the geography of the United States has been published at Hamburg, in the German tongue. It is written by Christopher Daniel Ebeling, professor of history in the college in that city.

A singular sporting feat was lately performed upon Cambridge road, near Boston. A gentleman matched his horse upon a wager, to *trot* three, *walk* three, and *run* three miles within the hour. The difficulty attending this performance has been supposed in England to be very considerable; so that large bets have been offered against any animal which could be produced. The ease, therefore, with which this race against time was won, was rather surprising. The three miles were *trotted* in nine minutes and a few seconds; the *walk* was done in about thirty-eight minutes; and as this insured the completion of the race, within the time, the horse was merely *galloped* through to win the wager. The whole time occupied was fifty-six minutes.

An Arabian author, who wrote the life of Tamerlane, describes his discomfiture in his attack upon China, in the following bold and poetic language. The same apostrophe might with equal force have been addressed to an adventurer of the present age.

"Winter surrounded Timour's army, the sharp sleet and the cold blast opposed their progress. They were given over to the fury of the tempest. The genius of the storm entered his assembly, and was heard to exclaim in a voice of thunder, "stop thy career, thou unjust tyrant! How long dost thou intend to carry flames over an unhappy world? If thou art a spirit of hell, so am I; we are both old, and our occupation is the same—that of subjugating slaves: and most baneful is the effect of pestilential stars, when they meet in terrible conjunction. But proceed to extirpate mankind, and render earth cold! yet thou wilt find at last that my blasts are colder than thine. If thou canst boast of countless bands, who, faithful to thy orders, harass and destroy; know that my wintry days are, with God's aid destroyers also! and by the Almighty that liveth! I will abate thee nothing. Thou shalt be overwhelmed with my vengeance; and all the fire thou hast shall not save thee from the cold death of the icy tempest."

We are happy to announce that Mr. Laurent Clerc, a deaf and dumb young French gentleman, and one of the pupils of the sele-

brated abbé Sicard, has arrived in Boston; and has excited a deep interest in all of our fellow citizens to whom he has been introduced; not only from his condition, and the suavity of his deportment, but for the eminent attainments of his mind,—his knowledge of the sciences, and acquaintance with the English language,—exhibited in the various answers he instantly gives to all questions propounded to him. A few months since, we are informed, he was ignorant of the English tongue. He is accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, and Dr. Cogswell, of Connecticut. The reverend gentleman has visited the institutions of the deaf and dumb in France and Great Britain, and is perfectly acquainted with the systems of instruction in this highly interesting department of education. One of the objects of the visit of these gentlemen, we learn, is to solicit the appropriation of funds by the affluent, to educate, gratuitously, the deaf and dumb children of persons who are indigent—belonging to this and other states—in the institution which has been organized in Connecticut—where funds have already been realized, or made certain, sufficient to complete all the buildings necessary for it. The funds, therefore, furnished from other states, will be devoted exclusively to the extension of the blessings of the institution beyond that state.

The Connecticut Asylum, for the education of deaf and dumb persons, was organized the 20th of June last. The following are the officers:

His excellency John Cotton Smith, president; John Caldwell, Dr. M. F. Cogswell, Nathan Terry, esquire, Daniel Wadsworth, Rev. Dr. Dwight, Charles Sigourney, esquire, David Porter, and Joseph Bartel, esquires, vice presidents.

An application for assistance has been made to the legislature of Connecticut.

After visiting Boston and New York, Mr. Clerc repaired to this city. On the 7th of December last, a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen convened at the Washington Hall. The CHIEF JUSTICE of the commonwealth presided, and JOHN BACON was appointed secretary.

The business of the meeting was opened by CHARLES CHAUNCEY, Esq. who, in an impressive address, adverted to the efficacy of the system embraced by the friends of humanity, on the continent of Europe, and in Great Britain, but more especially to that of the abbé Sicard, in France, in giving instruction to the deaf and dumb, and delineated, in terms of much feeling, the necessity there was for establishing, in the United States, a seminary, where our unfortunate fellow-citizens, of the same class, might derive the benefits, so essential to the formation of their intercourse with society, and the advancement of their own happiness.

Mr. LAURENT CLERC then presented, by his friend, Mr. GALLAUDET, the following address, composed and written by

himself, in the English language, the study of which he commenced only in the month of June last.

" *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

" There exists no longer, between the deaf and dumb, and those who hear and speak, that barrier which separated them for many centuries, and which a charitable philanthropist of France has had the courage and talent to overcome.

" The European deaf and dumb furnish a satisfactory proof of this assertion. The American, if they meet with your benevolence, will soon, I trust, also offer one; but as nothing that relates to any useful discovery can be matter of indifference, I deem it my duty first to retrace the origin of the present.

" Two sisters, both deaf and dumb, resided at Paris, in the street called the Foises St. Victor, opposite to the society of the Fathers of the Christian Doctrine. The father Famin, one of the members of that venerable community, attempted, but without method, to supply, in those unfortunate persons, the want of hearing and speech, but he was surprised by a premature death, before he could attain any degree of success. The two sisters, as well as their mother, were inconsolable for the loss they had suffered, when a happy event restored every thing.

" The abbe de l'Epee, who had formerly belonged to the abovemen tioned society, had occasion to call at their house. The mother was not at home; and while he was waiting for her, he put some questions to the young ladies; but their eyes remained fixed on their work, and they gave no answer. In vain did he renew his question: they were again silent. He did not know that those whom he addressed, were doomed by nature never to hear and to speak. The mother came in, and every thing was explained. The good abbe sympathized with her on the affliction, and withdrew, full of the thought of taking the place of the father Famin.

" The first conception of a great man is ordinarily a fruitful germ. Every language, said that generous philosopher, is but a collection of signs, as a series of drawings is a collection of figures, the representatives of a multitude of objects.

" We can figure every thing by gestures, as we paint every thing by colours, or express every thing by words. Every object has a form, and every form is capable of being imitated. Actions strike our sight, and we are able to describe them by imitative gestures. Words are conventional signs: why should the gestures not be the same? There may be, therefore, a language of gestures, as there is a language of words.

" Full of these fundamental ideas, the abbe de l'Epee was not long without visiting the unfortunate family again; and with what pleasure was he not received! He reflected, he imitated, he delineated, he wrote—believing that he had but a language to teach, while, in fact, he had two minds to cultivate! How painful, how difficult were the first essays of the inventor! Deprived of all assistance, in a career full of difficulties and of obstacles, he was a little embarrassed, but was not discouraged. He armed himself with patience, and succeeded, in time, to restore his pupils to society and religion.

" The novelty of that important discovery, and the wonderful progress of the French deaf and dumb, was soon known to all Europe.

" Each sovereign, wishing to make their own subjects enjoy such a benefit, deputed gentlemen to Paris, to study the abbe de l'Epee's method. This respectable ecclesiastic received and treated them with the politeness and benevolence which characterized him, and communicated

his system of instruction to them. It is then to him, that all the European deaf and dumb owe their present happiness.

"Soon after, and before his method might have attained the highest degree of perfection, of which it was susceptible, death, that cruel insatiable, which reaps all, without distinction of age, of sex, of condition, came and removed that excellent father from his grateful children. Affliction was in all hearts. Luckily, the abbe Sicard, who was chosen for his successor, caused their tears to cease. He was a man of profound knowledge, and of a mind very enterprising. He reviewed the abbe de l'Epee's method, made perfect what had been left to be devised, and had the glory of going beyond all the disciples of his predecessors. His present pupils are now worthy of him. The institution for the deaf and dumb, at Paris, has in view, not only to enable them to communicate their ideas, and to form their reason and understanding, but also to procure a subsistence for those among them who are in want of it.

"In going out of the asylum, the deaf and dumb of this description are all capable of following a profession or trade, or to fill up some employment which may ensure their maintenance.

"Their apprenticeship begins on their going into the asylum, and it terminated with their instruction. This apprenticeship takes place under the inspection of many masters, some of whom live in the town, and others of whom have their residence in the asylum, and receive their board and a salary.

"The deaf and dumb, who were formerly so unfortunate, are now the happiest in the world. Many are married, and have children, endowed with the faculties of all their senses, and who will be the comforters and protectors of their parents, in their old days. Many others are the instructors of their companions of misfortune. Many others are employed in the offices of the government, and other public administrations. Many others are good painters, sculptors, engravers, workers in mosaic, and printers. Some others, in fine, are merchants, and rule their affairs perfectly well.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have already given you an idea of the European deaf and dumb, and you can easily appreciate the extent of their private comfort and happiness. It is time to speak now of your own countrymen. I have had the pleasure to see some of them. Ah! how great is the difference between an educated and an uneducated deaf and dumb! Who can be indifferent about such a matter? Who can refuse his aid in extending the blessings of knowledge to those poor ignorants. They have no idea of things purely intellectual, and if, nevertheless, they say that there is one God in the Universe, I can assure you, that they do not know what he is, nor cannot conceive how it is possible he should be every where, and possessed of infinite wisdom, of unparalleled goodness, of undiminished mercifulness, of strict justice, of eternal truth, of extreme power, and of a facility to know our most secret thoughts! They cannot at all read the holy bible, which is the work of God, nor acquire the acquaintance of the reason why Jesus Christ has come here below, and of the conditions he has imposed upon us, to obtain a better happiness in the other world! They go to church without knowing how to pray to God. I should be able to tell you more, to show you how much they must be pitied; but it would abuse your patience to attend to us longer.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I beg leave to invite you to become their patrons. The first lesson we shall give them will have for its object the nomenclature of objects which fall under their senses. The second will tend to conduct them to the acquaintance of abstract ideas—the third to

speak to them of the Supreme Being, and of the design for which he has created them—the fourth, to entertain them, by way of discourse, upon the obligations they will have towards their parents and benefactors—and the last lesson achieving their education, what pleasure will they not experience, in considering themselves different from what they were before! With what sensibility will they not learn the names of the authors of their happiness, with what eagerness will they not express their gratitude towards their neighbours; and what satisfaction would you not feel, ladies and gentlemen, in seeing the good you will have done! and in thinking that your reward will be in heaven! Who can assure you, that there will never be, sooner or later, some of those unfortunates among your own children, or among the children of your children? Then you would wish a school for their well being:—form it at present. Then you would wish their future felicity in heaven:—open to them the way of it at present. In fine, ladies and gentlemen, pray do at present the good you would desire, at some future time, to have done for your unfortunate countrymen. I shall often pray that your hearts may be opened in favour of humanity."

The following resolutions were offered to the meeting, and unanimously adopted, viz.

Resolved, That the ladies and gentlemen present entertain an impressive and grateful sense of the benevolence which has induced Mr. Clerc to devote himself to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, in the United States, and tender to him their thanks, for the opportunity which he has kindly afforded them, of witnessing the efficacy of that system by which he has been instructed

Resolved, That this meeting consider it to be an important and interesting duty, to aid the exertions which are making for the education of the deaf and dumb in our country; and that a committee be appointed to select suitable persons, to wait upon the inhabitants of the city and districts, to receive contributions for this interesting object, &c. &c.

On communicating to Mr. Clerc the purport of the first resolution, he immediately wrote the following acknowledgment:—

"*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

"I am more sensible than I can express for your thanks, and I assure you that nothing has given me more pleasure, in this city, than the opportunity of having been a witness of your good dispositions towards the deaf and dumb of your country, whoever they may be. I shall soon leave your city, with the satisfaction of having procured benefactors to those unfortunates."

A number of questions were proposed to Mr. Clerc, by the ladies and gentlemen present, in writing and by signs, which were answered by him in writing, with a promptitude rarely equalled by those possessing the full command of their speech. Among others were the following:

Q. By what means do you judge whether the operations of your mind are similar to those of persons who can hear and speak?

A. I can express my own ideas by writing, and as what I write is what you speak, I can judge that I possess the same faculties of the mind as you do.

Q. What are your ideas of music, and of sounds in general?

A. I have no accurate idea of every thing that relates to the sense of hearing; but, if I may judge from what I have been told, and what I have read, I may say that music is a concert of various sounds, emanated either from the voice, or from some instrument, and which forms a most agreeable harmony for the persons endowed with the sense of hearing. Sound is the feeling of the organs of hearing, struck and moved by the agitation of clinking bodies, and which are causing an agreeable or disagreeable sensation on the ear.

Q. What is virtue?

A. Virtue, in its proper sense, is the efficiency, the vigour, the faculty, the power of acting, which exists in all natural bodies, according to their qualifications and properties.

In the figurative sense, virtue is the rectitude, the integrity, the disposition, the habit of the soul to do good, and to follow what divine and human laws, as well as reason, dictate.

Q. What is fear?

A. Fear is the state of a person, who is in a great emotion, occasioned by the presence of a danger, or by the imagination of its approaching.

Q. Are the deaf and dumb sensible of their misfortune, or do they think all others are in the same situation with themselves?

A. Those who know how to write, do not think they are unhappy; but those who are not instructed are sensible of their misfortune, and are often jealous of the happiness of their other companions.

Q. Have the deaf and dumb, before their instruction, any idea of a future state?

A. Those who have been educated have an idea of it; but those who have never been instructed, do not know what is a future state, and believe they die as animals die.

Specimen of the Sublime.—Married, on Saturday last (says the Steubenville Western Herald, of June 10), by the reverend G. Buchanan, *Dr. J. St. L. D'Happart*, to Miss *Polly Johnston*, daughter of Thomas Johnston, plain and honest farmer, near Island creek, Jefferson county.

Yes; after sixteen long and long years of slavery,
With a beautiful face;
Disgrac'd and ruin'd by her perfidious tricks;
Wandering, the heart sunk into sorrow,
Another home he has, and a more faithful companion
He hopes to possess!
Ah, may then his mind be restored
To the delights of peace,
And his last hours and days elapse,
Amidst the pure pleasures of a simple country life.

A copper mine has been discovered, on Beaver run, in Muncy township. Some of the ore has been taken to Fowler's furnace, and the metal separated, which is found to be equal to

two-fifths of the ore. The mine is very extensive, and has now fallen into the hands of a number of enterprising gentlemen, who will undoubtedly make it useful to the public. The earth in this neighbourhood appears to be filled with rich treasures. Two copper mines are within 20 miles of this place, and iron ore in great abundance.

DEFINITIONS OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

The following passage was omitted in the review of the "Philosophical Essays," in our last. It should have been inserted at p. 505, immediately after the 6th line.

Before we copy Mr. Ogilvie's definitions, we shall barely remark, that he strongly reminds us, in this place, of another philosopher, who philosophized the honest vicar of Wakefield out of a horse, by his unintelligible jargon about "cosmogony."

"Our language, and of course our ideas, as they regard the philosophy of the human mind, will be more precise, if we consider whatever is known or knowable, as proceeding from our consciousness, first, of impressions from external objects, and secondly, of the internal energies that are called into action by these impressions.

"Viewed in this light, human knowledge, or, more properly, that sort of knowledge which we entitle *science*, may be defined 'the *arrangement* of the various subjects or modifications of consciousness, in the order of *cause* and *effect:* Or, a *co-incidence* betwixt the *order*, in which the various subjects and modifications of consciousness, is concatenated in the mind, and *that* in which the corresponding phenomena, are connected according to the relation of cause and effect; or, if precise co-incidence be impossible, in a constant approximation towards it, and in whatever is subsidiary to, such co-incidence or approximation.

"Or, perhaps, the following definition may be more precise and less obnoxious to misconception.

"A co-incidence between the association of ideas, and the order or succession of events or phenomena, according to the relation of cause and effect, and in whatever is subsidiary, or necessary, to realize, approximate and extend such co-incidence: understanding by the relation of cause and effect, that order or succession, the discovery or development of which, empowers an intelligent being, by means of one event or phenomenon; or by a series of given events or phenomena, to anticipate the recurrence of another event or phenomenon, or of a required series of events or phenomena, and to summon them into existence, and employ their instrumentality, in the gratification of his wishes, or in the accomplishment of his purposes." pp. 34, 35, 36.

Indeed, indeed, Mr. Ogilvie, this will not do; "Sanconiathon," as the vicar's friend said, "Manetho, Berosus and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it in vain."

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1817.

Embellished with a view of the Washington Hall, engraved by *Strickland.*

CONTENTS.

Correspondence, 92
Biographical sketch of James Lawrence, Esq. 93
ANECDOTES.
Dr. Johnson, 110
Charles II. 112
Wilkes, 113
Garrick, ib.
George F. Cooke, 114
Fraud Detected, 116
Admiral Keppel, 117
The Chinese, 118
The African Pirates, ib.
Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, 122
St. Domingo—Christophe, 128
The Inferno of Altisidora, 131
The Starling; a novel, 147
On the Pleasures of Reading, 154
THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, No. 509—on Fashion, 169
REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
The Washington Society, 162
The Champions of Freedom, 165
ORIGINAL POETRY.
The Rival Flowers, by Sydney, 170
To Myra, by a Subscriber, ib.
The Hermit Mouse, 171
Jessie, the Flower of Dumblaine, by Tannahil, 172
Evening, by Orlando, 173
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Saving Bank—The Edgeworths—A Human Skeleton—Potatoe Bread—Potatoe Soup—The Atmosphere—Merinos—Commerce in Ohio—Industry and Longevity—Madame Catalani—Doct. Mead's Analysis of the Ballston and Saratoga Waters—Judge Marshal's Life of Washington, 177
OBITUARY.
William D Robinson, 178
Major Daniel Carmick, ib.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, NO. 133, CHESNUT-STREET;

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And to be had of all the Booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is finely remarked by one of the writers of the present day that the solitude of a man of genius resembles a scene of ancient Greece; a grove becomes sacred, and, in every retired spot, a divinity appears. Our correspondent, Marmaduke Oldstyle, is one of the gifted few who are capable of enjoying this sublime pleasure, and in his second essay he proves that he is one of those who think, with the bard of Paradise, that it is "but justice not to defraud of due esteem the wearisome labours and studious watchings," of those who have, like Petrarch, *meditated in the closet*, and *laboured to amuse posterity*. (See his Letter from the Castle of Caprinica to Cardinal Colonna.)

From the contemplation of the illustrious dead, who have been summoned before us by sir Marmaduke, another correspondent invites the reader to take a peep at the frivolous living—the mushrooms of a day, the insects of an hour, who seem to terminate with each successive day the whole purpose of their existence.

Shall we listen no more to the wisdom of the *Hermit?* We fear that a private letter to him has not been received.

We find that we were mistaken in attributing certain imitations of Horace to Quevedo. May we hope to see *Horace in Philadelphia* once more?

We are not surprised at hearing, from one of the best critics in New York, that an "*Address to the Readers of the Port Folio*," which has lately been circulated, does no injury to the interests of the concern. The assurance that "every man of good sense and just taste, and every lover of propriety, and men of sound morals," is on our side, would be more flattering if we could derive any honour from such a contest. We should be glad if one half of the persons of this description in that city were *in our books*. In our literary camp the *commissariat* is but poorly provided.

We are sorry that the "*Touches at the Times*," from Boston, arrived too late for this number. Such poetry is always acceptable.

A number of poetical favours have been on hand some time: poets must have patience.

In the October number of the London *Monthly Magazine* several articles are copied from the Port Folio. We mention this, in order that it may stimulate our correspondents to an active co-operation with the editor, in his design of vindicating the literary character of the country. A large number of our journal is now regularly imported by one of the principal booksellers in London, which must be a powerful incentive to the ambition of those who write to please, or wish to diffuse the bounds of information.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty may be indulged.—COWPER.

As apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own sterile plots.

DEMOCRITUS TO THE READER.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1817. NO. II.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LIFE OF JAMES LAWRENCE,

LATE CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

[*Concluded from our last.*]

WITHIN a little time after his arrival in America, captain Lawrence was appointed to the Constitution. This appointment was peculiarly grateful to him, as it was a vessel with the trim of which he was perfectly familiar, having served with her in Tripoli, afterwards as first lieutenant on board her, and having sailed in her company the very last cruise. The Constitution had entered into nearly all his associations of glory, had been the witness or the subject of much of his toil, and was the satisfying reward of all his ambition. But, as the appointment was conditional, with a provision that others, his seniors in commission, should not interpose their claims, he could not, and did not accept it. This appointment was then made unconditional; and directions were given him to take charge of the navy-yard at

New York, during the vacancy occasioned by the regretted resignation of captain Ludlow. Next day, however, he received other orders, with instructions to take command of the frigate Chesapeake, then recently arrived at Boston, and nearly ready for sea. His heart now sunk more than it even bounded before. Circumstances were completely reversed. He must take command of a ship, of whose trim he was ignorant, in whom, or whose company he had seldom, if ever sailed, and who was the associate, in his mind, only of ignominy. From a frigate that had ever been followed by fortune, and was the favourite of fame, he was removed to one that fatality attended, and that bore the stamp of disgrace. His repugnance was such, that he wrote to the secretary concerning it. He solicited in preference to be continued in command of the Hornet. The service might be a gainer by his talents being placed where previous opportunities had fitted them for greater utility. The circumstances of his family were hinted at, as of a nature to render peculiarly agreeable a temporary residence at his home, if consistent with the claims of his country. Four letters were written; but the secretary remained, perhaps correctly, inexorably silent; and captain Lawrence at length acquiesced.

About the middle of May he repaired to Boston, to enter on the duties of his arduous appointment.

On the morning of the first of June, the British frigate Shannon appeared in the harbour. The Sunday previous, the Chesapeake dropped down from the wharf, and was reported to be ready for sea, waiting only for her first lieutenant, who was taken suddenly ill; but who, it was then hoped, would recover. The very next day put a sad end to these hopes. The second lieutenant, Thomson, and the acting lieutenants, Nicholson and Pearce, were all absent, on account of ill health. The third officer in the last cruise was now first; and some of the midshipmen were, of course, made acting lieutenants.

Still on this morning he had received orders to sail; and the question is, what was his duty? This inquiry is best answered by becoming identified, as far as possible, with captain Lawrence, at the time, and realizing the reflections, that, in the soliloquy of thought, must have passed his mind at the moment.

"*The die was cast;*" and let those event-enlightened reasoners, who have now the presumption to think it was then cast in rashness, ask themselves the question, what they would not have said, and what others would not have said, had the Chesapeake remained in port supinely at anchor, beholding the British flag, day by day, cross and re-cross the harbour, waving triumphantly, from a frigate, not so decidedly her superior as to be pronounced generally much more than a match. Lawrence would sooner have lost "*forty thousand lives,*" than have submitted to survive such a sight.

He prepared to get under weigh: his first movement was announced to the foe: he then called his men upon deck, and made them a short address.

"My lads, the enemy is before you. You have just returned from a long cruise, in which you have been eager to meet him. The opportunity, in vain pursued half the world over, is at hand. Improve it! glory is the object. Your country expects you, one and all, to do your duty. I have done mine, and you know it. You cannot doubt me, nor I you. The Briton has known me. Under me, you cannot dare—he cannot dread you, the less. Your purser will divide to you your prize-money. The day of spending it is only deferred, because more awaits you; and it is to be earned now or never. Go out then to battle! it is free trade and your own rights that you fight for. Volunteers must needs beat men impressed. Look at the Shannon, within but few hours' sail! Execute my orders; bring her into port: this prize-money you may then spend, and more!"

Murmurs are said to have followed the address. Whether they reached the ears of the captain is unknown. Certain it is, there was no cheering. Still the signal-gun had been fired: from the heights of the town, and the house-tops, the eyes of all were fixed on the commander—easily to be distinguished, from the gallantness of his port. The wind was fair and brisk; the day clear: sea and air seemed to augur well.

Boats accompanied him out of the harbour. A sea-fight, so near shore, was a rare occurrence—not likely to happen more than once to any generation. The spectacle so anxiously expected attracted the curious from its novelty, the nautical from its grandeur,

and all from its interest. The small craft at the wharves were in general requisition; and the packets, many of them were taken up for the occasion. A spectator would have thought he saw the town moving upon the water. How desolate "the city that was full of people!" The sun was now at the meridian height, and lingered in his gradual declining, till his lengthening beams sunk below the horizon, leaving all to darkness and uncertainty, as to the fate of the day. First the tidings were, "no battle had been fought;" next, "a few shot only had been exchanged, in passing, and both vessels kept out to sea." Eye-witnesses were not wanting to contradict each of these. Rumour crowded on rumour, and the night passed in sleepless anxiety. Early in the morning the boats returned, and with them the particulars of the action, very minutely detailed, considering the distance at which, for the safety of life, they must have kept. Yet scarcely did the account gain, for some time, a solitary believer; so prevalent had the opinion become, that no battle was fought. Persons, from various towns in the immediate vicinity, who thought they saw all that had passed, from points of land favourable to the view, gave different statements. The passengers in the boats themselves, could not all agree in the same story. None pretended the fight lasted long, or that either frigate had suffered, to appearance, essential injury; and the point, most important of all, who was killed, and who wounded, no one could tell.

The public mind felt but partially relieved by these contradictory communications. They let in just light enough to lead men to realize how visible was the darkness. Every foreigner, then among us, will ask no better evidence than he perceived at the time, and will bear in memory, to the end of his days, the very vivid interest the citizens of New England all take in the navy of the country, and in those who support it. In the public streets of the towns within sight of the battle, you might see people collected in little circles, brought together from a common curiosity that pervaded all, each intent on one object, inquiring, with eager eye and ear, for the fate of the Chesapeake. In towns in the interior, stages were stopped, and the mail not suffered to go on, till the question was answered, "What of the Chesapeake?" Men, of their own accord, abandoned, all at once, their ordinary

occupations, and made it a business to think and to talk of the event of the battle. Day after day passed, and nothing transpired, save a few vague reports, which served only to increase the perplexity, and thicken the gloom. Every where the anxiety and agitation were extreme. Society experienced a state of excitement beyond the power of the system to bear. The public pulse seemed to be still, and social animation suspended. At this crisis, when the community felt an aching and an awful void for the fate of its absent members, its attention was momentarily attracted by an attempt, in the senate, to thank captain Lawrence for his victory in the Hornet, and was suddenly blasted by the attempt having failed. The cause of this phenomenon it may not be amiss to consider.

A resolution was submitted, June the 15th, by the honourable Mr. Quincy, setting forth the reason of the failure—"That former resolutions," of thanks, "passed on similar occasions, relative to other officers engaged in a like service, had given great discontent to many of the good people of the commonwealth." That they had given the least discontent to any one of the good people would never have been credited, but for the production of this strange resolution. On what ground so bold an assumption was hazarded we are at a loss to determine. If the public sentiment had been fairly collected from public expressions, it would certainly have appeared the very reverse of discontent. The only "former resolutions, on similar occasions," that we know of, were passed, one in the house, unanimously, and the other in the senate, without a contradictory vote, on the 20th of February—hardly four months previous. One would have thought it no very difficult task to ascertain what public sentiment was in this limited interval. Possibly each branch of the legislature had mistaken it at first, in a particular which had yet, for some time, been familiar with all their constituents. Where then shall we find the people correcting this mistake? Is it in the various branches of the Washington Benevolent Society, at Boston, Charleston, and elsewhere, that, about the same time, passed similar votes of thanks? Or are we to hear the people express their sense that an "approbation of naval exploits is an encouragement to an unjust war," at Boston, on one occasion

when under the direction of three of the gentlemen senators, they were all heartily enjoying a naval dinner? Or, on another, at a naval ball? The people must have mistaken their own sense, or said, on these occasions, what they did not think, or not have understood what they said, or "discontent" at naval exploits. and the expressions of thanks for them, certainly was not their sense.

Did the honourable mover of this resolution mistake the sense of his constituents, when, as a representative of the same people in congress, he voted, on various occasions, for thanks to a naval commander? Or did he forget the remark with which he prefaced his inquiry respecting the Preble medal, "that certainly no class of men more justly deserved the meed of honour than those attached to our gallant little navy?" Or did he fear no "excitement to a continuance of the present unjust war," in giving his support to the bill for augmenting the navy of his country?

Be the war of what character it may, peace is doubtless a blessing; but honourable peace is alone to be desired. A nation is to gain this, solely from respect for their power—not to owe it to compassion for their weakness. A naval exploit is important, as tending to excite this respect, especially to a country that hopes to be commercial. It has thus a natural and obvious connexion with an honourable peace, an event which it tends to accelerate. Not to applaud it, is not to supply incentives to honourable deeds; not to take pride in national renown. Peace, by any means but disgrace, is the wish of the patriot. He cannot wish for peace from disgrace, if without other reason, because no such peace can be permanent. Its terms are too hard to be borne. You may make a solitude, and call it peace; but the solitude can do you no good, and when it comes to be society again, it will most assuredly be war.

Having confined to a preamble merely, the expression of their sense of the virtues of captain Lawrence, civil and military, the senate resolve, "that in a war, like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates, that conquest and ambition are its real motives, *it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military and naval exploits*, which are not immediately connected with the defence of the sea-coast and soil."

According to this, Decatur, conquering the Macedonian, is less an object of approbation, to a moral and religious people, than Decatur diked in for months between the Connecticut mud-banks. Not so thought the "moral and religious" people of Connecticut: when at New London, they presented thanks to the commodore for his capture. The resolve really gives rise to a very curious problem—how far off "the sea-coast and soil" may a naval exploit be performed, not to lose that "immediate connexion with the defence" of both, so necessary to make it the worthy subject of "moral and religious" approbation? Had the Acasta, for instance, struck to the United States, in the Sound, it would have been piety to approve of the victory; but if she had been pursued to the ocean, and there conquered, it would have been quite another thing.

But it does become a moral and religious people to express their approbation of military or naval exploits, in a war which they may think unjustly declared, or prosecuted from improper motives; because those concerned in achieving the exploits have nothing to do with the causes or motives of the war, but have only certain duties to perform, in carrying it on. To pretend that any private opinion of theirs, as to the manner in which the constituted authorities have exercised the power with which they are vested, of declaring war, would justify these commanders in giving up their commissions, is to strike at the root of every establishment, naval or military. Historians therefore concur in reprobating the conduct of the admirals who resigned, and in applauding that of those who retained, their commissions, in the wars of the protector.

Every man, in social society, is bound to consider certain questions at rest, when passed upon by the proper authorities. This is part of that natural liberty which he resigns, to enjoy more securely the rest. It is his side of the contract. The case has been publicly put. A man is regularly under sentence of death. A party in the community think the trial unfair, and the sentence unjust. The sheriff is of this party. He is still bound to execute the man, *though convinced of his innocence;* for if he may refuse, every member of the commonwealth, who should be appointed in succession to the office, might do the same thing;

and thus the laws of society would lose their sanction, and the community come to an end. Nor can the sheriff be less a subject of moral approbation, for discharging his duty in this extreme case, nor of religious approbation the less, since God, who ordains civil society, must of course will an obligation, which is necessary to its very existence.

This reasoning is undeniably true, as it applies to the relation of every member to society, as a subject. In his relation as sovereign, he may still act from private opinion exclusively, upon every occasion in which he is called upon for an exercise of that sovereignty. The sheriff, in the case put, is at liberty to get the judges impeached; or, when a war has been declared, which an individual is convinced is unjust, he not only may, but is bound to avail himself of every constitutional means in his power, to change the character of his rulers, or the congress, who are answerable to their God and to him, for having committed the interests of their country upon the event of such a war.

Away then with all talk about the approbation of a naval exploit being immoral or irreligious! The people, from Georgia to Maine, have felt it to be right. It is said by that first of legislators, Edmund Burke, that those who would lead, must be content sometimes to follow. Men will not submit, upon this subject, to have their feelings put to school; but would much rather send their reason to take its lesson from their feelings. It is at all times righteous to die for one's country. The oblation has been deemed by every age acceptable in the sight of Heaven. Wherever life is resigned, the oblation is offered. Who ever imagined that Nelson would have been honoured with a public funeral the less, had he fallen in the attack upon Copenhagen, and not in the battle of Trafalgar? In older time, the Scipios Africani were not less the subjects of admiration to their countrymen, because the Punic wars were to a proverb unjust.

But whether people do concur in the opinion expressed by the senate of Massachusetts, all will agree, that the time taken to introduce this resolution was singularly unpropitious, especially as it exposed the mover to the imputation of attempting to shield the hated unpopularity of the measure under the recent naval defeat.

On the 2d of June, a letter, directed "To the commander of the Chesapeake," was delivered to commodore Bainbridge; Lawrence being absent. This letter was a challenge from captain Broke, of the Shannon. A suggestion has been made, that the writer, by sending it when he did, must have intended to avail himself of every advantage to his fame, from a very liberal challenge, without risking the possibility of any disadvantage to his fate, by precluding an opportunity for the challenge to be accepted. A charge of a nature to put a naval character upon trial for honour, we are unwilling to pass upon, when the individual is absent. Some circumstances, however, are perhaps serious enough to call for attention from that gentleman's friends. This letter bears date, "off Boston, *June*, 1813." It could not have been delivered before it was dated. The evidence is said to be positive, from the captain of the coaster, to whom it was in fact delivered, that he received it on the 1st of June, at a moment when, visibly from the deck of the Shannon, the Chesapeake had got under weigh; and it was to be sent by the way of Salem, where the coaster belonged. Possibly Broke's reflections were merely, as this letter has been some time preparing, though the Chesapeake appears moving towards me, I will still send it. If coming out to meet me, it at least does no harm; if not, it may induce her to come.

In this letter, the American "commodore" is hinted to have "*eluded*" them; meaning, forsooth, that commodore Rodgers and captain Smith, in the President and the Congress, eluded captains Broke and Hardy, in the Shannon and Tenedos. In the absence of proof, the presumption is rather, that the inferior eludes a superior force, than the reverse; and the President and Congress are agreed to be superior to the Shannon and Tenedos. But the matter does not rest here. How is it pretended the commodore "*eluded?*" "By sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast." The commodore had dropped down the 23d of April, to President road, where he had remained wind-bound six days; and this fact as well known to the British commanders, at the time, as it was to the American. Could Broke expect that he was to remain there, after the first change, and risk being wind-bound another

six days, as would in fact have been the case, had he not sailed as he did? Or could he suppose Rodgers would not take the very first chance to meet him? But then it was after the British frigates had been "obliged to keep an offing from the coast." The President and Congress sailed at about 11 o'clock, on the 30th of April. The Centinel, of May 1st, after announcing their having sailed, and the expectation of a fight, has this remark: "The Shannon and Tenedos were seen from cape Ann, Thursday afternoon." That was the 29th of April; the afternoon before the day, on the forenoon of which our frigates went to look for them, at cape Ann, and landed a gentleman there. He never had a doubt but that they crossed the bay thence to cape Cod; and this is now made certain by the despatch of the commodore:—"The wind shifted to the south-east, and obliged me to *beat*." But this is not all. "Consequently prevented our getting clear of the bay, till the third of May." Nearly four days, then, he was beating about in this bay. Strange so excellent a sailer as the Shannon could not get within sight all this time! The "*offing*," we suspect, was from other accounts than the wind.

"Captain Broke," says the American commodore, noticing this challenge, "mentions, with considerable *emphasis*, the pains he had taken to meet the President and Congress, with the Shannon and Tenedos. If that was his disposition, his conduct was so glaringly opposite as to warrant a contrary belief."

It was not till the 18th of June that the official account of the loss of the Chesapeake reached Boston from Halifax. For a fearful interval of nearly three weeks were the public in continued suspense—a state more trying than the worst possible certainty; for the human mind, knowing the worst, is found to be constantly engaged in an effort to reconcile itself to its fate, and gains relief at least from employment; but in suspense, it is perfectly wild, and its powers lost in distraction, not knowing what points to aim at. On the 18th of June, however, it appeared that, about a quarter before six, on the 1st, within pistol-shot distance, the action commenced; that the first broadside killed, among others, the sailing-master, and wounded the captain; that twelve minutes afterward, the Chesapeake fell on board of the Shannon, and immediately thereupon, an armed chest, on her quarter-deck was

blown up, by a hand grenade from the enemy; that lieutenant Budd, in the act of giving orders to haul on board the fore tack, to shoot her ahead, was himself cut down, and carried below; and *that every officer, on whom the charge of the ship could devolve, was either killed or wounded, previous to the capture.* This was all that could be learned, from a second lieutenant, who, in the action, had command of the gun-deck. It was further ascertained, from the bearer of this despatch, that the Americans had cheered, on going into action; that our frigate falling on board, was owing to her being so disabled in her foresails as not to mind her helm; that captain Lawrence, who, bleeding, had still kept the deck, supporting himself against the companion-way, in the act of giving orders relative to the foresails, was levelled, by a second ball, with its planks, and leaving it, as his earnest request, that the ship should not be surrendered, was carried below. In the cock-pit, the surgeon hurried to his captain, to relieve pains the most excruciating, from wounds in the body and the leg. But, "No—serve those who came before me, first; I can wait my turn," said the noble-hearted mariner—greater even below than above deck. The surgeon afterwards returned, and renewed operations. The firing over head was heard to slacken. Lawrence, showing his intentness to be fixed on the greater malady, said to him at the instant, "Leave me! bid them fight the ship till she sinks: never strike: let the colours wave while I live!" Ludlow was next brought below. "What brings you here?" was the frenzied inquiry. "They have carried her," was the only reply.

The tale is well known. In this victory the enemy lost as many men, within one, as we had then lost in all our five victories—one of them over the Frolic, a force confessedly superior. If we fought in disorder, this at least shows captain Broke's statement to be true, that we fought with desperation.

Broke, it is known, led his boarders—an act which necessity, that has no law, can alone justify, which shows courage the very commonest of virtues among naval commanders, but betrays temerity, as it violates that most important of all rules for the regulation of a navy, that a captain is never to quit his own ship, except where he is fighting at the head of a squadron—nor then, unless so disabled, that leaving her is indispensably necessary for

the safety of the fleet. This act shows, too, conclusively, the degree of desperation to which the enemy were driven by the heat of the conflict. It is yet dubious whether the captain ever so far recovered from the effects of a sabre-wound, received at the moment of boarding, as to be able to resume command.

When a captain's aid had communicated the call for the boarders, it was met promptly by some, under Budd, who came up; but the boatswain's mate, a scoundrel Portuguese, opened the hatchways to others, and led them below, saying "So much for not paying men prize-money!"

Lieutenant Ludlow is reported to have fought with a brilliant intrepidity. A sailor, who was near him, upon deck, tells the story. "They who doubted his youth, sir, knew little of him. As to his fighting, nothing could equal it. He received one wound, stanched it with lint, and fought on; received another—served this the same way, and continued the combat; a ball then laid him with the deck, where they passed over his body, little less than a corpse, to get at the flag."

No sooner was the official account of this battle received, than it put an end to every apprehension for the effect upon the credit of the country, from the shortness of the contest. All were satisfied that, though we lost the Chesapeake, we had lost nothing else. So many fine officers and gallant men had indeed fallen, at first the exclamation was involuntary, "We have lost every thing but our honour!" But we mourned not as those without hope. We looked round upon the survivors of the navy, and were comforted.

If our sailing-master should hereafter be killed—if our ship should be disabled, and not obey our helm—if, in the very act of giving orders, to remedy the mischief, our captain be shot down, and next be cut down, in the same act, a lieutenant—if the boatswain be slain, and his mate, on being ordered to lead up the boarders—a dastardly foreigner!—should in fact lead them below—if the bugleman, just sounding his horn, as a signal for the boarders to come up, be laid prostrate before it had sounded—if every officer, on whom the command could devolve, be killed or else wounded—and, indeed, if all these should concur—the British, with equal force, may possibly conquer. If not, we do

not say they may not conquer; but this we say, the case of the Chesapeake is no authority to show that they may.

As to the point of equal force, doubts are entertained. The superiority of three guns and of forty-six pounds in the weight of a broadside, are contended to have been in favour of the Shannon. In men she had more than were stated in the challenge of her captain; seventeen from the Belle Poule and some from the Tenedos; a fact which is reconciled with this challenge by supposing the writer did not, as it is said the British do not include marines in the number of the men.

Our men were accurately, marines included, three hundred and seventy-three. A literal transcript of the muster-book was delivered by our purser to the British lieutenant, and they went over it together three times, accounting for each man as he was called, either by stating him to be killed, if that were the fact, or if wounded, the hospital, and if well, the prison in which he was confined. When the captain of La Hogue called on our purser at Halifax and understood this fact, he declined inspecting the original book, which was offered him, and went off satisfied.

The wounds of captain Lawrence confined him to the ward-room till the moment of his death. Here, surrounded by fragments of men, in the intervals of acute pain, he beguiled his friends of their sympathies by communicating freely on the subject of the battle, stating his plan, and the causes to which in his mind was attributed its failure in execution. It was thus he devoted the last of his moments to usefulness and instruction; teaching his friends how to improve upon his precedent; showing to survivors the way "out of his wreck to rise."

He lingered until the 5th of June, when, in the thirty-second year of his age, he expired.

"If he were" then "to die, 'twere" then "to be most happy" for himself in this world as in the next. There are some circumstances that do much to reconcile us to so distressing an event. He died young. He died not like Nelson by piecemeal, but gave himself all at once to glory and his country; not to dwell upon public recollection mangled and mutilated; but leaving in the fond eye of faithful memory the whole image of a perfect hero, unimpaired by age or by accident, in all the freshness of youth, and the fair fulness of his admired proportions.

On the day of captain Lawrence's death, his first lieutenant *Page*, late of the Chesapeake, was buried at Boston.

Funeral solemnities were rendered to captain Lawrence at Halifax. "By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned!" His enemies were his mourners, or rather the enemies of his country, for personal enemies he could have none. The tears of Britons evinced how much more gratefully they would have shown homage to his person than every respectful attention to his remains. That flag from which he had parted but with life, was restored to him in death. "His signal once, but now his shroud!"

Of a sea fight in the time of the commonwealth, it is said by a British historian, "that *Blake*, who was victor, gained not more honour than *Tromp* who was vanquished." The remark is alike true of the engagement that has just been described. The perseverance of *Broke* was equalled by the promptness of *Lawrence*. The Shannon was met the instant it was ascertained there was no other vessel to meet. His going into action was to the full as gallant, as his reception. His enemy says of him, "he bore down in a gallant style, having three American flags flying." In the action, collected, he held himself in reserve for the best possible moment. On her foremast coming in a line with the Shannon's mizen, the latter fired her after gun and her others successively, until the enemy came directly abreast, when the Chesapeake fired her whole broadside. This we presume no commander could improve. Afterward his manœuvring was so admirable, that the Bostonians in a boat near, cheered, so confident were they of victory. Much may depend on a single life. While Lawrence could command, all was well.

The remark of the historian has been applied by our nation to their lamented commander with credit to themselves. They have thus shown, that, with a people enlightened, reputation is independent of success.

July 27th, the following resolution was submitted to congress by the honourable Mr. *Nelson:* "Resolved, that a committee be appointed to examine and report on the propriety of conferring public honours on the memory of *James Lawrence*, late of the U. S. frigate Chesapeake, and of *Zebulon Pike*, late brigadier general in the army of the United States, whose distinguished

deaths in the service of their country, add lustre to the character of the American nation; the propriety of adopting *as the peculiar children of the republic*, the sons of those distinguished heroes; and of the propriety of making provision for the support and comfort of the families of these deceased officers."

These honoured names were afterwards employed to animate our countrymen on the lakes; commodore *Chauncey's* vessel being called after the general; commodore *Perry's* bearing that of *Lawrence*, on a recent occasion so worthily sustaining its character of greatness in defeat.

Atrocities on the part of the British are said to have followed their victory, and even poor *Ludlow* to have lost his life from a blow that was given him after yielding the ship. These things are to a degree unavoidable in the ardour of so close an engagement. The passions are out, and cannot be called in at a moment. The one hand uplifted to avenge the loss of the other, with vengeance in its power, upon the very man, it may be, who has occasioned there being but one hand to lift, cannot be expected to fall without its revenge. It were heavenly indeed; but it is more than human.

Yet there are facts to which this apology cannot be extended. The key of captain Lawrence's store-room was demanded of the purser. "Sir," said Mr. Chew, "in the captures of the Guerriere, Macedonian, and Java, the most scrupulous regard was paid by American commanders, to the private property of British officers; Captain Lawrence has laid in stores for a long cruise; the value of them is an object to his widow and family, for their use I would thank you, if possible, to let me retain them." Had this request been only not granted, it were reprehensible enough. But the injury of denial is said to have been aggravated by the insolence of superciliousness.

In support of our purser we bring only British testimonials. *Dacres.*—"I feel it my duty to state that the conduct of captain *Hull* and his officers to our men, has been that of a brave enemy; *the greatest care being taken to prevent our men losing the smallest trifle.*" "New London, Dec. 16th. Captain *Carden* speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of commodore *Decatur* and his officers. *All the private property of the officers and men was*

given up. That claimed by captain *Carden* (including a band of music and several casks of wine, valued at about eight hundred dollars) the commodore paid for." Of the Java the captain died. But we have another witness at hand, general *Hisloft.* Here the property was great. The affair of the chest, containing articles of plate is familiar, and the number of trunks overhaled to get at it. The general thus writes to the commodore. "*St Salvador, Jan.* 2. I am justly penetrated with the fullest sense of your very handsome and kind treatment towards me ever since the fortune of war placed me in your power, and I once more renew to you my sincerest acknowledgments for the same." Lieutenant *Chads.*—"I cannot conclude this letter without expressing my grateful acknowledgments, thus publicly, for the generous treatment captain Lambert and his officers have experienced from our gallant enemy, commodore *Bainbridge* and his officers."

To the relicts of captain Lawrence the British officers might have paid the civilities of captain Hull, of commodores Decatur and Bainbridge. They might even have requited his own. This they have not done. If the men of the Peacock and their own consciences call them not to an account, neither do we.

Although every pious refinement that can characterise a polished people, had been evinced by the British in demonstrations of respect for the corses of our valiant countrymen, yet it was fit their ashes should be enshrined in the land their deeds had ennobled. On the 19th of July, *George Crowninshield*, junior, of Salem, solicited the secretary of the navy to grant him a cartel to sail under his command, at his exclusive expense, to remove to his native soil, our buried captain and any of his officers who might have shared his fate. The request was granted. He sailed from Halifax on the 13th of August, having on board the objects of his gloomy expedition, which were promptly yielded him by the enemy from a common wish that they might be taken to the bosom, and at length rest in the lap of their maternal country.

He arrived at Salem on the 18th of the month, where the Monday after a public funeral was had, and a eulogy pronounced by the honourable Joseph Story, J. S. C. The concourse of peo-

ple who crowded the town was prodigious. Political distinctions seemed in a great degree lost. The animosity of party subsided for the moment into awe. Our arms dropped to the ground at the graves of Ludlow and Lawrence.

Honours to the brave being here over, the same gentleman, in compliance with the request of the immediate relatives, transported the remains to New York. There the city council took charge of the funeral in a manner worthy the munificence which they had promptly manifested on every naval occasion.

"The common council received with feelings of the deepest regret intelligence of the death of captain James Lawrence, who fell in the late engagement of the United States frigate Chesapeake with the British frigate Shannon. While they mingle their tears with those of his fellow citizens in lamenting his loss, they also add their tribute of esteem and admiration for the gallantry which he displayed in that action, which terminated his honourable career."

They gave the two children of captain Lawrence one thousand dollars each, to be vested in the sinking fund of the corporation, and paid with the interest to the daughter at eighteen, and to the son at twenty-one years of age.

The procession at this place was unusually long and solemn. Those mourned at the funeral who had rejoiced at a recent festivity. They followed him in the hearse whom lately they carried in triumph.

At New York his remains rested. The piety that cannot defer death, is sometimes relieved by attempting to defer the dominion of the grave. But here he was yielded to its power, with "thanks to God who giveth us the victory!"

In Washington an extensive procession of the masons of Columbia district paraded in honour of Lawrence and Ludlow.

Captain Lawrence was as amiable in private as he had made himself admirable in his professional life. The domestic were in the same circle with the ocean virtues, each heightening the charm of the others. As a husband!—but there is a sacredness in the griefs of the chief mourner, upon which even sympathy would fear to intrude. As a christian, his proof of faith in our heavenly Father was love to every brother upon earth. Reduced foreigners in

various parts of the country realized the munificence of his private charity. As a companion, he looked on you only to smile with that blandness which is characteristic of child-like simplicity. If in his manner the gentleman forgot not the sailor, the sailor certainly ever remembered the gentleman. As a citizen, believing order to be "Heaven's first law," and content with filling up completely his own department, the civil he abandoned exclusively to civilians. To political opinions he had however a right, which he exercised without disguise. But satisfied that it must forever be patriotism to fight for one's country, he desired no better naval creed than that of admiral *Blake* under *Cromwell*. "*It is still our duty to fight for our country, into what hands soever the government may fall. Quarrel as we may among ourselves, we should all unite to keep foreigners from fooling us.*"

The countrymen of Lawrence have a melancholy satisfaction now that the land of his children is the place of the sepulchre of their gallant father. At his hands has America received the laurel and the cypress. The laurel she will long wear to his honour; the cypress only for his loss.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ANECDOTES.

Dr. Johnson.—Boswell, in his Memoirs of Dr. Johnson, relates a conversation which passed between him and the doctor at the Turk's Head coffee-house, in which the latter, insisting on the duty of maintaining subordination of rank, observed as follows:

"Sir, there is one Mrs. Macauley in this town, a great republican. One day when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam, I am now become a convert to your way of thinking; I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and, to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well behaved fellow-citizen, your footman; I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, sir, showed her the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. She has never liked me since."

The story, thus told, turns in favour of the doctor, but, if we are to credit another relation, the triumph of the great moralist was less complete than he imagined.

"A few years ago, Mrs. M. and the doctor (who never had a very cordial esteem for each other) met at the house of a third person, who had invited them to spend the day. Before dinner, the conversation turned on the nature of civil government. Johnson, as usual, declared in very strong terms, for monarchy; Mrs. M. for a republic. Some sparring past on both sides; and Johnson happening to cite some passage of scripture, which he thought spoke in favour of his own system, Mrs. M. undertook him on the scriptural score, and (as I was told, for I was not present,) was rather more potent and pertinent, in her quotations, than he. Johnson, who does not easily digest contradiction, grew rather sour: and he well knows that he acquits himself better in a political, an historic, or in a philosophic war, than in a holy one. The annunciation of dinner occasioned a truce to debate; but the doctor, with more ill manners than I ever heard authentically placed to his account, except in this instance, took occasion, when the company were all seated at table, to renew hostilities with his amiable antagonist. Mrs. M.'s footman was standing, according to custom, at the back of his lady's chair, when Johnson addressed him thus:—'Henry, what makes you stand? Sit down. Sit down. Take your place at table with the best of us. We are all republicans, Henry. There's no distinction here. The rights of human nature are equal. Your mistress will not be angry at your asserting your privilege of peerage. We are all on a level. Do take your chair and sit down.' This was very indelicate and rude: nor was it arguing fairly; for a master or mistress (let the natural rights of mankind be, originally, ever so equal) has not only a just claim to superiority, but a title to the services of every person, who, by voluntary stipulation, engages to render those services for a consideration agreed upon. Mrs. Macauley, it seems, coloured a little, and drew up her head, but made no answer. If I had been there, I should not have let the doctor off so easily, for this savage piece of spurious wit. It is true, his great parts are entitled to proper respect; but, as Mrs. Ma-

cauley was observing to me, when she was last in Devonshire, with reference to this very doctor Johnson, 'A learned man is not so miraculous a phenomenon in this kingdom, that he should expect to be honoured with divine worship.' Though, it must be owned, there are very few Johnsons, in any kingdom, or in any age."*

The circumstance of the dispute between Dr. Johnson and Osborne, the bookseller, Boswell had from Johnson in these words—"Sir, he (Osborne) was impertinent to me, and I beat him. But it was not in his shop: it was in my own chamber."

The author from whom I have made the above quotation, records the particulars of this dispute:—

"Osborne called upon him one morning, soon after the publication of his dictionary. The particulars of the conversation I have forgot: but in the course of it, some reference was had to a passage in that work. The doctor was for consulting the particular place itself; and, ascending a set of moveable steps, reached down his dictionary from one of the highermost shelves. While Johnson was thus mounted, and holding the dictionary in his hands, Osborne, who was standing beneath, happened to say some saucy thing that the doctor did not relish: on which, without further ceremony, he hurled the massy folio at the poor bookseller's head, who fell to the floor with the blow, but soon recovered his feet again. 'An impertinent puppy,' said Johnson to him, 'I will teach you to behave with insolence to me, I will.'"—p. 264.

It should be observed that Mr. Toplady was well acquainted both with Mrs. Macauley and Mr. Osborne, from whom he very probably received the above particulars.

King Charles II.—was reputed a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being once at *Chatham*, to view a ship just finished on the stocks, he asked the famous *Killigrew, if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright?* Who pleasantly replied, *He always thought his majesty would have done better at any trade than his own.* No favourable compliment, but as true a one, perhaps, as ever was paid.

* Toplady's Works, vol. vi p. 262.

Duchess of Buckinghamshire.—This lady (natural daughter to king James II.) on her death bed, expressed a strong curiosity to know whether some regard would not be paid to her quality in the other world: and being told by a worthy divine, that where she was going there was no exception of persons, she replied, *Well, if it be so, this Heaven, after all, is a strange place!*

Mr. Wilkes, going to the King's-head chop-house in Paternoster-row, with a friend, in order to observe the humours of the place, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *steak*, as he called it: Mr. Wilkes in the mean time asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, see the difference between the city and the bear-garden, in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear.

Garrick.—It may be recollected that the avenue to the boxes of Old Drury was through Vinegar Yard. In this passage an old spider had spread her web, and obtained a plentiful living by preying on those who unfortunately or imprudently fell into her clutches. Those who are not unacquainted with *haddocks*, will understand the *loose fish* I allude to, who beset her doors, and accosted with smiles or insults every one that passed. It happened that a noble lord, in his way to the theatre, with his two daughters under his arm, was most grossly attacked by this band of "flaming ministers." He immediately went behind the scenes, and insisted on seeing Mr. Garrick, to whom he represented his case, and so roused the vengeance of the little manager, that he instantly, full of wrath, betook himself to this unholy sybil,

> "Twin child with Cacus; Vulcan was their sire,
> Foul offspring both of healthless fumes and fire."

Finding her at the mouth of her cavern, he quickly gave vent to his rage in the most buskin'd strain, and concluded by swearing that he would have her ousted. To this assault she was not backward in reply, but soon convinced him that she was much more powerful in abusive eloquence than our Roscius, though he had recourse in his speech to Milton's "hell-born bitch," and other

phrases of similar celebrity, whilst she entirely depended on her own natural resources. Those to whom this oratory is not new, have no need of my reporting any of it; and those to whom it is a perfect mystery, boast a state the more gracious, and are the more happy for their ignorance. None of this rhapsody, however, although teeming with blasphemy and abuse, had any effect on Garrick, and he would have remained unmoved, had she not terminated in the following manner, which so excited the laughter of the collected mob, and disconcerted "the soul of Richard," that, without another word to say, he hastily took shelter in the theatre. Putting her arms a-kimbo, and letting down each side of her mouth with wonderful expression of contempt, she exclaimed: "You whipper-snapper. You oust me? You be d——d! My house is as good as yours—ay, and better too. I can come into yours whenever I like, and see the best *you* can do for *a shilling;* but damme if you, or any-body else, shall come into mine for less than a *fifteenpenny* negus!"

The late GEORGE F. COOKE, equally remarkable for his talents as for his numerous eccentricities, had been performing at the old theatre, Limerick, a few years previous to Miss O'Neill's visting it. The last night of his appearance, he acted Petruchio, and a little before the fall of the curtain, he had paid such constant attention to a little keg of whiskey, that the fumes overpowered his faculties, and in bestowing the whip upon the unfortunate Grumio, he belaboured him so severely, that the miserable actor roared in downright earnest, every now and then threatening Cooke with a retaliation, who, doubly inspired on the occasion, both by the beverage he had drank, and the protection of the audience, persevered till he had made a clear stage for himself. The actor who had been thus treated vowed vengeance on George, which he was determined to inflict the moment he had undressed himself. Somewhat sobered by these threats, Petruchio bethought himself of the advice of Hudibras—

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

So, heedless of the strangeness of his dress, he instantly slipt down the back stairs, and sought refuge in one of the obscure alleys behind the theatre. It was then just twelve o'clock, and as Cooke had rambled out of the high street, he did not even encounter a watchman asleep on his post. The sounds of wo, issuing with laughable solemnity from an humble hut, presently attracted his attention; they proceeded from an assemblage of persons, who (according to a custom still continued in the remoter parts of Ireland, on the death of a relation, or even acquaintance,) were assembled round a dead body, chaunting a dismal song, or howl, in full chorus. The reader must bear in mind the broad-brimmed hat and whimsical dress of Petruchio, and that most likely not one individual assembled in that place had ever seen a play; imagine, then, if possible, the wonder and horror of the poor simple souls, when George Frederick applied his shoulder to the slender wicket of the cabin, plunged into the midst of the group, sword in hand, oversetting those he first encountered, and advancing up to the foot of the bed, on which the body of an old woman was placed, exclaiming, in his own rough way, with his eyes distended to the utmost extent by intoxication—

> "How now, ye secret black and midnight hags,
> What is't ye do?"

Thunderstruck by the figure of the apparition, and the tones which proceeded from it, some of the mourners sought shelter under the bed, others crept half way up the chimney, while the remainder sallied out into the lane, praying most fervently to be released from the visitation of the devil, for a human being none could suppose George, who, left alone with the shrivelled remains of the old peasant, taking her parchment-coloured hand, pathetically exclaimed—

> "O, my love! my wife!
> Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
> Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty,
> Thou art not conquered—beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson on thy lips."—

" Beauty!—no, hang me, if it is tho',
Avaunt, thou horrid spectre!"

" But stop," said George, for his eye at that instant rested on a jug of whiskey punch, smoking in the chimney corner;—he eagerly grasped the handle and cried,

" Here's to my love."

The affrighted company taking by degrees a little courage, ventured, one by one, to peep through the key-hole, and then observed George had thrown away his sword, returned into the apartment, when he, in order to encourage them, exclaimed—" Don't fear me, 'tis only George Frederick Cooke; come, sit down, I'll smoke with you, and drink with you, aye, and pray with you, my jolly lads and lasses." Thus re-assured, George became gradually a great favourite with them, and revelled in the delights of tobacco and whiskey, " until his eye lids could no longer wag." He was then quietly placed on the bed with his imaginary Juliet, until the next morning, when he was discovered in his retreat, and conveyed home to his lodgings in a sedan chair.

Anecdote from Ammirato.—A rich old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence four hundred crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprized that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it. After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the duke, who would find some method of doing him justice. Alessandro accordingly ordered both the parties before him, and after hearing the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying, " Is it possible then, friend, that you have lent your money when no one was present?" " There was no one, indeed," replied the creditor, " I counted out the money to him on a post."—" Go, bring the post then this instant," said the duke, " and I will make it confess the truth." The creditor, though astonished, on receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the duke not

to be very speedy in his return. In the mean time the duke employed himself in transacting the affairs of his other suitors, till at length, turning again towards the borrower, "This man," said he, "stays a long time with his post."—"It is so heavy, sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed, "What kind of men are these that lend their money without evidence.—Was there no one present but the post?"—"No indeed, sir," replied the knave.—"The post is a good witness, then," said the duke, "and shall make thee pay the man his money."

ANECDOTE OF THE CHINESE.—When lord Macartney presented the elegant carriage made by Hatchett, at the palace of Yuenwing-yuen, the mandarines enquired where the emperor was to sit, and on being told in the inside, and that the coach-box, with its hammercloth ornamented with festoons and roses, was the seat of the coachman, they sneeringly asked of the English, if they supposed their Ta-whang-tie, their mighty emperor, would suffer any man to sit higher than himself, or turn his back on him!

THE AFRICAN PIRATES.—It may not at present be uninteresting to refer to the records of history for an account of those various exploits through which the pirates of the Mediterranean have either been repressed in their career by a partial chastisement, or stimulated to new outrages by a successful resistance.

The first, and certainly the most memorable expeditions against the corsairs of Africa were supported by the military power, and stimulated by the personal command of Charles V. This politic prince was enabled to summon the latent chivalry of the romantic ages to the support of a design which promised to unite all the enthusiastic notions of the first crusaders, with more sound anticipations of real benefit to mankind.—His expedition to Tunis, for the restoration of a deposed and persecuted monarch, was eminently successful; his last and more formidable attempt upon Algiers, unconquerable as it appeared, in the ex-

tent and splendour of the armament—the renown and religious devotion of the troops composing it—and, what was of no less importance in that age, the benedictions and exhortations of papal policy—this magnificent enterprise most miserably failed. Charles, like the ambitious adventurer of our own times, despised the prudence which would stop to consider the uncontrollable influence of the seasons upon the designs of man. He embarked amidst the threatenings and dangers of the autumnal storms, and only reached Algiers in safety, to exhibit a striking instance of the instability of human success, and the uncertain tenure of human greatness. In one night, after having terrified the Algerines by the display of his power—in one night by the sudden fury of the elements, in less than an hour, thirty-six ships and fifteen galleys were destroyed, with all their crews and military stores; the army, which had landed, was thus deprived of all means of subsistence; the camp was deluged by torrents of rain; many of the troops, wandering about in despair, were destroyed by the Moors and Arabs; and the unhappy remnant of that magnificent expedition escaped with the greatest danger from the revenge of their insatiate pursuers.

The desperate attempt of John Gascon to burn the Algerine fleet in their own bay can hardly be mentioned amongst the enterprises of the European states, although it received the sanction and assistance of Philip II. He failed, like his imperial predecessor, from too much temerity, and his miserable death served only as a warning to other adventurers.

The Algerines continued for a long time to annoy the maritime powers of Europe; and after the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, carried their depredations to the most terrifying excess. At length the French were roused to attempt something against them; and Beaulieu defeated them in a naval engagement.

The squadron of English men of war, under sir Robert Mansel, soon after rendered itself ridiculous by returning, after great preparation, without firing a shot. The Venetians at last fitted out a powerful armament, and completely destroyed the

fleet of the pirates; though without curbing their predatory spirit, or freeing the seas from these perfidious robbers.

The shores and passages of the Mediterranean continued to be infested with impunity, till Louis XIV., provoked by the outrages committed in his own provinces, resolved upon inflicting a grievous retribution. As the accounts of admiral Du Quesne's expeditions show what may be accomplished in the attempt to humble the Algerines by a naval armament, we shall notice his progress and success somewhat in detail.

Admiral Du Quesne sailed for Algiers in August 1682, and having anchored before the town, cannonaded and bombarded it so furiously, that the whole place was soon in flames. The inhabitants were on the point of abandoning their dwellings, when the wind suddenly shifting, obliged the admiral to return to Toulon. The Algerines immediately made the most dreadful reprisals on the French coast; and a new armament was destined to sail the next year.

In May 1683, Du Quesne with his squadron cast anchor before Algiers; where, being joined by the marquis d'Affranville at the head of five stout vessels, it was resolved to bombard the town the next day. Accordingly one hundred bombs were thrown into it the first day, which did terrible execution; while the besieged made some hundred discharges of their cannon against them without doing any considerable damage. The following night the bombs were again thrown into the city in such numbers, that the dey's palace and other great edifices were almost destroyed; some of their batteries were dismounted, and several vessels sunk in the port. The dey and Turkish bashaw, as well as the whole soldiery, alarmed at this dreadful havock, immediately sued for peace. As a preliminary, the immediate surrender was insisted on of all Christian captives who had been taken fighting under the French flag; which being granted, one hundred and forty-two of them were immediately delivered up, with a promise of sending him the remainder as soon as they could be got from the different parts of the country. Accordingly Du Quesne sent his commissary-general and one of his engineers into the town; but with express orders to insist upon the delivery

of all the French captives, without exception, together with the effects they had taken from the French; and that Mezomorto, their then admiral, and that Hali Rais, one of the captains, should be given as hostages.

This last demand having embarrassed the dey, he assembled the divan, and acquainted them with it; upon which Mezomorto fell into a violent passion, and told the assembly that the cowardice of those who sat at the helm had occasioned the ruin of Algiers; but that, for his part, he would never consent to deliver up any thing that had been taken from the French. He immediately acquainted the soldiery with what had passsed, which so exasperated them, that they murdered the dey that very night, and on the morrow chose Mezomorto in his place. This was no sooner done, than he cancelled all the articles of peace which had been made, and hostilities were renewed with greater fury than ever.

The French admiral now kept pouring in such vollies of bombs, that in less than three days the greatest part of the city was reduced to ashes; and the fire burnt with such vehemence that the sea was illuminated with it for more than two leagues round. Mezomorto, unmoved at all these disasters, and the vast number of the slain, whose blood ran in rivulets along the streets, or rather grown furious and desperate, sought only how to wreak his revenge on the enemy; and not content with causing all the French in the city to be cruelly murdered, ordered their consul to be tied hand and foot, and fastened alive to the mouth of a mortar, from which he was shot away against their navy. By this piece of inhumanity, Du Quesne was so exasperated, that he did not leave Algiers till he had utterly destroyed all their fortifications, shipping, almost all the lower part, and above two-thirds of the upper part of the city, by which means it became nearly a heap of ruins.

The recent exploits of the American and British navies, in the Mediterranean, are too well known to require any notice in in this place.

The following anecdote is recorded of admiral Keppel, which, at the present moment, may be amusing to some of our

readers.—While admiral Keppel commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the ministry by the merchants trading to the Levant, of the piracies of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers.—This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the ministry could no longer be silent; accordingly orders were sent to the admiral to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand restitution of the dey; and in case of refusal, he had an unlimited power to make reprisals. The admiral's squadron cast anchor in the offing, in the bay of Algiers, facing the dey's palace. He went ashore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew; proceeded to the palace, demanded an immediate audience; and being conducted to the dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, desired satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic majesty.—Surprised and astonished at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrance, the dey exclaimed, "that he wondered at the English king's insolence in sending him a foolish beardless boy. The admiral replied, "that if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his deyship a he-goat." Unused to such language from the sycophants of his court, this reply put him beside himself; and forgetting the laws of all nations in respect to ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took him to the window facing the bay; and showing him the English fleet lying at anchor, told him, if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The dey was wise enough to take the hint: the admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

When a person sneezes, it is usual to say, *God bless you*: as much as to say, may God so bless you as that portends; for as sneezing is beneficial to the head, and an effort of nature to remove an obstruction, or to throw off any thing that either clogs or stimulates, so it was antiently reckoned a good omen.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Gratum est, quod patriæ cives populoque dedisti.

Juvenal.

[From the Paris Spectator.]

THE following paper is translated from an entertaining work entitled *L'Hermite de la Chaussee d'Antin*, or, as it is more familiarly called, the *Paris Spectator*. One of the pupils of Sicard who is mentioned in it, is the gentleman of whom we gave some account in our last. He is still engaged in the noble design that brought him to our shores, and we hope that it will not be defeated by selfishness or jealousy. A benevolent man would not ask where a scite had been selected, and the just and generous will readily recognize the claims of Connecticut to the honour of having established the first institution of this nature in the United States.

WALKING on the boulevards, a few days ago, with an old comrade of the regiment to which I formerly belonged,—the chevalier Maurice, who usually lives in the country, but who comes to Paris two or three times a year, we amused ourselves in collecting together and examining the recollections of our youthful days; we called to mind our ancient occupations, our former pleasures, and we passed in review the places which had been the theatre of them, and the persons who had been our companions. I was obliged to confess that when we arrived in a garrison, it was always he who was chosen to make enquiries and discoveries, and the next day we were sure of being informed of all that was necessary to be known; to wit, the names of the handsomest ladies in the town, the best ordinary, the most fashionable coffee-house, and the most crowded promenade. "I was then able," said he, laughing, "to make a complete statistical table of France for the use of young officers; at present I can still charge myself with that of the capital, and I wager that I can teach you, who by profession ought to know Paris better than any one else, a great many things of which you are ignorant. He then cited to me the names of twenty little theatres, as many gardens, and public establishments where fetes were given, which in truth I

had never heard of. Whilst he was speaking, we were roughly jostled in one of the side walks of the boulevard, by a file of five or six men, who walked along very fast one after the other. Maurice apostrophised pretty sharply the one who had run against him, saying, "that a man when walking, should always look before him." "So I certainly would," answered the other, still pursuing his way, "if I only had eyes." "They are blind," cried the chevalier, with the astonishment of a man who thinks he has made a discovery. "I see," said I, "that you are much more familiar with objects of amusement, than with institutions of public utility, and I will wager, in my turn, that you do not even know in what quarter of Paris the hospital of the *Quinze Vingts* is situated. He acknowledged his ignorance, and his wonder increased on learning, that these unfortunate beings every day left their hospital, which is situated at the bottom of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and traversed Paris to go to the palais royal, where they perform as musicians, at the "*Cafe des Aveugles;**" and afterwards returned home at midnight, without guide or accident. The chevalier could scarce believe the phenomenon of such an instinct, and his astonishment was at the highest pitch, when I bade him observe at some steps from us, on the same boulevard where we were walking, two blind men who played "*piquet*" with as much assurance, and almost as fast as two amateurs of the "*Circle.*" "You only see there, however," said I, "a prodigy of address; I wish now to show you one, which appears, at first glance, to exceed the limits of human intelligence." I then mentioned the "*Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.*" As he appeared to call in question the facts he could not comprehend, I offered him the means of convincing himself, by his own eyes, and proposed to him to accompany me the next day to the public exhibition of that institution, for which I had tickets. He accepted the invitation with eagerness, and came the next morning with his sister and niece, who wished to be of the party.

While on our way, these ladies interrogated me upon its origin and progress, of which I could only give them very incom-

* Literally, "Coffee-house of the blind."—It takes its name from the circumstance of these blind men playing there.

plete details. The sublime idea of restoring to society, beings that nature appeared to have excluded from it, of supplying by education, the organs of hearing and speech, which they were deprived of, had, before it was matured in the head, or rather the heart of the celebrated "abbé de l'Epee," arrested at different epochs, the attention of a Spanish monk named Ponce, of the English mathematician Wallis, and of Amman, a physician of Harlem; but the honour of this admirable invention does not the less belong to him, who brought to perfection, the feeble attempts of his predecessors, who united them in a system, and who, like Vincent de Paul, that other benefactor of humanity, consecrated his life and fortune, to the foundation of one of the most useful establishments in France. Let us hope that public gratitude will prevent posterity from forgetting, that the abbé de l'Epee without office, without a living, without protection, without any other assistance than his own inheritance, which did not amount to more than 12,000 livres a year, maintained and instructed in his own house, forty deaf and dumb scholars, that he suffered for their sakes, the most long and painful privations, and that during the rigorous winter of 1788, he deprived himself of wood and clothes, in order that his pupils should want nothing. All these labours and sacrifices would have been lost, if the abbe had not found in his successor, an heir of his talents and virtues. The abbe Sicard, now instructor of the deaf and dumb, has completed the work of the abbe de l'Epee; he has deduced all the consequences of the system of education, of which the former had laid down the principles, and such is the perfection of the method employed by the abbe Sicard, that one is tempted sometimes to believe, that in the place of seeking a compensation for the organs of which nature has deprived his pupils, he has employed himself to the development of an intellectual sense in them, which is wanting in other men. I will give as a proof two of the well known answers of "*Massieu*," who, when asked for a definition of "*eternity*," immediately answered, "A day without yesterday or to-morrow;" and of "*gratitude*," "The memory of the heart."

While thus conversing we arrived at the ancient seminary of St. Magloire, where the national institution of the deaf and dumb

is situated. A large corpulent portress, towards whom nature has perhaps been too liberal in the gift which she has refused to the other inhabitants of the house, pointed out to us the hall of exhibition, at the bottom of a vast court, around which the most brilliant equipages were ranged. It was already filled; the first seats were occupied by elegant women, and by a number of strangers of distinction; the rest of the assembly was composed of men of letters, of scholars, who came to hear a course of moral physiology from this skilful professor, and of some masters and mistresses of boarding schools, who habitually come to his lectures, to learn orthography, and correct the faults, which perhaps they had taught the day before.

The young deaf and dumb pupils of both sexes arrived, and placed themselves on their seats; those who were designed to answer questions, ranged themselves in a species of amphitheatre, the extremity of which was provided with a black board, destined for demonstrations. Whilst these young persons occupied the attention of the spectators, the latter were, in their turn, the object of the animadversions of the former, who communicated their observations to each other, from one extremity of the hall to the other, in a manner less noisy, but quite as rapid as the audience. Their features were so expressive, their gestures so animated, that without being initiated into the mysteries of their language, it was easy to divine the object of their conversation. It is sometimes so gay, so epigrammatical, that their overseers are obliged to impose on them the silence of inaction. Their criticisms, more lively than malicious, were particularly exercised upon the ladies, whose persons, features, and manners, were by turns discussed and judged, in their little tribunal. The sister and niece of Maurice did not escape this examination; they were placed in such a manner, as only to be seen by one scholar, who undertook to draw their portraits for the benefit of his comrades. The pretty face of the niece, her modest behaviour, and the glow of health and youth, which distinguished her, were described in a manner so picturesque, that the amiable model, by whom the action of the painter was not unobserved, blushed at the same time with modesty and pleasure. The mute interlocutors then interrogated the

same young man, respecting the mother of her, whose portrait had been drawn so glowingly. He described her by gestures so comic; he pointed out so pleasantly the curve of her parrot nose, to which her chin seemed momentarily inclined to join, that all eyes were directed upon the good lady, who laughed herself at the grimaces, of which she was far from supposing herself the object.

The first part of the exhibition was devoted to grammatical questions, which the abbe Sicard developed for the instruction of his hearers, and of which solutions were given by his scholars, with a clearness and precision, that would have done honour to the most learned grammarians. If we reflect for a moment on the immense efforts, the patience, and the combinations, which are necessary to cause so many abstract ideas to enter the heads of these children without the aid of speech, and by the means of the eyes alone, it is impossible not to be filled with the most profound admiration. This sentiment is still further augmented, when passing from grammar to metaphysics, we hear, (if I may use the expression) persons deaf and dumb from their birth, analyze the human thought, by a process of which they have created even the expression! Among many answers remarkable for their admirable sagacity, I chose those which "Massieu" and "Le Clerc" (two of the most learned scholars) had given me: I asked them,

"The difference between desire and hope." The answer of Massieu was,

"Desire is a tree in leaves, hope a tree in flowers, enjoyment a tree bearing fruit."—That of Le Clerc was as follows:

"Desire is an inclination of the heart, hope a confidence of the mind."

I may be deceived, but it appears to me that this last definition would have been admired, had it even been found in the writings of Locke or Condillac.

It is by similar examples, that the abbe Sicard is able to demonstrate, that not only all the different shades of language as it is spoken, can be appreciated by the deaf and dumb, but also that their language, which may be called "*the language of ideas*," is richer than ours; for it cannot be denied, that a man endowed with

a lively imagination, and expanded mind, conceives many ideas he cannot find words to explain or utter.

To finish the exhibition, *Massieu* dictated to *Le Clerc*, the discourse pronounced by M. Ledieu upon the tomb of the abbe Delille. His gestures were so distinct, and at the same time so rapid, that it was written as fast as if it had been dictated by sounds. For the signs of Massieu in painting the great French poet, Le Clerc wrote at first "*Virgil*," but upon an observation being made to him, he wrote "*Delille*" underneath, and joined the two names together.

General acclamations, among which those of my old friend were not the least remarkable, proved to the celebrated instructor the estimation attached to his useful labours, and the extreme interest excited by his pupils. The abbe seized this moment to inform the audience, "that there were in France two thousand deaf and dumb persons, exclusive of the three hundred admitted into his establishment; that many were not in a situation to pay their board, however trifling it might be, and that a box was placed at the door of the hall, to receive the pious offerings of those who appreciate the blessings of education, to beings in such an unfortunate situation." I observed with the greatest satisfaction, the eagerness with which each one hastened, to acquit this debt of benevolence, but I had reason to believe that the ladies, who carry neither pockets nor money, would in consequence be unable to take a part in so good an action; I was deceived; I saw numbers obeying those spontaneous emotions of the soul, which so often and so worthily excite them, take off their ear-rings, their necklaces, and even the chains of their watches, to throw them into the box for these unfortunate beings. The more I see, the more I am convinced that mankind, and especially the female part, is not half so bad as certain complaining moralists would make us believe.

ST. DOMINGO.—CHRISTOPHE.

Extract of a letter from a merchant in the West Indies, dated 16th June, 1818.

"When we arrived at St. Domingo, there were several vessels in the harbour of cape Henry, where no person is permitted to land until the vessel they arrive in has been visited by a boat from the shore. Shortly after coming to anchor, the visiting boat came off with an officer, interpreter, &c Their appearance was by no means prepossessing. Dressed in very wide checked trowsers, with boots above, a long blue coat faced with red, and out at elbows, a huge cocked hat, with a red feather at least two feet long, and a dragoon sabre by their side, gave to their black faces a very formidable appearance. They were, however, very civil, made their *bon jour a la Francoise*, inquired the news, swallowed cheese, ham, &c. by the lump, moistening them well with wine, gin, and porter, and then lugged us, the captain and three other passengers, all away to the governor, M. le duc de Marmalade, a black man, about sixty years of age, a native of Africa, mild in his manners, and exceedingly well liked by both natives and strangers.—He merely enquired our names and business, took all our letters, papers, &c. in order to have them translated for his majesty, and then ordered us to wait upon M. le baron Dupuy, a coloured man, about fifty, private secretary to the king, &c. reckoned a second Talleyrand, and looks certainly a man of address. I was introduced to prince John, from whom I experienced much civility; and waited upon him frequently during my stay at the cape. He is reckoned a good kind of man, but possessing no abilities. To one who has seen negroes and coloured people only in the degraded situation in which they are in the colonies, it has a singular effect on the feelings to go among them where they only have command and control; and although from my short residence in this quarter of the world, and from my general feelings towards them, as a people who are and have been cruelly and unjustifiably ill used, still I felt something like an ill-natured contempt for their assuming an authority over me. The desolation which surrounds you in the town of Cape Henry serves to keep alive this feeling; and is, on first landing, the most impressive scene I ever witnessed.

It was formerly a town containing sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants; built upon a plain in the most regular order; all the streets intersecting each other at right angles, and running in straight lines east and west, and north and south. The buildings have been uniformly elegant. Picture to yourselves such a place; the houses completely sacked, and only the outward walls and balconies remaining—trees and shrubs growing within and upon the walls, and grass growing upon the streets, and you have something almost as melancholy as the appearance of Cape Henry.—To complete the picture, however, you must conceive a climate uniformly serene, a kind of splendour in the bright blazing sun, and the lively verdure all around, and something so impressively sad in the appearance of the partial occupation of the ruined houses, which here and there contain a family of blacks or mulattoes, that words cannot convey any adequate description of the scene. You are continually reminded, that others than those you now see in a corner of what has been a princely mansion, raised it and dwelt in it; and, for aught you can tell, the very persons who now huddle up in one corner of it, may have cut the throats of its former owners. The houses of the few English and Americans resident there are an exception to this, as are also the few occupied by the nobility. These have been completely repaired, and just serve to show how splendid a place it must have been when all the others were in the same state. The same description will apply to the country. I had an opportunity of travelling from Gonaives across to the cape, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. On every side I could see the ruins of fine houses and plantations: and, from the appearance of the country, I have little doubt but the assertion of the French is correct, "that their possessions in St. Domingo were once worth all the colonies in the West Indies." I had no opportunity of seeing Christophe, which I was sorry for; but he keeps himself so aloof from the cape, that I might have continued there three months without his being once in it; and even then perhaps not visible. The following authentic particulars of his character may convey to you a livelier idea of him than a mere description of his person, which, by the bye, I have been told, is the elegant model of

a Hercules:—in battle he is brave to desperation; his courage rising with danger. He has been seen in the heat of an engagement animated with the fury of a tiger, raging and foaming through all his ranks. He is revengeful beyond measure. He had a regiment commanded by a coloured man, which went over to Petion. The moment he was apprised of the circumstance, he ordered a massacre of all the coloured women in his dominions, and not even to waste powder on them. I was shown several places where numbers of these unfortunate females were butchered; many were hid by their relatives till the fury abated. I had the particulars of their escape, from the lips of two or three. They still live in great dread; and some who are even wealthy would gladly abandon all, and go any where to get out of his power, whom they hate, but never name. He is extravagant in his notions of grandeur, and proud as Lucifer himself, severe as a tyrant towards those of his own colour, and who are his subjects, at the same time rigidly enforcing the laws, and protecting strangers who respect them. In no country in Europe are duties and customs so rigidly exacted, or illicit trade so completely prevented. Add to this, that I travelled in the interior of the country, where not a white face is to be seen, with as much security as I would have done in any part of Great Britain. This is not to be done without a passport signed by himself. No stranger is permitted to go a hundred yards beyond the barriers of the cape without such permission. I do not think, however, that his government will be of long duration. He is so much the tyrant, that he must have many enemies among his seeming friends; besides, being himself an usurper, and engrossing all the riches of the country, and applying them often foolishly, and without advice, will naturally inspire those about him with notions dangerous to his safety. His personal character is so well known, that none will attempt any thing against him, till they are sure they have him. At all events, I conceive Petion must eventually overcome him. His character is so opposite to Christophe's in all that is good, that his success will save the country."

THE INFERNO OF ALTISIDORA.

"A uno dellos nuero, flamante y bien enguardernado le diéron un papirotazo, que le sacaron las tripas, y le esparcieron los hojas."—DON QUIXOTE, Part II., lib. viii. cap. 70.

"They tossed up a new book fairly bound, and gave it such a smart stroke, that the very guts flew out of it, and all the leaves were scattered about."—MOTTEUX' *Translation.*

[From the Edinburgh Annual Register.]

I WAS thus whiling away my evening, with a volume of Don Quixote open before me, when my attention was caught by the account which Altisidora gives of the amusement of the devils in the infernal regions. "I got to the gates of hell," says she, "where I found a round dozen of devils in their breeches and waistcoats, playing at tennis with flaming rackets; they wore flat bands, with scolloped Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same; four inches of their wrist bare to make their hands look the longer, in which they held rackets of fire. But what surprised me most was, that, instead of tennis-balls, they made use of books, that were every whit as light, and stuffed with wind and flocks, and such kind of trumpery. This was indeed most strange and wonderful; but what amazed me still more; I found that, contrary to the custom of gamesters, among whom the winning party is at least in good humour, and the losers only angry, these hellish tossers of books of both sides did nothing but fret, fume, stamp, curse, and swear most horribly, as if they had been all losers. "That's no wonder at all," quoth Sancho, "for your devils, whether they play or no, win or lose, they can never be contented." When I had proceeded thus far in my author, the light begun to fail me. I finished my last glass of wine, and threw myself back in my easy chair to digest what I had read. The ludicrous description of Cervantes became insensibly jumbled with my own reveries on the critical taste and literary talents of my contemporaries, until I sunk into a slumber. The consequence was a dream, which I am tempted to send you as an introduction to some scraps of poetry, that, without it, would be hardly intelligible.

Methought, sir, I was (like many of my acquaintance) on the high-way to the place of perdition. The road, however, seemed neither broad, nor flowery, nor easy. In steepness, indeed, and in mephitic fragrance, the place of my peregrination was no bad emblem of the descent of Avernus; but, both in these and in other respects, it chiefly resembled a deserted *close* in the more ancient part of our good city. Having been accustomed to the difficulties of such footing in my younger days, I picked my way, under low-browed arches, down broken steps, and through miscellaneous filth, with a dexterity which no iron-heeled beau of the present day could have emulated. At length I came in sight of a very large building, with a court-yard in front, which I conceived to be the Tartarus towards which I had been descending; I saw, however, neither Minos nor Æacus, neither Belial nor Beelzebub; and, to speak plainly, sir, the building itself seemed rather to resemble your own Pandemonium, than either that of Milton, the Erebus of Virgil, or the dread abode of Hela. Cerberus was chained near the door; but, as he had got rid of two of his heads, and concentrated their ferocity in that which he retained, he did not greatly differ in appearance from an English bulldog. Had it not been for certain whips, scourges, gorgon-faces, and other fearful decorations of infernal architecture, which were disposed on its front by way of architrave, like the fetters and chains in front of Newgate,—had it not been, I say, for these and similar emblems of disappointment, contempt, and mortification, and for a reasonable quantity of flying dragons and hissing serpents that occasionally flew in or out of the garret windows, I should rather have taken the place for an immense printing-house than for the infernal regions. But what attracted my attention chiefly, was the apparition of a body of fiends, of different stature, size, and ages, who were playing at racket with new books, exactly in the manner described by Cervantes in the passage I have quoted, and whose game was carried on and contested with most astonishing perseverance in the court-yard I have mentioned. The devils, being, I presume, of real British extraction, were not clad in the Spanish costume of laced bands and scolloped sleeves, and they seemed to have transferred the pride which Alti-

sidora's fiends took in the length of their wrists, as mine more demoniacally piqued themselves on the longitude and sharpness of their claws. Neither was the party equipped in the same livery, but exhibited all sorts of dresses, from the priest's to the soldier's, and from that of a modern fine gentleman to the rags of a *poltroon*, whose cloven hoofs peeped through his second hand boots. They all wore vizards, however, which, although not complete disguises, (for the by-standers pretended to distinguish them by their mode of playing, and I heard them whisper, "that's Astaroth," "that's Belphegor," and so forth,) yet served, like the wire masque of a fencer, to save their faces from the awkward accidents incident to so violent a sport. I did, indeed, remark one old gentleman, and, 'twas said, he had been a notable man in his day, who made a match to be played bare-faced; but whether, like Entellus of old, he had become stiff and unwieldy, or whether he was ill-seconded by his few and awkward partners, so it was that he was soon obliged to give up the game, which the rest continued to prosecute with the utmost vigour.

As few of the volumes, which it was their amusement to buffet, stood many bangs with the racket, the whole ground was whitened with their fragments; and it would have grieved your very heart, sir, to see the waste of good paper and pica. The incessant demand of the players for new materials was as constantly supplied by a set of little ragged urchins, nowise differing from printers' devils, except that each had at his back a small pair of bat's wings, which, I suppose, were only for show, as I did not observe the imps make any use of them. The books, which they brought in quantities from the interior of the building, they tossed one by one into the air, and it seemed their object (but which they rarely attained,) to throw them out of the reach of the gamesters' rackets, and if possible, over the low boundaries of the court-yard. On the other side of these limits waited an immense and miscellaneous concourse of spectators, whose interest seemed to be excited by the fate of each volume. The general appearance of the game resembled tennis, or rather battledore and shuttle-cock; but I was unable to trace the various and apparently complicated principles acted upon by those engaged in it. This I observed in general, that when, by its natu-

ral lightness and elasticity, or by the dexterity of the *diablotins* by whom it was committed to the air, or by the stroke of some friendly racket, or, in fine, by a combination of these causes, a volume was so fortunate as to clear the barrier, it was caught up like a relique by the spectators on the outside. You have seen, sir, boys at a review chase each other for the fragments of smoking cartridges, which may give you some idea of the enthusiastic regard with which these fortunate books were received by this admiring multitude. On the contrary, when any one was struck to the ground, or shattered to pieces within the enclosure, its fall was solemnized by whooping and hisses and groans from the good company. So far I could understand the game well enough, and could easily comprehend further, that the imps by whom each book was thrown into the air, had deep bets in dependence upon its being struck across the line. But it was not so easy to comprehend the motives of the different players. Sometimes you beheld them anxious to strike a volume among the spectators, sometimes equally industrious to intercept its flight, and dash it to the ground. Often you saw them divide into different parties, the one attempting to keep up a favourite book, the other to bring it down. These partialities occasionally gave rise to very diverting bye-games. I sometimes saw a lubbard fiend, in attempting to give an impulse to a ponderous volume, strike it right up into the air, when, to the infinite delight and laughter of the beholders, it descended with added momentum upon his own noddle, and put him out of combat for some time. I also observed the little bat-winged gentry occasionally mix among the racqueteers, and endeavour to bias their game by bribing them to play booty. Their offers were sometimes accepted with silent shame, sometimes rejected with open contempt; but I observed in general, that those whom these bustling but subordinate imps were able to influence, were the worst players, and most frequently exposed to the ridiculous accidents which excited the contempt of the spectators. Indeed, the gamesters were incalculably different in strength, activity, and dexterity; and one of superior address was very often able, by a well-timed back-stroke of his racket, to send in, or to bring down, a book, which all his comrades had combined

to destroy or to save. Such a game, it may be easily believed, was not played by such a description of beings without infinite noise, clamour, and quarrel. Sometimes a book would be bandied between two of them without any further regard for the volume than as they could strike it against each other's face, and very often one party seemed determined to buffet a work to shivers, merely because another set had endeavoured to further it on its journey over the lists. After all, a great deal seemed to depend on the degree of *phlogiston* which each manufacturer endeavoured to throw into his volume, and which, if successfully infused, afforded an elasticity capable of resisting the downward impulse of the most unfavourable racket. In some few cases, the mob without made a scramble for a favourite, broke in, deranged the play, overset the racqueteers, and carried off in triumph, works which apparently would never have reached them according to the usual practice of the game. These cases, however, were uncommon; and when, through a violent and unfair blow, some tome, which had been waited for with anxiety without the barrier, was beat down and trampled on by the players, its fall only occasioned slight murmurs, among the respectable part of the expectants, without any desperate attempt to rescue it. A single friend or two sometimes essayed to collect the fragments of a volume, and to raise an outcry against the usage which it had sustained; but, unless supported by the general voice of the exterior mass, they were usually jostled down by the players, or silenced by a smart knock with a racket. The fate of a volume, also, *cæteris paribus*, depended in some degree on its size. Your light *twelve-mo*, sir, (to use your own barbarous dialect) flew further with a favourable impulse, and afforded a less mark to the assailant, than the larger and more ponderous quarto. But neither was this rule without exception. Some large volumes spread their wings like wild swans, and went off triumphant, notwithstanding all the buffets of opposition; and, on the other hand, you might see a whole covey of crown octavos, and duodecimos, and such small deer, drop as fast as a flight of plovers who have received a shower of hail-shot while upon the wheel. In short, the game depended on an endless complication of circumstances

and principles; and although I could easily detect many of them when operating singly, they were yet so liable to be balanced and counterbalanced, that I would sooner have betted on throwing doublets thrice running at backgammon than upon the successful escape of any single volume from the rackets, and its favourable transmission to the other side of the court-yard. But, after I had long watched this extraordinary scene, I at length detected a circumstance which altogether confounded the few calculations which its uncertainty had previously permitted me to form.

I observed that there mingled among those engaged in the game, as well as among the gazing crowd, a man in the extremity of old age. His motions were as slow as the hour-hand of a watch, yet he seemed to be omnipresent; for, wherever I went, I saw him or the traces of his footsteps. Wherever I turned my eyes, whether upon the players, or upon the populace who watched their motions, I beheld him; and though I could with infinite difficulty find out his occupation while gazing upon him, yet, by watching him from time to time, I discovered that his influence was as powerful as its operations were slow and invisible. To this personage, whom I heard them call *Tempus*, various appeals were made on all hands. The patrons of the wrecked volumes claimed his protection almost unanimously; the defeated players themselves, though more coldly, desired him to do justice between them and their more successful opponents, or to make register of the undue violence by which spectators in some cases rescued their lawful prey. The old gentleman, to do him right, was as impartial as the justices of peace, in a small debt court, when none has a tenant at the bar, and as inexorable as the same bench when dinner time draws near. He continued his tardy but incessant manœuvres, now crawling among the feet of the gamesters to collect and piece together some of those volumes which had suffered the extremity of their fury, and now gliding unseen and unnoticed among the spectators, to wile out of their hands certain works which they had received with the loudest jubilee; and he succeeded in both cases, as nurses do in securing the play-things of children, which they have either broken in a pet, or admired to satiety. The use which he made of his power

and his perseverance, was very different in these different cases. When he had slyly possessed himself of some of these works which had been most highly applauded, I detected him stealing towards a neighbouring ditch (the Lethé of the region) into which he discharged his burthen, without the least regret on the part of those from whom he had abstracted it. On the other hand, in his slow and imperceptible manner, he would every now and then unfold to some of the more grave and respectable among the bystanders, fragments and favourite passages out of books he had rescued from among the feet of the racket-players, and, by the impression these made, he gradually paved the way for a general and brilliant reception of an entire volume. And I must observe of the books thus brought into notice, that they were said to be rarely liable to a second declension in public favour, but, with a few worthies, who, like them, had stood the test of *Time*, were, I was informed, deposited in an honourable and distinguished place in his library, for the admiration and instruction of future ages.

The general feeling of surprise and consternation, with which I had hitherto regarded this extraordinary scene, began soon to give way to curiosity and to the desire of making more minute observations. I ventured to draw as near as I durst to the old father I have described, who was then employed in collecting and piecing a huge quarto, which had received an uncommonly severe buffet from a racket, and on the front of which I could spell the word *Madoc*. "Good father," said I, as respectfully as I could, "do you account that volume a great treasure?" "Since I saved," answered he, "a poem in the same measure, the work of an old blind man, out of the hands of some gay courtiers, I have hardly made a more valuable acquisition." "And what then do you purpose to do with it?" pursued I, emboldened by his affability.—"Reserve it under my mantle, as I did the former, for an age worthy of it."—"Good Tempus," resumed I, "if I do not entirely mistake your person, I have some reason to complain of hard measure from you. Is it not you that have thinned my hair, wrinkled my forehead, diminished my apartments, lessened my income, rendered my opinions antiquated, and my company undesirable? yet all this will I forgive you on one slight condition.

You cannot have forgot a small miscellany, published about twenty years ago, which contained some copies of verses subscribed Amyntor?"—The old personage protested his total want of recollection.—"You will soon remember them," rejoined I; "suffer me but to repeat the verses to Lydia, when a fly settled on the tip of her ear."—"I have not time," answered the obdurate old brute, although he was Time itself—"Yet promise me," cried I, endeavouring to detain him, "that you will look back among your stores for this little volume, and give it that interest in the eyes of posterity, which was refused to it by contemporary stupidity and malevolence." "My son," replied he, gliding from my grasp as he spoke, "you ask of me impossibilities. Yon ditch, to which is consigned all the refuse of this Pandemonium, has most assuredly received the volume in which you are so much interested. Yet do not be altogether disconcerted. A set of honest pains-taking persons have erected gratings upon the common sewer of oblivion, from one interval to another, for the precise purpose of gathering the scraps of printed paper thrown into it, without being deterred by the mean and nameless purposes which they have served. No lame beggar rakes the kennel for stub-nails with half the assiduity that these gentlemen fish among all sorts of trash for the names and offals of forgotten rhymers; for love esteems no office mean, or, as the same old friend has it,

Entire affection scorneth nicer hands.

If thou hast any luck," continued he, looking at me with infinite contempt, "thy fragments may be there fished up by some future antiquary, and thy name rendered as famous as the respectable sounds of Herricke or Derricke, or others that are only now remembered because till now they have been most deservedly forgot." With that, his usual constant though imperceptible motion conveyed him out of my hold and out of my sight.

I endeavoured to divert the mortification which this colloquy had excited, by turning my attention once more to the game of racket, which was continued with more fury than ever. These hellish tossers of books, as Cervantes calls them, curst, swore,

threatened, roared, and foamed, as if the universe depended on the issue of their gambols. Verse and prose, sermons and stage-plays, politics and novels, flew to pieces without distinction; nor (what you, sir, would probably have felt afflicting) was more respect paid to the types of Bensley or Bulmer, or to your own, than to those employed on half-penny ballads and dying speeches.

In observing the manner and address of the different players, my attention was at length powerfully fixed by the dexterity of one individual dæmon. He was, in stature and complexion, the identical "wee reekit devil" of my poor friend Robert Burns; but, being ambidexter, and possessed of uncommon activity and accuracy of aim, he far surpassed all his competitors. He often showed his dexterity by striking the same volume alternately in different directions, leaving the gaping crowd totally at a loss whether it was his intention to strike it over the lists, or to shiver it to atoms; and he had an unlucky back-handed blow by which he could sometimes intercept it, while all hands were in the air to receive it with acclamation. Sometimes he seemed to repent him of his severity, and, in one or two instances, endeavoured to give a new impulse to works which had suffered by it. But this seemed to defy even his address; and indeed I observed of the players, that they were not only, as might be expected from the philosophic observations of Sancho upon their diabolical nature, much more prone to assault a book than to favour it; but even when they made the latter attempt, they went about it awkwardly, and were very rarely successful. But, in shattering calf-skin and letter-press, the dexterity of this champion was unequalled, which produced him much ill-will from his less successful brethren; till at length, like Ismael, his hand was against every one, and every one's against him. A dæmon, in particular, who had exchanged a jockey whip for the racket, seemed to bear him particular spleen, and I generally observed them and their followers attempt to strike the books at each other's noses. The latter gamester, although he played some capital strokes, and was indisputably the second-best in the field, could not at first be termed equal to the other in agility, although, as he grew warmer, he evidently improved in his game, and began to divide the opinion of the spec-

tators, chiefly aided by some unknown individuals closely masked, but who, like the disguised heroes of romance, were easily distinguished from the vulgar. I observed that the rivalry between these two leaders was attended with some acts of violence, especially after either of them had taken a cordial out of a small dram-bottle, to which they occasionally applied. These flasks, I was informed by a by-stander, contained an alcohol called *Spirit of Party;* infamous, like all ardent spirits, for weakening the judgment, dazzling the eyes, and inflaming the imagination, but rectified in a different manner according to the taste of those who used it. "It is a pity that they are so much addicted to the use of it," added he; "but, were you to ask them its nature, the one would pretend that his was pure *Pit-water*, and the other protest that he himself only used a little genuine and salubrious *Hollands;* although his enemies pretend that he, or at least that some of his followers, preferred a French liqueur double-distilled *a la Burdett.*"

My curiosity now became ungovernable; and, as the lively genius aforesaid was standing near the court-yard wall leaning on his racket, after having played, as we used to say at the high-school, a very hard *end*, I could not help addressing him for some explanation. "I see, sir," said I, very respectfully, "upon some of these loose leaves with which your dexterity and that of your companions has been sheeting this area, certain works to which our upper world is no stranger. But, what greatly surprises me is, to behold fragments of some books bearing the names of well known authors, who, I am pretty confident, have not yet given such productions to the public." "My friend," replied he, in a very peculiar tone of voice, which I have certainly heard somewhere about Edinburgh, "you must know that what you now behold is an emblematical represensation as well of what is to happen, as of what has befallen in the earthly walks of literature and criticism. You remember, I doubt not, the occupation of Anchises in the shades?" "I rather think I do not," replied I. The goblin proceeded:

> "Inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras
> Lustrabat———

"In something the same manner our sport announces the reception of the future labours of the press, the fates and fortunes which books yet unborn are to experience both from the critics and from the world in general. In short, as critics play the devil upon earth, so we devils play the critics in hell. I myself am the image, or emblem, or *Eidolon*, of a celebrated"——Here his discourse was interrupted by a quarrel among the gamesters. A racqueteer, whom I had observed playing my obliging informer's back-game, and who, though in a parson's band and gown, had distinguished himself by uncommon frisks and gambols, was complaining loudly that one opponent had given him a black eye with his racket, and that another, in the trencher-cap of an Oxford student, had torn and dirtied his band. My friend went with all speed to his assistance, leaving me to regret the interruption of his communications. Indeed the urbanity of this goblin seemed so great a contrast to his diabolical character, and to the inveteracy with which he pursued the game, that I could not help concluding in his favour, like the liberal-minded Sancho Panza on a similar occasion, that there may be some good sort of people even in hell itself.

I became aware, from his kind explanation, of the opportunity afforded me of collecting some literary intelligence from so authentic a source. I hastened to gather some of the scattered leaves which bore the mark or signature of celebrated living names; and while I glanced them over, I exulted in the superiority which my collection would afford me in the conversaziones of the upper world. In the midst of this task my ears were assailed with a discordant sound, which imagination, with its usual readiness to adapt external impressions on the senses to the subject of a dream, represented as proceeding from a battle royal of the fiends. But, as the din predominated over my slumber, I plainly distinguished the voice of my beldame landlady screaming to her noisy brats in the tone of a wild-cat to its litter, that their caterwauling would disturb the "old gentleman's afternoon nap."

I was no sooner thoroughly awakened by her ill-judged precautions in favour of my repose, than I took pen and ink, and en-

deavoured to secure the contents of the fragments which yet floated in my imagination. I am sensible I have succeeded but indifferently; nor can I pretend to have made by any means an exact transcript of what the visionary fragments presented. In this respect I am exactly in the same predicament with the great Corelli, who, you know, always insisted that his celebrated piece of music, called from the circumstances, the Devil's Concerto, was very inferior to that which his Satanic majesty had designed in a vision to perform upon his violin. As, therefore, I am conscious that I have done great injustice to the verses from the imperfection of my memory, and as I have, after all, only the devil's authority for their authenticity had I recollected them more accurately, I will not do any respectable author the discredit to prefix his name to them, trusting that, if my vision really issued from the Gate of Horn, these fragments will retain traces of resemblance sufficient to authorise their being appropriated to their respective authors. I retain some others in my budget, which it is not impossible I may offer to you next year.

Meanwhile, I am, sir, (for any nonsenical name will suit as well as my own) your humble servant,

CALEB QUOTEM.

FRAGMENT FIRST.

THE POACHER.

Welcome, grave stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets!
Thrice welcome, sage, whose philosophic plan
By nature's limits metes the rights of man;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls;
O'er court and custom-house, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings!
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind;
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese;

Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our buckskin'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,
To give the denizens of wood and wild,
Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
Hence hast thou marked, with grief, fair London's race
Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chace,
And long'd to send them forth as free as when
Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
When musquet, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
And scarce the field-pieces were left behind!
A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismayed,
On every covey fired a bold brigade—
La Douce Humanite approved the sport,
For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt.
Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
And Seine re-echoed, *vive la liberte!*
But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
With some few added links resumes his chain;
Then, since such scenes to France no more are known,
Come view, with me, a hero of thine own!
One, whose free actions, vindicate the cause
Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here, little-worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce mark'd path descends yon dingle deep:
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel formed for poorest of the poor;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves;

For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day:
Though placed where still the conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law;
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.*

Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade;
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon and the crape.
His pilfered powder, in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant-plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare;
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds moon-light,† run when moon was none;
And late snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain;
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort nature claims a pause.

* Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

† A cant name for smuggled spirits.

Beyond the loose and sable neck-cloth stretch'd,
His sinewy throat seems by convulsions twitch'd,
While the tongue faulters, as to utterance loth,
Sounds of dire import—watch-word, threat, and oath.
Though stupified by toil, and drugg'd with gin,
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismayed.—

"Was that wild start of terror and despair,
Those bursting eye-balls, and that wildered air,
Signs of compunction for a murdered hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eye-brows arch,
For grouse or partridge massacred in March!"

No, scoffer, no! Attend, and mark with awe,
There is no wicket in the gate of law!
He, that would e'er so slightly set ajar
That awful portal, must undo each bar;
Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
Was Edward Mansell once;—the lightest heart,
That ever played on holiday his part!
The leader he in every Christmas game,
The harvest feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward named the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song:
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
"'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had had the same, some thirty years before."

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke.
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown, who robs the warren or excise,
With sterner felons trained to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then,—as in plagues the foul contagious pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—

Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfered game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy, and direr deeds.

Wild howled the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renewed her dismal song;
Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walked his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook,
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook!
The wading moon, with storm presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam;
The old oak stooped his arms, then flung them high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couched amid the brushwood sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watched the deer:
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
O'erpowered at length the outlaw drew his knife!
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell!

FRAGMENT SECOND.

Oh say not, my love, with that mortified air,
That your spring time of pleasure is flown,
Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair,
For those raptures that still are thine own!

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine,
Its tendrils in infancy curled,
'Tis the ardours of August mature us the wine
Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashioned as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstacy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love!

* * * * *

[The rest was illegible, the fragment being torn across by a racket.]

The third fragment is omitted, having been since enlarged and published under the title of "The Bridal of Friermain."—Ed. P. F.

THE STARLING.—A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

CHAPTER I.—A SOLILOQUY.

"See where she leans her cheek upon her hand.
Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss her cheek."

Such was the attitude of Maria, and such might have been the wish of any one who is susceptible of tenderness, and whose heart has ever felt the sympathizing throb, awakened by beauty when melancholy has given resistless allurement to the features.

"Alas!" sighed she, "how hopeless is this cruel passion, which I have suffered to obtrude itself into my bosom!—But how could I resist the allurements of such a form, united with such merits of the heart, and of the understanding?—Yet I ought to have resisted. How could I expect that a man of Courtney's opulence, would condescend to cast a thought on a poor friendless orphan, whose scanty fortune exceeds not the limits of the humblest competency!—Yet my family was once not much inferior in honour or opulence to his own: and sure the mind of my Courtney is too noble to be swayed by the selfish prejudices of the vulgar crowd. But what to me avails the generosity of his

heart, if that heart sympathizes not with the emotions of mine. Unhappy sex! forbad at once by custom and instinctive delicacy, to reveal the tender impressions of which we are but too susceptible; if we love it is without hope—while to our sufferings even the mournful consolation of pity is denied!—But perhaps I merit this misery; perhaps that female heart approaches too near to wantonness, which is yielded unsolicited to the influence of a tender passion. Prudence, and the opinion of the age, forbid attachment from beginning on the part of the female; but will the instincts of nature subside at the formal mandates of prudence? will the tenderest passions of the soul be influenced by the cold dictates of opinion? can the heart on which nature has affixed her impress, be new moulded by the maxims of fashion? Why are our sex endowed with sensibility? why are we thus susceptible of tenderness, if the softest, the earliest, the most powerful of all the effects of such a disposition is inconsistent with the delicacy of our nature? Of what can I reproach myself, but being too sensible of merit, and imbibing, ere I was aware, a passion, which, with painful caution, I have endeavoured to conceal."

Thus, while the tear trembled in her eye, meditated the lovely Maria Howard, when her soliloquy was interrupted by the appearance of a servant, who summoned her into the drawing-room to officiate at the altar of Hysonia, informing her at the same time, with all the officious eagerness of a confidential chambermaid, that Mr. Courtney was below with her aunt.

CHAPTER II.—EXPLANATIONS. GALLANTRY.

"And every tongue that lisps forth Romeo's name,
Speaks heav'nly eloquence."

This speech of Juliet breathes the genuine spirit of love, as the following circumstance will illustrate. It is necessary before we proceed, to inform the reader of a circumstance which, however trifling it may appear, will be found of some importance at the conclusion of our story. In short, then, the pensive hours of Maria were not a little cheered by the society of one of those little natives of the grove, who are endowed alike with the power of warbling the notes of tutored melody, and of imitating the

voice and accents of man. And, as the name of Courtney, followed always with a sigh, was almost constantly escaping from the lips of Maria, this little starling was not long before it learned to articulate the same tender sound, to the no small satisfaction of the pensive beauty. To the name that is dear to us, we are ever happy to listen; and the tongue which most frequently repeats it, sounds with the sweetest harmony in our ears. No wonder then that the lovely Maria soon grew so fond of a little prattler, that from morning to night was continually calling upon one for whom she entertained the most pure and ardent affection. She fed it with her own hand, she conversed with it for hours, and became as fond of it as the tender mother is of her infant child.

But to resume the thread of our narrative, as soon as our heroine was informed that Courtney was below, she blushed, and with spirits all in a flutter (anxious, no doubt, to show her dutiful obedience to her aunt, by the promptitude with which she attended to her summons) hastened to the drawing-room, forgetting even to give her favourite bird the accustomed kiss, or to shut the little prattler in his cage.

Courtney had been, hitherto, entertaining the old lady with news and politics, for which, like most of her sisterhood, she had a most ardent passion. But as soon as youth and beauty beamed before him in full radiance (for a sudden blush restored the faded blossom to Maria's cheek) the sprightly gallant began to display his talent for a softer kind of conversation.

"Why have we been deprived of the pleasure of your company all this while, miss Maria? We have been in want of your judgment to decide our controversy, or rather of your sweet influence to dissipate the dispute."

Maria only replied by her confusion; but miss Susannah was more eloquent.

"Her not attending," said the aunt, "is a matter of insignificant importation. The paucity of ideas universally observable in feminine juvenility, would have rendered our serious cogitations unintelligible to her puerile comprehension. Novels and romances would have been more accordant to her ratiocinations."

"Your observations would be perfectly just, if applied to the generality of young ladies," replied Courtney, "but miss Maria, perhaps very prudently, always avoids political topics, yet, from the little of her conversation with which she favours us, we have no reason to doubt her ability to display the excellences of a fine understanding upon any subject. Besides I am a little of a physiognomist, and will venture to pronounce, that those eyes do not receive all their lustre from their structure and their colour."

Hope, cheerful soother of the sorrowing heart, whispered Maria that there was an unusual softness in the tone and manner of delivering the latter part of this sentence. The silence too which succeeded, so very uncommon with Courtney in the company of the fair sex, had to her mind's ear a kind of eloquent tongue, which argued the truth of her supposition.

And now with a trembling hand, and a mind intent on far other worship, the beautiful Maria began to minister at the boiling fount of Hysonia.

If thou hast a heart, O reader! thou wouldst undoubtedly have been charmed, hadst thou seen the graceful motion with which the lily-handed priestess guided the odoriferous streams into those inverted miniatures of the ethereal concave, vulgarly called tea-cups; and viewed her pouring out the delicious cream, which, conscious of the superior whiteness of her hand, dived under the teeming lake to avoid comparison, and there testified its envy by the cloudy appearance which it assumed. Courtney had hitherto continued that unusual silence which we have heretofore noticed. But a deep sigh which escaped, unobserved by herself, from the bosom of the priestess, roused him from his reverie—as the reader will see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.—THE SIGH. AN INCIDENT.

"By what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh?—And why, lovely girl! the melancholy which seems settled on these features? Is Sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegances which adorn Maria's heart?

"Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway!
Maria's griefs, too well, alas! display;
E'en beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain;
Nor sense—nor virtue wards the shafts of pain!"

The aunt was stung to the very soul: Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to sooth her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at that instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure,—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting for breath, and informed Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonian mysteries were suspended; and, without saying a word, the priestess flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favourite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend his assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow, but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favourite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could, and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, than he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door; Courtney's hand was on the lock; when he was surprised to hear a voice, at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho!—oh Courtney!" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while, with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavoured to conceal her confusion.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"Whence could that voice proceed?" said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling, now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspen so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal flower has bent its blushing head. "Charming miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to inquire if this bird has ever any company but yourself?"—"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at length, with a faultering voice; "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?"—"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feelings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrassed eyes, thy sweet confusion, thy enchanting silence! these are the modest heralds of the heart."

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not go, my sweet Maria, yet!—Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardour that ever warmed a youthful heart. Oh! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee!" (A sigh, a blush, an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear charming bird! delightful accident," continued he. "Pray let me go, Mr. Courtney," said the faultering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened for ever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavour to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew the sex. He was aware they are not born

to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaircissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

CHAPTER LAST.—THE SONNET.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after, the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet, with which we shall conclude our tale.

SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain
  Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!
And Venus' self receives him in her train,
  The fav'rite emblem of the power of love.
If to the radiant synod of the skies
  The goddess flies, her turtles too are there;
And if to Paphos' happy isle she flies,
  To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.
But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,
But to the starling yield his envied place:
For, goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove?

The early lark that heralds in the day,
  And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note,
Has oft been sung, in many a sprightly lay,
  Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:
In grateful rapture oft the Muse hath strung
  Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,
  Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.
But oh! the lark no more, ye Muses praise,
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays:
Sweet bird! whose voice did late the herald prove,
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!——T. Ayrton.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE PLEASURES OF READING.—NO. II.

FROM MY ELBOW CHAIR.

Come then my books, companions safe,
Soothers of care, and antidotes to pain:
Friendly to wisdom, virtue, and to truth—
Full well I know thy talismanic powers
To chase the dull satieties of life,
To wrap the soul in meditation holy,
Or through creative fancy's flow'ry wilds
To lead the mind entranc'd.

"Blessed," said the worthy governor of Barataria, "be that man who first invented sleep," and presumptuous must the mortal be who would dispute the opinions of that prince of proverbs, the renowned esquire of the mirror of chivalry, from whose tongue flowed a clear, copious, and inexhaustible stream of wisdom. Show me that minion of fortune, though floating carelessly down the stream of life, who has not frequent occasion to exclaim, when assailed by tedium, or vexations, those "ills that flesh is heir to," and from which the oyster alone is exempted, "blessed be that man who first invented sleep." But as that dull, yet fickle god, will not always at our bidding "revisit our eye-lids" and "steep our senses in forgetfulness," but like many a false friend "desert us at our utmost need," blessed, thrice blessed, be the memory of that man who first invented books, the antidotes of care, the soothers of disappointed hopes, the "balm of hurt minds." Enshrined be the memory of those benevolent souls who have wasted their own existence in pouring over the midnight lamp, to infuse health and vigour into the minds of succeeding generations; who have strewed thorns over their own pillow, while they were preparing beds of roses for their readers.

I envy not that man who, though luxuriating in all the varied pleasures that wealth e'er gave, flitting like a meteor through a gazing multitude in all the gaudy trappings of equipage, dwelling in a palace, and courted by admiring crowds, is yet insensible to the charms of literature, that ever changing yet inexhaustible source of purest happiness. Though greeted with smiles, and the shal-

low protestations of friendship are lavished upon him; yet even among those whose lips drop honey, whose countenances beam in sunny smiles, the poison of envy insidiously lurks in the heart, awaiting but the moment when it may be vented with security upon its unhappy victim. The hand of fraud or misfortune may in a moment deprive him of those treasures on which he rests his every hope of happiness. In that hour of adversity, where is the ephemeral crowd who spread their glittering wings and fluttered round, exhausting their utmost art to sooth his vanity by the mellifluous murmurings of adulation, ministering to his pleasures even to satiety? Fled! for ever fled! like wanton bees to sip the fragrance of another flower, leaving their sting behind. At this heart-rending hour when the veil of deception is cast aside, and the unreal mockery is exposed, with the heart pierced by the arrows of disappointment, and writhing under the agonies of wounded pride, where shall the deluded victim find a refuge from despair? At that age when the heart is susceptible of the purest affections, the genius of literature with the virtues in her train, stretched forth her saving hand to lead him to her sequestered shades, blooming with amaranthine flowers, smiling in the mild yet fadeless beams of intellectual suns. But a false goddess, decked in the flaunting tinsel robes of pageantry, surrounded by the syrens of dissipation, lured him with the voice of flattery to her embraces, whelmed him in the vortex of worldly pleasures, brutalizing his mind, and corrupting his heart! And shall the intellectual being whose proffered friendship he repulsed with contempt, and through a long series of delusive follies he utterly neglected, now receive him? Never! Where then shall he seek an oblivion to the visitings of remorse? Amid the loathsome haunts of inebriety!—This is a picture humiliating and revolting to our best feelings; it is nevertheless a truth on which the experience of every age has set its seal. Let us turn from it.

Blessed and honoured above others be the memory of that man who first invented books! If vexations irritate my feelings, or the monotonous tone of the society into which I may be occasionally thrown, overwhelms me with ennui, I sieze the earliest opportunity, sometimes stretching a little the point of politeness,

to return to the circle of my selected friends, and, seated in my Elbow Chair, by the assistance of their philosophical, or fanciful conversation, sooth the irritability, or awaken the palsied sensibility of my mind. There is a peculiar advantage attending this intercourse; they possess the invariable attribute of genius, retiring modesty. They are utterly incapable of obtruding their opinions, or of teasing with impertinent questions; but satisfied to amuse whilst we are willing to listen, and retiring at the first symptom of expiring interest. Not so those walking books, who, more desirous of gratifying their own vanity, than they are to amuse or instruct their auditors, dwell with a wearisome minuteness on "the thrice told tale," of which in all probability themselves are the heroes, though you should be evidently expiring with drowsiness; depress your spirits by an exaggerated narrative of a tale of wo, often through mere spite, when your heart is lightly dancing on the tiptoe of anticipated pleasure; or force upon your revolting ear their crude, boisterous, and impotent attempts at wit and humour, when your heart is lacerated by grief, or torn by secret vexations. As a refuge from the danger of this aggravated evil, the greatest sure that could be devised, blessed be the man who first invented books! Seated in the midst of this select, this "chosen few," of what can we complain!

"Meditation here,
May think down hours to moments."—*Cowper.*

If, tired of the dull monotonies of real life, I mount with Shakspeare or Milton, into the sublimated regions of fancy, and leave the "grovelling world for fools to bustle in:" taking good care however, to break my fall upon my return, by the demi-sublimity of Southey's ponderous muse: if military ardour inflame my mind, by the assistance of the mighty Homer I case myself in the discarded armour of Achilles, and warring on valiant, virtuous Hector's side, I dash my blood stained chariot o'er the plain, crushing whole legions of the invading Greeks, bearing destruction and dismay even to their fleet; or, seated among the gods "on Ida's piney top," govern the destinies of contending hosts. In the indulgence of this classical warfare, I have this advantage over those who cool their passion by a vulgar, every-day

affray.—I always return from the fiercest contest, fully satisfied, and with the inestimable blessings of whole bones and unbruised flesh.

Should the spleen attempt to usurp the laughter-moving sway of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, a Knickerbocker, or a Swift, the foul fiend evaporates in a yellow mist; or returns to its paternal seat in the brain of a "mad John Dennis:" is my heart dissolved in the agonizing blisses of the tenderest passion, and would wish to pour forth its plaints, a thing of course, in liquid numbers? By assuming to myself the mellifluous murmurings of a Shenstone, or a Hammond, I may waft away my very soul in sighs; or luxuriate in the delectable dreams of a Petrarch; and I believe that lovers, like poets, as the ingenious Waller told king Charles, "always succeed best in fiction." Am I in a moralizing strain, which by the by for my own happiness I am too apt to be, the sententious Johnson affords me at the same time the most profound and impressive subjects, and the most sublime and eloquently expressed reflections; and yet, although the posthumous Johnson is the most instructive and delightful of companions, I would not, if Anne Seward has drawn a correct portrait of the "literary Goliah," endure five minutes tête-a-tête with the living Johnson for the universe. But it should be remembered that he once said of this lady, that she had "nothing of the woman about her, but the vices." Certainly those biographers, who industriously, and too often maliciously, set forth the imperfections of their authors, deprive us of a very considerable proportion of the pleasure we should otherwise feel, in the perusal of their productions; but,

> "Wits are like game-cocks to each other,
> No wit could e'er endure a brother."

Who would not believe that the author of the inimitable Rasselas was the most amiable, as well as the wisest of human beings, were it not for the kind souls who have handed him down to posterity as the most morose and overbearing? For what purpose, unless to relieve their minds from the burthen of envy, certainly a most troublesome guest, and wisely ejected by any means, I never could tell. But truly in this instance the poisoned chalice is justly re-

turned to his own lip, who has afforded so powerful a precedent; who has vented the utmost bitterness of his gall upon an inoffensive race of poets. Yet does the sweet nightingale warble less melodiously because the boding raven would drown its voice with envious croakings?

> Inspir'd bards shall consecrate the shrine
> Where sleeps the minstrel of the art divine.
> More lov'd his song, that envious critics rave,
> And dare to plant the nightshade on his grave.
> There, dew'd with tears, Spring's earliest rose shall bloom;
> There still the latest smile upon his tomb,
> And breathe the incense of their soft perfume:
> The dews of heaven with verdure deck'd the ground,
> And bays and laurels spring spontaneous round.
> There virtuous youths their grateful homage breathe,
> And tender virgins weave the laureate wreath.

Let us be grateful to that man who, by the invention of books, has annihilated time and space, who has thus enabled us to retire to our closets, and enjoy a familiar converse with a Pliny, a Seneca, and a Plutarch, and thus informed us how a Cæsar combated, a Plato thought—who has bequeathed to generations yet unborn, the inspirations of a Homer, a Virgil, and the sweet bard of Avon:

> "Those mighty masters of the living lyre,"

But above all who has placed in the hands of millions, who would otherwise have remained in utter darkness, the consoling, blessed, and everlasting book of life and immortality—the immutable word of a merciful God. Let us in the morning and meridian of life cherish with unceasing care a love of literature, and continue an intercourse with those authors who will refine our taste, supply us with useful knowledge, and create, or nourish a love of patriotism, virtue and religion; and so provide a goodly stock of reflections to cheer the otherwise dreary winter of our declining years. But in the selection of those friends who are to be the chosen companions of our solitude, let us be ever strictly on our guard, lest, under the most attractive appearances, we should admit to our confidence and esteem, an insidious foe, lurking under the splendid garb of genius, blasting our happiness both here and hereafter.

" Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error, leads them by a tune entranc'd.—*Cowper.*

Let us, therefore, beware of the Rousseaus, the Godwins, and the Voltaires, who, in the insulted name of virtue, allure to vice; and then may we with truth exclaim to the last moment of our lives, blessed be the man who invented books.

MARMADUKE OLDSTYLE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.—No. 508.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

In the earliest stages of the world our rude progenitors were actuated by principles far different from those by which we are governed. They had a vulgar idea that whatever was not right must be wrong. Virtue and vice ruled in the hearts of mankind with equal sway, and divided without ceremony the goodly inhabitants of the earth. But as they could not agree upon the proportion which belonged to each, innumerable disputes arose; and it often happened, as we are told by an old writer, that both these mighty potentates would lay claim to the same individual. Virtue would often lay siege to the head, while the heart was closely invested by her rival; and *vice versa.*

To determine their claims, a court was established by each for the investigation of the thoughts and actions of their respective adherents; whose decrees were industriously circulated, and tenaciously maintained. Understanding presided in the one, with Honour and Integrity as his associates, and Conscience appeared at the bar as advocate. At the other, Delusion, Passion, and Opinion held the high places, and Custom was the proctor.

As the human race, however, began to be dispersed over the globe, to be divided into various nations and sects, and to inhabit a variety of countries and climates; when wealth began to open her hoards, and luxury to display her syren pleasures, a number of questions arose which neither of these courts could decide. They were thought too harmless to be absolutely wrong; and too trifling to be applauded as right.

It was then that a mad female philosopher arose among them, and established a tribunal which soon became the most despotic, and the most powerful among the sons of mortality. She seemed to hold that all that had been was wrong. She established a kind of chancery, from which the balance of justice was discarded, and the voice of reason banished. The lovers of novelty flocked around her, and the ministers of pleasure knelt at her feet. The votaries of voluptuousness, the children of ease, and the sons of literature, crowded to her court, and submitted to her absolute decrees. As her innovations were at first, however, of a venial nature, and related merely to manners and dress, vice smiled at her usurpation, and virtue forbore to notice it. But the sway that she thus gained by sufferance, became established by habit, and Jupiter made her immortal.

Flushed with success, and resolved upon an universal sway, she threw aside the mantle of insignificance, and drew the sword of despotism. Not content with presiding at the feasts of pleasure, and in the bowers of ease, she entered the forum, the camp, and even polluted with her presence the sacred altars of religion.

Holding the balance of power between virtue and vice, each sought her alliance, but both were disappointed. With all the fickleness of one sex, she possessed all the tenacity of the other; and while she alternately favoured each, she was the friend of neither. Ever fond of show, and panting after variety, she changed her alliances as she changed her dress, when they no longer possessed the charm of variety. She still reigns, and still sustains this character. Sometimes she is to be seen clad in the sober weeds of piety, and humbly following the footsteps of religion. Religion patronized by Fashion is then the tutelary goddess of the day, and her altars are surrounded by luxurious devotees, and fashionable penitents. Now she is seen declaiming in the

porches of science, and at the next moment the haunts of dissipation are crowded with her votaries.

She decrees that the proportions of nature are monstrous, and invention is put upon the rack to alter them. In one nation the feet are compressed; in another, the head confined and flattened; in a third, the nose and lips distended. By one people every means are used to promote corpulency; by another an opposite effect is laboriously produced, by means of ligatures and acids. Here the body is loaded with a profusion of ornaments; there it sports in all the naked charms of nature. Again, among the same people she orders various modes, and prescribes different rules. That which is right in one man, is wrong in another, and different individuals receive honour and infamy for the same conduct. The robe which dignified the father is not to be worn by the son; and the daughter ridicules the decent ornaments of her mother. That which one man may do with impunity, is infamy in another; and the rich man is applauded for that which his indigent neighbour would disdain.

Nor is a love of variety and of pleasure the only passion of this fickle goddess. Ever fond of notoriety and sway, she uses every seductive art, to allure new votaries to her shrine, and to subject new slaves to her eccentric caprices. Though she rules every where, and is always cheerfully obeyed, her peculiar abodes are the seats of pleasure, opulence and elegance. Here she throws a magic circle around her, and assumes celestial blandishments. The eye is fascinated by the most beautiful objects, the ear hangs with eager delight on melodious measures, and the heart is gladdened by the voice of hilarity. Now she riots in the sumptuous palace, surrounded by all the magnificence that wealth, industry, and pride can offer: and now, retiring to the calm retreats of peace and humility, she feasts on the beauties of nature, and enjoys the richest gifts of heaven. Her chosen favourites eagerly pursue her in her eccentric course, participate in her pleasures, and applaud her conduct; while those who are rejected from her train, admire, envy, or abuse, at respectful distances.

A few only, the disciples of wisdom, view her with neither envy, admiration, nor hatred. They know that pleasure cannot

give content, and that luxury affords no real happiness. They see the unhappy victims sated with the enjoyments they possess, and craving for those they can never attain. They know by experience, that a love of variety is inherent in every bosom but they have seen that its indulgence perverts and enfeebles the mind, and renders the taste inconstant and corrupt. All men are susceptible of pleasure, but all are liable to be surfeited with its enjoyment. Let us then avoid the syren, whose cup intoxicates without affording nourishment; whose paths for ever winding, have neither end nor resting place; and whose blandishments, though they relieve us for the present from the weight of care, render us unable to bear the burthen which inevitably must fall upon our shoulders.

J. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A summary statement of the origin, progress, and present state of the Washington Benevolent Society of Pennsylvania: with an account of the opening and dedication of the Washington Hall, on the first of October, 1816; including the religious services performed by the right reverend William White, D. D. and an oration by the honourable Joseph Hopkinson, M. C. a member of the society —To which is added an Appendix, containing the Constitution and Bye-laws, and a description of the buildings and other property belonging to the society.

THIS institution commenced in the autumn of the year 1812, and in the month of February following the list of members amounted to more than fifteen hundred in number, which was found to comprise the names of a very large proportion of the most distinguished and respectable citizens of this city.

"They submitted the articles of association, successively to the attorney general, and to the supreme court of this commonwealth, as the law directs, who respectively certified, in writing, their opinion, that the objects, articles, and conditions therein set forth and contained, were lawful. The committee then exhibited those articles, together with the opinions thus obtained, to the governor, who, seeing no legal impediment in the way of his exercising the power vested in him, on the 13th of April, 1813, signed a charter, declaring the society, under the articles of its constitution, to be a body corporate and politic in law, and caused the great seal of the commonwealth to be thereto affixed."—pp. 19, 20.

The principal business of the society is managed by a committee, of which we have the following account:

On the 24th of February, the committee of superintendence, in whom the executive authority of the society is vested, was organized as the bye-laws direct, and assumed the general superintendence of the interests and concerns of the society. They resolved to hold a stated meeting once in every week, for the purpose of regularly administering the finances; providing for the wants of the necessitous; inquiring after and visiting the sick, the bereaved, and the disconsolate members of the society and their families; dispensing the supplies necessary for the relief of the aged and infirm, as well as of indigent widows and children; giving advice and counsel to all who might desire it; and, so far as might be in their power, obtaining employment for the industrious whenever requested. To the present time the committee of superintendence have never omitted, unless upon some very urgent occasions, to hold their regular, weekly meetings, at which they audit and settle all claims for money against the society; direct the collection of outstanding debts, and invest such surplus funds as may, from time to time, be found lying in the treasury; "carry into effectual operation all those provisions of the Constitution and Bye-laws, the execution of which has not been specially delegated to others;" receive such reports as the assistants from the several wards and districts may from time to time offer, making arrangements for having them promptly attended to, and properly disposed of; and listen to all applications, of whatever description, from members of the society, or the families or relicts of members, complying with their requests so far as their own merits and necessities, and the means of the society may seem to require and to justify. To some, money has been given and regular weekly supplies continued for a great length of time; for others suitable employment and pecuniary credit have been obtained, by means of which they have been enabled to provide for themselves. To many the aid of legal counsel has been afforded without expense to the applicants; for others, supplies of medicine, and the professional advice of skilful physicians have been gratuitously procured. The orphan children of some, while too young and helpless to be removed from the immediate care of their relations, have been wholly maintained; and those of others, when at a proper age, disposed of in apprenticeships, or otherwise provided with suitable places for obtaining employment, support, and instruction. Some have received from the committee advice and assistance in the recovery of debts, the disposal of property, and the settlement of estates; and others have been rescued from the iron grasp of merciless creditors and fraudulent pawn-brokers. Many who would not probably have applied for relief in any other form, have been

furnished, during the rigour of the winter, and in small quantities at a time, with fire wood, with which the Committee have taken care to be supplied at the proper season. Some who would not ask for it as a gratuity have paid the cost of the wood, at times when it could not be had in the market for much less than double the price. The number of those who have, in these and various other ways, received assistance, support, and consolation from the society, and who have acknowledged their obligation with gratitude and tears, is much greater than is generally supposed by the community at large, or even by those members themselves who are not familiarly acquainted with the voluminous minutes of the committee of superintendence. These minutes are, at convenient intervals, laid before the society, at their meetings, and there read for general information: but the names of all who have in any way participated in the immediate benefits of the institution are, in every instance, withheld from the knowledge of the society itself, being merely noted in the margin of the minute-book, for the purpose of aiding the recollection, and facilitating the business of the committee.—pp. 11, 12, 13.

A proof of the prompt and active attention of these gentlemen occurred during the late war. It is very well known how miserably our *commissariat* was supplied in all parts of the union. Information was received, on one occasion, that a detachment of militia, from this city, was in want of clothing and other articles requisite for their health, and that the wives and children of many of them were also suffering. The sum of one thousand dollars was appropriated to this purpose, and four-fifths of it immediately divided among them: the balance was reserved to purchase wood in the winter season.

The objects of the institution being so laudable, it is not surprising that it should increase in wealth and numbers. It soon became necessary to erect a building for their accommodation. They first purchased the Mansion-house in Third-street, now occupied as a tavern by Mr. Renshaw, for twenty-five thousand dollars.—Fearing that the necessary alterations would impair the strength of the edifice, they purchased some adjoining ground, for about twenty thousand dollars, upon which they have erected the splendid hall, of which we present a view in the present number.

(*To be continued.*)

The Champions of Freedom, or The Mysterious Chief; a romance of the nineteenth century, founded on the events of the war between the United States and Great Britain, which terminated in March, 1815. In two volumes.—By Samuel Woodworth.

A tolerable share of perseverance, stimulated by the curiosity unavoidably excited by the title of this work, has enabled us to wade through these wearisome volumes. Persuaded as we are of the right of our country to literary as well as martial distinction, we are ever ready to hail the appearance of the American muse. But, jealous of her honour, and careful of her integrity, we would have her arrayed in the costume of her nation, and not bedecked and bedizened with meretricious ornaments, which simplicity rejects and nature condemns. Hence we cannot but regard with disgust, those violations of truth and decency, that are sometimes sent abroad as representations of American character and manners. We particularly allude to several productions that have lately appeared, under the appellation of novels,—a species of writing, which of all others, ought to be watched with the most suspicious vigilance, because they are universally supposed to "hold the mirror up to nature;" and because they are most read by those who are least able to form a correct judgment of them, or even to detect the deletereous effects which they produce. The public has indeed been insulted with one, not long ago, from a foreign source, so utterly detestable, as not to be embraced by this observation. "I have read 'Glenarvon,'" said a young lady, "and my mind has felt the contamination ever since."

We have weighed the vulgar and indecent depositions in "The Book," and have often followed the meanderings of vice in the numerous criminal cases which have animated the indignant eloquence of Erskine and Curran, and tasked the ingenuity of Garrow; but a viler prostitution of talents and a more disgusting view of society than is exhibited in this work, is scarcely to be found in the list of modern publications. The blasphemies of Tom Paine, the wickedness of Godwin, and the obscenity of Cleveland, carried a sort of watchword in their titles: but in this book we find a picture of modern manners, which, as we learn from one of the most respectable English journals, may be con-

sidered as "the result of personal observation, and a delineation of living beings." Deplorable indeed must be the state of society in that country, which includes in its first ranks, such detestable creatures as are represented in these volumes. "Some of these portraitures,"—we take the very language of one of those journalists who are continually vituperating every thing that belongs to our country,—"some of these portraitures are marked with every impress of demoniacal mintage; and the hero of the tale, like the leading personages in certain modern poems, is represented as vicious for the love of vice, and coolly moulding, bending, and directing all his passions to the work of human misery. Detection is with him no shame, suffering begets in him no remorse, and such is the innate depravity of his heart, that love has no charm for him, unless he can make the object of his attachment, like himself, unprincipled in mind, and unfeeling in wickedness."

Unfortunately this book sold so rapidly, that there is reason to believe the hopes of some of our domestic scribes were kindled. It is peculiarly the province of a journalist to mark the progress of these pestilent productions and hold them up to ridicule or contempt. We well know the dangers of swimming against the tide. But the struggle, though it should be fruitless, is honourable, and if it is finally abandoned, the consciousness of having performed our duty to ourselves and to our country, will furnish great consolation. We have only to strip an ass of his borrowed skin—to unmask a pretender in the field of letters and a hornet's nest is immediately broken up. No matter how lofty may be the claims of an author, how bold his defiance of criticism—though his book may possess all the faults of "barbarism," as an honest old gentleman now before me, confesses to have committed—"extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dunghills, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, phantastical, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull, and dry"—if a reviewer shall put in his protest against the title of the author of such a work, to *permanent and extensive celebrity as a philosophical writer*, he will excite a host of enemies instead of a band of friends.

But, as we have already declared, we shall not be deterred from our purpose.

We have now before us "The Champions of Freedom," which, we are ashamed to say, is a domestic production. The author calls it a romance of the nineteenth century, and informs us, in his preface, that it will present "the most complete history of the late war that has yet appeared." We must confess that there was a good deal connected with that same war, which posterity will pronounce very like romance, when it is recorded by history. Lest "a continued series of warlike achievements" in a romance, "however brilliant in their features, or important in their effect, might become to many readers, disagreeable and tiresome monotony," the author undertakes to mingle "the flowers of fancy with the wreaths of victory," and he has interwoven many private events with the thread of public history. As we always perused with lively emotions, the details of "the courage, enterprise, and success" of our arms in the late encounter, we object most strenuously to any mixture of fact and fiction. The story of our fame may be recorded by truth without the aid of imagination. The numerous instances of individual good conduct, during the late war, are of too exalted a nature to be hawked about by ballad-mongers. If this writer had even mingled his inventions and his facts in such a manner that we could distinguish between them, we might not have quarrelled with him on this score. As it is, no one can draw the line, excepting when he gives a muster-roll of the officers and subalterns, after a battle, which he does, down to a third lieutenant, or a few pages now and then of a journal, kept with great minuteness, not by P. P. parish clerk, but by the renowned "George Washington Willoughby" the hero of this romance. For aught we know from this odd mixture, the families of Sandford and Palmer may be as really our brethren as those of Scott and Perry, and other respectable individuals, with whom they are associated in these pages. But from our general acquaintance with society, we must presume that Sandford and Sophia are creatures of the fancy of the author, because their prototypes cannot be found among us. We know not how the author will apologize for the introduction of such wretches, especially as he has invoked his readers with so much confidence,

"Show me a vicious thought, however brief,
"A thought immoral, and I'll tear the leaf."

In portraying such characters, does he mean to exhibit "original specimens," as a modern philosopher would say, of American manners? Their ideal existence is a foul blot upon his book. Does he believe that even in the decrepit states of Europe, where vice is said to have attained a degree, not yet imagined in this country, he could have found a model for his college scene? A youth of nineteen employing himself assiduously, during a whole winter, in endeavours to corrupt the principles of a boy of sixteen, in order "to unmask the hypocrite, and then hold him up to the derision of his associates!" Where do we find such cool malignity at that early age, when the heart and the mind are fresh and fair as the bloom of spring! Where, too, may we find such a mentor at the age of sixteen as Willoughby? The whole story is an unnecessary episode; it is excessively absurd, and not fit to appear in a book intended for modest eyes. In a few months afterwards, at that awful scene—the Richmond theatre—from which recollection still recoils with horror—where nothing could have been heard but shrieks of anguish and tones of despair, we find this young monster, contriving the destruction of a beautiful female, at the instant when she had escaped from the flames, and had fainted in his arms. Is it possible that the whole world contains such adamant as this, or rather did the mind that imagined it, imbibe its first impressions in the den of a tyger?

We have another instance of American manners, which will excite a stare among our female readers. We allude to the behaviour of miss Cushing, a young lady, who was "every thing the fond parent could wish," and "had acquired every accomplishment that a *genteel* education could bestow." At the house of her father, Willoughby being introduced to two young ladies, is compelled, "blushing and hesitating," to *kiss* them! Indecorums of this sort, together with certain vulgar phrases, interdicted as every one knows, in "genteel" society, so frequently occur, that we are willing rather to impute them to the ignorance of the author than to a design to villify his country.

In chapter sixty-two, there is an account of the officers who were stationed at Niagara, which deserves the severest reprehen-

Cressap, upwards of sixty years ago. It is presumed to be the carcase of a savage who probably fell at an assault upon castle Cressap, somewhere about the middle of the last century.

Potatoe Bread.—Boil the potatoes not quite so soft as common; then turn the water out and let them hang over the fire and dry a short time; then peal them while they are hot, and pound them as fine as possible; then take a small quantity of pearl ash, which should be added to new yeast, which is working briskly; add the potatoes to these ingredients, and knead them together; then add as much rye meal or flour as you can possibly work in—the whole should be pounded together with a pestle or something of the kind—no water to be added at any time. After the dough is thus prepared, let it stand an hour and a half or two hours before it is put into the oven. Be particular in following these directions, and you may make as good bread as can be made from the best rye and Indian meal; indeed many give it the preference. It does not require quite so long time to bake, as the common brown bread.

Potatoe Soup.—In the *third* volume of the third edition of the Bath society papers, page 107, will be found a receipt of the reverend H. I. Clow, an able agriculturist, for making potatoe soup, of which the following is a copy:—

"An ox's head, two pecks of potatoes, a quarter of a peck of onions, three quarters of a pound of salt, and an ounce and a half of pepper—to be boiled in *ninety* pints of water, on a slow fire until reduced to *sixty*. A pint of this soup, with a small piece of meat, is sufficient to satisfy an hearty working man with a good meal. Some of every vegetable with a few herbs may be added."

On the 27th day of December, in the year 1816, the weather was so warm as to render it necessary to cover all the fires in the house of representatives at Washington; and nearly the same degree of heat had continued for several days.

Thermometrical observations, made in Alexandria, August and December, 1816.

Aug. 21,	Ther.	66 a 2	P. M.
22,		55 a 6	A. M.

22		71 a 5	P. M.
23,		56 a 6 30 m.	A. M.
—		69 a 2	P. M.
Dec. 26,	Ther.	58 a 2	P. M.
27,		58 a 7	A. M.
—		65 a 2	P. M.
28,		47 a 7	A. M.
—		47 a 2	P. M.

By the above observations it will be seen that the morning of the 27th December was three degrees warmer than that of the 22d of August; and that the heat of the 21st of August at two o'clock, afternoon, was only one degree above that of the 27th of December.

Merinoes.—The breed of Merino sheep is spreading over our whole country. In the last New-Orleans' paper received are advertised, "twenty full-blooded Merino sheep, received by the ship Ellen."

The brig Cincinnatus, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one hundred and ten tons burthen, was lately launched at that place. This beautiful vessel is owned by a company of this place, and is intended to sail as soon as the water will permit, with a cargo of pork, flour, &c.

From the Utica Patriot.

Livonia, Nov. 12, 1816.

Mr. Bemis—My mother-in-law, Sally Babb, is now in the ninety-sixth year of her age During the last year she spun *two hundred and seventy-six* runs of yarn, of different kinds. Between the months of February and October, of the present year, she spun seventy-three runs of woollen, and ninety-nine runs of linen yarn. In September last, she spun forty-eight knots in one day, between sun-rise and sun-set, and the day following fifty-six knots of handsome woollen yarn. She has spun the yarn for, and knit ten pair of stockings this fall. She now performs a day's work with as much facility as if she was but eighteen. She can read in her Bible, or any other book without spectacles. The latter she never used in her life, and her organs of hearing are but

little impaired. If you think it of sufficient interest, you will please insert this communication in the Repository.

ELNATHAN B. BRONSON.

Maria Catalani was born at Sinigaglia, in the land of the Church, and descended from an honourable family. She was placed early in a convent, where she remained till she was fourteen years of age. Her voice even then was so surprising, that she was applauded whenever she sung in the choir with the nuns; and on that account her singing was prevented, lest her vanity should be excited. Her talents developed themselves so early, so rapidly, and in such a peculiar manner, that at the age of fifteen years she appeared with success at the side of Marchesi and of Crescentini. At this period the court of Portugal collected at great expense several *virtuosi* at Lisbon. Catalani was invited at a salary of twenty-four thousand crusades (twelve thousand crowns.) She remained four years in Portugal, and then travelled through Spain and France, proceeding to England, where very advantageous proposals were made to her.—She sung at Madrid and Paris. In the first of those towns a single concert produced three thousand five hundred louis d'ors. At Paris she gave a concert, for which the tickets were a louis each. She remained eight years and a half in England, and never did a singer in that rich country collect so abundant a harvest. Her benefit concerts were worth more than ninety thousand guineas, independent of the considerable presents that she received for private concerts. She left that country which was to her a mine of gold, for the purpose of going to Paris, where the king has granted her the privilege of the Italian theatre. She is the sole proprietor and directress of this theatre, which, during her absence, had been confided to the celebrated Puer. She wishes to revisit her native country, from which she has been so long absent; but in going thither she performs a great circuit, as she travels through Germany, and will give concerts at Hanover, Hamburgh, Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna. Madame Catalani is about thirty-two years of age; but she seems younger, because, independent of a distinguished figure, she has a beautiful Roman head. She is so modest with such talents, that she is called *La Cosa Rara*.—She has been married eleven years to M. de Vallabreque, an old officer of hussars, but she has resolved to keep her own name of Catalani

while she continues in her profession. Three children are the fruits of her marriage, of whom two were born in England, and the third in France.

We understand that *Dr. William Meade*, honorary member of the royal physical society at Edinburgh, has ready for the press, a chymical analysis of the principal waters of Ballston and Saratoga; with an account of their medicinal properties, and practical observations on the most judicious mode of using them in the various diseases to which they are applicable. To this will be added an appendix, containing a chymical analysis of *Lebanon* waters, with some remarks on the nature and qualities of this spring. From Dr. Mead's character as a mineralogist and chymist, we have a right to presume that this will prove a very useful and interesting publication.

Judge Marshal's Life of Washington has been translated into French by P. F. Henry.

OBITUARY.

William D. Robinson, Esq. eldest son of the late captain James Robinson, of this city, was slain in the attack of fort Guazalcos, in South America, in the month of October last.

An unlimited spirit of enterprise, with an extensive knowledge of the Spanish main, the language, &c. induced him to take an active, and as it has proved, a fatal interest in the concerns of that country. His superior talents, his eccentricities, and his unexampled vicissitudes in life, are well known to many of our citizens, and to a considerable portion of the commercial world in general, to whom this information will not be uninteresting.

New-Orleans, Nov. 6.

Died, last night, after a severe illness of four weeks, major *Daniel Carmick*, of the United States marine corps. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, noble, generous and brave, has been in the marine corps ever since its formation, always respected for his correct conduct, as an officer and a gentleman. He has left an amiable wife with her infant child to mourn her irreparable loss. The United States in him has lost one of its best officers; society, both civil and military, a social friend and a gallant soldier.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

MARCH, 1817.

Embellished with a view of a Mountain in China.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence, - - - 180
Life of A. J. Dallas, Esq. - 181
Cooper on Chemistry, - - 187
Under the rose, *explained*, - 201

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Coryat's Crudities, - - 202
Gummere's Geography, - - 209
Forsyth's Antiquities, - - 212
Washington Society, - - 222
Parliamentary Portraits, - - 228
Hunt's Descent of Liberty, - 237

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

Adventures of a One Dollar Note, 242
Description of a remarkable mountain in China, - - - 247

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

Editors—Burton—Montaigne—Tacitus—Lady Hamilton—Publishing by Subscription, 249
The Festival of Twelfth Night, 255
An order of Knighthood in Virginia, - - - - - 257

POETRY.

The Bank, a parody, - - 258
Myra to her Suitors, - - ib.
The Fair Quaker, - - 259
To Delia, - - - - ib.
A Persian Song, - - - 260

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Maryland Law against Duelling—Colonel Trumbull—Grub-worm destroyed—Cleopatra's barge—*Allen's* Geometry—*La Sueur's* Ichthyology—Toad found in Granite—Sunday at New-Orleans, - - 262

OBITUARY.

William Nicholas—Samuel Meredith, Esq. - - - 266

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, NO. 133, CHESNUT-STREET;

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, NO. 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And to be had of all the Booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

of Pennsylvania for so long a period, necessarily gave him an opportunity of attaining a knowledge of the public men and of the public affairs of this state, which occurs to but few. While he held this office he published an edition of the laws of the commonwealth, accompanied with notes.

On the election of governor M'Kean, in 1799, Mr. Dallas received the commission of secretary of state for the fourth time. This he held until the month of March, 1801, when upon the election of Mr. Jefferson, he was appointed attorney of the United States for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, and resigned his secretaryship. This commission was confirmed by the senate in 1802, and he continued connected in this way with the government of the United States until his removal to Washington.

On the 26th July 1801, he was appointed by governor M'Kean recorder of the city of Philadelphia; but resigned shortly after in consequence of the *incompatible law*, as it has been called, which was enacted by the state of Pennsylvania.

In the politics of this country he had taken an early part, and he continued to take an active and zealous part till the last period of his life. He was uniformly a republican, and acted with and supported the politics which have predominated in this country since the first election of Mr. Jefferson. With these, however, his profession, to which he intensely devoted himself, went hand in hand, and so early as April 1798, a number of citizens honoured his professional exertions in the case of the contested election of Israel Israel, with a piece of plate, bearing the following inscription:

To citizen Alexander J. Dallas,
As a testimony of his able and distinguished defence of the Rights of Suffrage in the trial of the contested election before the committee of the senate of Pennsylvania,
in February, 1798.

Other situations which he held might be mentioned, such as that of commissioner of bankrupts during part of the period of Mr. Jefferson's presidency. These, however, are too subordinate to notice.

On the 6th October 1814, he was appointed secretary of the treasury of the United States. The circumstances of the time

when he embarked in this new and difficult situation, the boldness with which he assumed its responsibilities, the energetic traits of character which he displayed, and the general confidence and approbation with which his career was accompanied, are fresh in the recollection of all.

On the 13th of March, 1815, he undertook the additional and very delicate trust of acting secretary of war, and performed with acknowledged success the invidious task of reducing the army of the United States.

In the month of November, 1816, peace being restored, the finances arranged, the embarrassment of the circulating medium daily diminishing and soon to disappear under the influence of the bank which it had so long been his labour to establish, his property insufficient to defray the expenses of his situation, with a family still dependent on him, he resigned his honourable station, and returned to the practice of the law in this city. Here he entered upon professional business with the zeal and ardour of youth. His business was immense, and his talents as an advocate were held in requisition not only at home, but from almost every quarter of the union.

In the midst however of prospects more brilliant than he had ever witnessed, and while indulging in the fond belief that a few years of exertion would secure to his family a handsome competency in case of his loss, death suddenly closed his career. Exposure to cold, and great professional exertion in a very important cause brought on an attack of the gout in his stomach, at Trenton, of which he died on the 16th of January, 1817, a few hours after reaching his home.

His property was exceedingly diminished by his residence at Washington. Liberal and hospitable in Philadelphia, where his house was ever the agreeable resort of friends and of strangers, he could not change to a cool calculating parsimony, when placed in one of the highest offices of the government. His generosity and kindness far outran his salary.

Mr. Dallas possessed a mind highly gifted by nature and richly cultivated with a variety of knowledge. An early and frequent habit of writing had made him prompt in the use of his pen and un-

commonly elegant in his style. His productions are chaste and perspicuous: seldom ornamented with figures, but when introduced they are used with a happy effect. Easy and simple however as his compositions appear, he was exceedingly curious in the choice of words, and often corrected before he finished. His situations in the government of Pennsylvania and the United States, and his acquaintance with public men, stored his mind with political knowledge, which he was ever ready to communicate, and he was remarkably pleasing in his mode of doing it. He excelled in conversation, which he could adapt to every person, and always fixed attention. His manners were highly polished and agreeable. As an advocate he was learned, ingenious, and excursive, at times very eloquent, but he had occasionally the fault of too much diffuseness. He shone as an orator in a public meeting, where in the course of his life he was often called on to speak. In the high office he filled towards the close of his life, he displayed an energy of conduct not generally anticipated, and a versatility of talent that proved his mind to be capable of grasping whatever subject it attempted. His character as a statesman appeared of the highest order—bold, comprehensive, and profound, and his loss is justly considered as a national one.

The best known of his numerous productions are the following:

Reports of cases decided in the courts of Pennsylvania. 4 vols.

The edition of the Laws of Pennsylvania, with notes.

Features of Jay's Treaty.

Speeches on the Trial of Blount, and on the Impeachment of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania (taken by other hands.)

Address of the Society of Constitutional Republicans in 1805.

Treasury Reports.

Exposition of the causes and character of the late war.

He left also, unfinished, sketches of a history of Pennsylvania.

T.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Some time since the Editor attended an address introductory to a course of lectures on Chemistry, proposed to be delivered in this city, by that indefatigable lover of science, judge Cooper. The following notes of this address are now published with the approbation of the lecturer, in the hope that our young men may be incited to the study of this useful branch of learning. A very small portion of the time and money which are exchanged so injuriously for *pleasure* at the theatre and the circus, would enable a man to acquire a stock of information which would always afford amusement, putting aside all considerations of profit. We feel great pleasure in stating that the trustees of the university of Pennsylvania, sensible of the value of such an acquisition to the whole community, have elected judge Cooper professor of Chemistry as applied to Agriculture, in that institution. *Remis insurgimus:* let us go on in this way, cherishing, encouraging, and supporting men of talents, and we may, in time, lay the foundation of an AMERICAN ATHENS.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY.

I HAVE proposed to deliver a course of chemical lectures: it is reasonable to inquire, what are the inducements to attend them? Why ought chemistry to form a part of elementary education? These are questions that deserve a reply.

There are two great branches of knowledge: first, the knowledge of intellectual beings and their relations; secondly, the knowledge of beings inanimate and devoid of intellect, and their relations. The first is the object of moral and political philosophy; the second of physics or natural philosophy, which of late days has been compelled to include chemistry.

For a long time, and until nearly three fourths of the last century had passed away, natural philosophy was considered as almost exclusively confined to the study of bodies in masses, and of those properties of bodies, that depending on gravity, bulk, velocity, and figure, were the objects of mathematical demonstration, and reducible to the calculations of weight, measure, and momentum. It did not enter into these calculations, that beside the general properties common to all matter, every substance in nature had properties peculiar to itself, and which distinguished it from every other substance; properties, which to be known, must be studied in the individual; as the character of a plantation must be examined on the spot, and cannot be discovered by merely tracing the boundary line of a province or a state.

During the period when chemistry lay thus dormant, or was despised as a branch of alchemical imposture, and ranked with astrology, magic, and the occult sciences, even the laws of physiology, and the operations

of medicine were subjected by the followers of Baglivi, Keil, Mead, and the mathematical physicians, to algebraic and fluxionary calculus, and the *vis inertiæ* of all *inanimate* matter, was regarded as a fact indisputable, as an essential property of all matter, whether the subject under consideration were a man, a molecule, or a mountain.

By degrees, however, philosophers began to discover that the motions of the animal system, and the operations of medicine, could not be explained by calculations merely mechanical—that the laws which regulated the changes of inanimate matter out of the body could not be applied to the same substances within the body—that the conditions of health and disease formed a problem not to be solved from the nature of animal fluids considered merely as fluids—from any capillary attraction *a parte ante* or any propulsive force *a tergo*—but that a principle not well understood though sufficiently manifested by its effects, to which the name of stimulus has since been given, operated on the living solids, and produced actions and changes peculiar to itself, and beyond the reach of the known laws to which natural philosophy had hitherto resorted. This paved the way for introducing the awkward chemistry of the time into medical theories; and the spheres, and spiculæ of the mechanical physicians gave place for a time to acidity and alkalescence.

Again. It began about the same time to be observed, that the minute particles of bodies, attracted and repelled each other; and when brought within the sphere of mutual activity, produced on each other, changes, decompositions, recompositions, and new compositions, which were neither consistent with a supposed *vis inertiæ*, or explicable by any calculations that mathematical science could bring to bear upon the phenomena: that, almost every natural object and appearance, the rain, the hail, the sunshine, fire, air, and water, ice and snow, earths, metals, and minerals—the intestine motions and changes underneath the earth's surface, and those that took place upon and above it—every object of nature, every composition of art—every trade and manufacture (exclusive of mere instruments and machinery) were dependent on principles, which what is called natural philosophy could not grasp, and knew not how to apply, or explain. Hence a new branch was added to natural philosophy, whose ancient boundaries were now enlarged; this new branch was the science of *chemistry*, for many ages despised and neglected, but found at length to be of more extensive use, and application, than all that had been known before. Hitherto philosophy had kept aloof from the common concerns of life. Chemistry introduced her into every workshop, and made her an inmate of every family.

All science that has practice for its object, is first known as an art. When by long usage, facts are accumulated, men of reflection begin to com-

pare and arrange them, and deduce principles or laws to which the operations of art may be considered as subjected; and by means of these general laws, new practices and operations are suggested, foreseen, and tried. Chemistry as an art, was known to the Hindoos, to the Phenicians, to the Egyptians, to the Arabians on the decline of the Roman empire, to the Alchemists and Rosicrucians during the middle ages, but it did not properly become a science till a few years previous to the period of our American revolution, when the discoveries of Black, Scheele, Priestley, Lavoisier, and Cavendish, fixed it on an independent basis as a science of the very first importance, whether studied as an object of curiosity, or with a view to its practical application.

Indeed, machinery excepted, it is to chemistry we must look up with any well grounded expectation of future improvement in agriculture, in the elegant or useful arts, or in manufactures; with arts of mere fancy, such as poetry, painting, architecture, or music, we have at present nothing to do. This will be more evident, by passing in review those arts and manufactures that tend to render human existence more desirable, by contributing to ornament, to use, to comfort, to pleasure, to economy, or to convenience: those arts and manufactures that we resort to for our houses, our furniture, our clothing, our food, our means of conveyance, our health, or our amusements. If chemistry shall appear to have a direct bearing on all these objects, who will assign it a second place among the important branches of human knowledge?

The earth is the *rerum magna parens*, the great source of every material that man converts to his sustenance, his comforts, and his pleasures. AGRICULTURE is the art of raising food from the earth: but the earth also supplies timber and stone for building, metals and minerals for working, medicinal waters for the cure of diseases, and varieties of soil, adapted to the various purposes of human existence.

In all its branches, agriculture is also a branch of chemistry.

Do you want to raise food? This must be done 1st, by a judicious application of the kind of soil you possess to the kind of vegetable adapted to it. Who would plant rice on the top of a mountain, or the vine in a swamp, cabbages in a hungry sand, or carrots in a stiff clay? 2ndly. In properly mixing the soils your farm affords, as clay with sand, and sand with clay, and both with calcareous earth, so as to afford a mixture easily penetrable by the roots of plants, stiff enough to support them, and able to retain sufficient of the moisture of the atmosphere, and of manures, to afford this kind of nutriment to the vegetables planted in them. 3dly. The agriculturist will have to consider what manures afford nutriment directly to the plant, as bread and meat constitute the pabulum of a human

creature, and what manures act by simply stimulating and enabling the plant to take up and digest more nutriment than it would otherwise do; as a glass of wine, and the condiments salt, pepper, vinegar, &c. act as stimuli to the human palate and organs of digestion. Thus, water, hydrogen gas, carbon, carbonic oxyd, carbonic acid, ammoniacal gas, are substances that a plant can decompose and feed upon, assimilating a part of them in the form of nutriment to its own substance, while lime, asbes, gypsum, epsom salt, common salt, and some others, being applied in small quantities to the roots of plants, act almost entirely either as septics, or as condiments and stimuli, enabling the plant to eat and drink more heartily, both from the earth below, and the atmosphere above, and to digest more perfectly also than otherwise it would do; but contributing little or nothing to the substance—the weight and bulk of the plant itself. 4thly. He will have to consider what noxious saline substances exist in his soil, as the salts of iron or magnesia, and of course what chemical affinities are to be brought into play, to decompose them, as lime or the magnesian lime are applied to the sulphats of iron. 5thly. He will have to give some intelligible nomenclature to soils dependent on their component parts; and avoid confounding, as is commonly done, clay with loam, marle with clay, limestone soil with argillaceous soil, &c. so that by knowing the elements of which his land is composed, he may know on sure ground how to mix and how to manure them. 6thly. The land owner will seek to know the contents of his farm, not only for the plants he can raise upon it, but also for the uses to which he can apply the timber that grows upon it. The properties of those trees that yield a resinous juice and little alkali, as the various species of pines, those that yield a saccharine juice, as the birch, the maple, and the hickory, those that yield a pysoligneous acid as the various species of oaks, those that abound in tannin for the use of tanners, or in the astringent acid for the use of dyers, those woods that bear exposure best to air without rotting, those that last best in water, the use of charring the outside of wood, and many other particulars, all dependent on chemical qualities or chemical practices, are objects of material consequence to the land owner. 7thly. He will have to attend to the various kinds of earths and other minerals that his farm may contain, whether for common or ornamental building—to examine the indications of salt, of coal, of gypsum, of allum, &c.—to search what mineral waters may arise in the land, &c. all which can only be ascertained by a competent portion of chemical knowledge; and although a farmer or land-owner may assuredly live without it, he will as certainly employ his time and his means to a much better purpose if he should be previously instructed in the science that will enable him to ascertain these facts, whether for the purposes of curiosity, of plea-

sure, or of profit. The *builder,* whether in stone or in brick, may greatly profit by a knowledge of chemistry. Of stones, some are more porous and have a greater affinity to moisture than others; some transmit and some condense moisture sooner than others; some decay in whole or in part sooner than others. So of brick; bricks, as they are commonly burnt, will absorb about half a pint of water when immersed in it: hence the damp on internal walls, the spoiling of ornamental paper, and the necessity of battening. In the making of bricks also, they will always be imperfect if the brick earth contain any calcareous earth, even in small lumps, while on the other hand, the bricks will run into a porcellaneous fusion, if calcareous earth in a very comminuted state be intimately mixed with the clay exposed to violent heat. So in the making of mortar, if a ton of limestone be returned in a greater weight than eleven hundred weight of lime, it is ill burnt, and the mortar will be imperfect: if it be kept for many days before it is transported to the place where it is to be used, air and moisture will be imbibed in great quantities, the weight will be unnecessarily increased, and the lime injured exactly in the same proportion. So in the choice of sand, unless it consist entirely of siliceous earth without any intermixture of argillaceous, unless it consist of angular siliceous chrystals instead of small rounded pebbles, it will not make mortar in its first state of perfection, nor will the workman know the proper proportion to mix with the lime for the purpose of making good mortar. In like manner, in the making of water cement with terras or puzzuolana, in the substitution of the oxyds of iron or manganese for terras; in the making of scagliola for coloured stuccoes and the imitations of marble—in the proper use of gypsum to intermix with lime in the common stuccoes, and for plaister mouldings—defects of materials, and methods of practice, with the reasons whereon they are founded, are obvious to a man possessed of chemical knowledge, which remain concealed from, and are unintelligible to the architect who does not possess it.

The preparation of all our food, depends greatly as to its salubrity, economy, and perfection, on chemical knowledge: such are the trades of a BREWER, a WINE MANUFACTURER, a VINEGAR MAKER, a DISTILLER, a BAKER, and though last, not least in importance, a COOK.

The whole business of *malting* is a process purely chemical, and consists in the conversion of vegetable ficula into saccharine matter by means of partial germination. The use of the thermometer in regulating the process of malting—in ascertaining the temperature at which water will best take up the soluble parts of the malt—the heat at which the malt will set and become insoluble—the heat at which the liquor may be turned out of the coolers into the fermenting vat, when compared with the

strength of the worts as ascertained by the saccharometer—are all so many chemical suggestions and processes which have given a new face to the whole of the business of *brewing*, and enabled the artist to furnish a better beverage, with more certainty and at less expense from the same materials, than when these practices were unknown. The manufacturer of *wine*, whether from the raw grape or the dried grape, is under equal necessity of understanding the theory of fermentation, and the precautions necessary to manage it: for unless he has studied the elementary doctrines of fermentation as dependent upon chemical principles, he will never be able to regulate his practice with any degree of certainty: anomalies will arise that he cannot explain, and results will be different, when, to all appearance, the processes have not varied. This in common practice, is so well known to every wine maker and distiller, that it is a subject of frequent remark and general complaint. Much still remains to be ascertained and many improvements to be made in this difficult branch of manufacture, but whatever the defects may be, it is chemical science alone that must explain the imperfections, and suggest the remedy.

In the process of making *vinegar*, which depends on the decomposition of mucilage, and the oxydation of saccharine matter and of alcohol, the whole of it is a process purely chemical; and so is the analogous process of procuring and purifying the pyroligneous acid, which may hereafter supersede the common acetous acid, for every purpose to which the latter is now applied.

In the *distillation* of grain, all the difficulties that arise in brewery, are experienced. The same thermometrical care to prevent the setting of the grain, the same attentions to the fermentation, the same precautions against the conversion of the new formed alcohol into vinegar, are to be taken in both cases: and the methods of impregnating the spirits produced with the various flavours required, are purely chemical processes. This business still requires experiments as to the quantity of ferment necessary to liquor of a given temperature and a given specific gravity—as to the necessity of covering the fermenting vessels at certain temperatures—as to the modes of hastening and checking fermentation—and also to ascertain whether it be the fecula of the grain—the starch that can be washed away, or whether it be the tough insoluble part of the flour that remains, that contributes most to the formation of alcohol. It should seem that increasing the fecula in proportion to the gluten would be an improvement. The same set of experiments are necessary also to the BAKER: whether the bread be better flavoured and more nutritious in proportion to the starch contained in a given quantity of flour, or capable in the same proportion of more permanent combination with mois-

ture—or in what proportion the fermentable matter should be added relatively to the insoluble caseous part which serves to envelop the air in its tendency to escape during fermentation, are points yet necessary to be ascertained before the process of bread-making can be perfected; and they are points which chemistry alone can ascertain. It may appear ludicrous and degrading to rank among important objects of inquiry the art of Cookery. But if the man deserves a statue who has instructed the world how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, so does he who instructs us how to make the same quantity of food contribute to nourishment in twice the proportion as under our present management. That this can be done by improvements in cookery, I am fully persuaded. The chemical considerations as to the decomposition of food suggested by count Rumford's experiments—the probable decomposition and conversion of water into nutriment by the divellent affinities of the food which is dissolved in it—the substituiton of stewed meats and vegetables for such as are boiled, roasted, or broiled—the introduction of new articles of food—the superior economy of utensils, of time, of fuel, of food, in a well appointed French kitchen for instance, compared to an American establishment of the same kind—the superior attention to which fat substances are entitled as nutriments—and the economical methods of preserving food, particularly by M. Appert's process, are points which well deserve to occupy more of our attention. I know of no charity that could be so extensively beneficial to the poor, as a good system of cookery, with a manufactory of vessels that would economise their fuel. A *Culina pauperum* is a greater desideratum than a *pharmacopeia*. Such a gift would be worth twenty years of alms-giving either in England or in this country.

The furniture of our houses, the hangings, the paper, the looking glasses, the gilding, the varnishing, the carpeting, the painting, the china vases that adorn our chimney pieces, our dinner and tea equipage from China, from Dresden, from Seves, from Angoulesme, from Worcestershire, or from Staffordshire, are the very creatures of Chemistry, deriving not merely their beauty but their existence from this art. For in its practice, Chemistry is an art, in its theory it is a science. These items call for the bleacher, the dyer, the calico printer, the paper stainer, the glass manufacturer, the refiner, the varnish maker, the colour maker, the potter. We cannot set our foot in a well furnished house, we cannot turn our eyes upon an elegant specimen of art, we cannot venture an opinion upon comparative excellence, or decide with skill upon the merit of a single article of modern use or ornament, without some acquaintance with chemistry: devoid of this knowledge we are stopt upon the very threshold of inquiry respecting any fashionable novelty presented for our approbation.

The whole art of *Bleaching*—of producing that superlative whiteness without which the uncoloured fabrics of linen and of cotton are now unsaleable, is exclusively, from beginning to end, a chemical process, for which we are chiefly indebted to Schule of Sweden, and Berthollet of France. Their process, with improvements, was first introduced into Manchester, by Mr. Henry, Mr. Taylor, and myself conjointly; and it is less than the truth to say that this chemical improvement has saved the employment of a million sterling among the bleachers and calico-printers of that nation, and enabled them to bring patterns into the market in a third of the time formerly employed to perfect them.

It is not necessary to adduce any instances to prove that the whole art of *dyeing*, whether upon silk, sattin, or velvet, on wool, linen, cotton, or leather, is from beginning to end dependent entirely on chemical principles and practices; nor is there any branch of manufacturing knowledge, that is so much called for at present in our own country. But without chemistry, the art of dyeing is a mere collection of empirical receipts to be learned by rote: of processes that fail, where the qualities of the materials are in any degree defective; where an artist ignorant of chemical principles, must search out his way in the dark, should he once go astray.

The art of *calico-printing* is also exclusively chemical from the commencement to the close of every process and every pattern. The scouring, the mordanting, the dunging, the raising, the bleaching, the discharging, are all the creatures of chemical invention. The process of bringing out patterns by discharging partially the colours of a dyed ground, is a discovery made within these three or four years; and is an application of the process of Schule and Berthollet, as important in its effects upon calico printing, as it has been upon bleaching. This is an art much wanted in our own country, particularly that branch of it that consists in topical printing; but which can never succeed unless in concomitance with the extension of chemical knowledge.

The business of a *paper stainer* has now become a very extensive and important one in the northern and middle states and it promises very shortly to supersede all British and French importation of a similar article, unless indeed in a few cases of high finish and great price which are confined to houses of the first class of opulence. This is a branch of art partly allied to calico printing, and partly to *colour making*, which is also likely to be pursued with great success among us. It is sufficient to enumerate the colours manufactured to show that the whole of this branch of national industry, is of chemical origin, and consists in its present state of chemical processes. The arseniat of copper or Schule's green, the tartrite of copper or Brunswick green, the acetat of copper or crystals of verdigris, the car-

bonat of copper or common verdegris, the alkaline and calcareous precipitates of nitrat of copper, or the verditers, as they are called, with the vegetable sap green, and the artificial greens of Prussian blue, indigo, and litmus, with the various yellows: the chromic yellow of lead, which may be peculiarly our own, from the abundance of that mineral in Pennsylvania and Maryland, the patent yellow of Turner, or the fused muriat of lead, the Naples yellow of the mixed oxydes of lead and antimony, the Kings yellow prepared from orpiment, the lead yellow called massicot, the mercurial turbith mineral, the yellow lakes of weld, fustic, hickory, quercetron, and the barberry bush: the yellow ochres of various tinges—the whites of lead, of calcareous earth, of barytic earth, and of tin—the red of cinnabar or vermillion, being the chemical mixture of sulphur and mercury, the red lead, the red chromat of silver and mercury, the burnt red ochre, colcothar and crocus martis, which are the peroxyds of iron, the carmines of cochineal by allum and nitro muriat of tin, the pink red of the safflower used as a cosmetic, the lakes of madder, of logwood, of Brazilwood, of Brazilletto, of peach-wood, and Nicaragua—the blues of indigo, eltramarine or lapis lazuli, Prussian blue, the blues of litmus or the archil, and of turnsole or the heliotrope, the blue verditer or blue carbonat of copper, the smalt blue, or finely powdered glass of cobalt—the red browns of madder, of burnt terra di Sienna, of Cologne earth, Hatchet's or rather Bancroft's beautiful prussiat of copper—the browns of umber and of bister—the yellow browns of tobacco—the blacks of Frankfort, blue black, lamp black, the precipitate of the black dyer's vat—all these colours are so manifestly chemical, that it would be superfluous to dwell on the necessity of chemical science to their manufacture. Almost all these are now made in this country, greatly to the national benefit, inasmuch as the wealth exported to purchase them is now employed at home.

Allied to these branches of art, are those of the *Painter* and the *Varnisher*. The spirit varnishes of mastic and sandarach, and the oil varnishes of amber and copal, are no longer secrets, confined to the workshops of Europe, our own painters and guilders prepare them; our own colour-makers manufacture the paints, our own refiners supply gold to the goldbeater, and the gilders no longer seek abroad for the various coloured gold leaf necessary to their ornamental labours. All these branches, dependent entirely on chemical science, must succeed and improve, hand in hand with the kind of knowledge on which they are founded.

Of late years, successful attempts have been made to introduce the manufacture of *glass* into the United States, not indeed to such an extent as to supersede the importation of the looking-glasses, or ornamental glass ware of Europe, but the progress of the manufacture is such as to exhibit at this day an honourable rivalry, and to render useless the im-

portation of coarser articles. Window glass, common tumblers, and wine glasses, and at Pittsburgh ornamental cut glass also is manufactured in such a way, as to exhibit a competition which foreign articles of the same kind may occasionally exceed, but cannot disgrace. As all the raw materials of this manufacture, the sand, the alkali, the manganese, are of home produce—as it encourages greatly the saving of the ashes produced by the combustion of our wood—as it greatly promotes the knowledge and the use of our mineral coal—as a great part of the cost consists in the carriage—as it is a manufacture not confined to any state of the union—as it promotes incidentally the knowledge of our clays, and the manufacture of our pottery, it is well deserving of encouragement. I know not whether the use of arsenic as well as manganese in cleansing the glass, and the use of Glauber's salt in furnishing the alkali is yet in common use among our manufacturers, as they are in Europe, but if not, they will soon find their way.

The *pottery* of the United States, is yet in a state of great inferiority, owing to the great mass of mineralogical and chemical knowledge necessary to bring it to any tolerable state of perfection. Our clays have not been explored: their geological situations are not yet exactly known. Many fine clays are found occasionally in primitive formations, many others in the secondary and alluvial strata: our country has not yet been viewed mineralogically; our discoveries of mineral raw materials are as yet accidental, not arising as they ought from the indications of science. We want quartz and flint to mix with our clays; we want chert to grind the flints when calcined. The petuntze and the kaolin of the Chinese, abound in our granite ridges, but we want the numerous manipulations, the mechanical contrivances, and above all, the capital of European manufacturies, to supersede the foreign importation of pottery. The mixtures necessary to produce a porcelainous fusion, the combinations whether of metallic oxyds or of earths proper for fluxes and glazings, and the preparations of iron, copper, chrome, cobalt, lead, antimony, manganese, silver and gold for reds, browns, greens, blues, yellows, ruby colour, purple and hyacinth we have chemistry enough, and materials enough to furnish; and whenever our manufacturers will be contented with European profits, they may quickly render European importation unnecessary, but not before.

In the tanning of *leather*, and in the manufacture of all sorts of leathern articles, even in morocco leather, we are little behind our foreign instructors. The French process of M. Seguin by which the tanning of thin skins is expedited, by an infusion or decoction of the tannin-principle contained in bark, has not been sufficiently tried among us: for thick skins, I believe European experiment has ascertained that the process in question is not equal to the ancient method, either in point of expense, or

quality of the manufactured article. Mr. Hatchett's very curious experiments on the artificial production of tan, are likely by and by to lead to some material improvement in the tanning of leather, especially in countries like the populous states of Europe, where bark for the purpose grows every year more difficult to be procured. The dressing, the tanning, and the dyeing of morocco skins among us, approach to the English specimens, who are indebted to the communications of M. Philippo for almost all they know on the subject. Some substitute for the dog's dung, some cheaper tanning material than sumach leaves, something that will answer at a cheaper rate the use of the berberryroot yellow, and a brighter scarlet, blue and green, are yet desirable. It is not yet known whether it be the artemisia correspondent to our southern wood that furnishes the odour of Russian leather, or some other plant. Mr. Guthrie, whose authority is very respectable on the subject, asserts it is the artemisia annua. My trials have led me to doubt. At any rate, these desiderata, if supplied at all, must be supplied by chemical knowledge.

The manufacturers of *iron and steel*, are yet in an infant state among us, owing to the infancy of chemical instruction among us. Even at this moment, England, that does not abound in iron ore more than Pennsylvania, can export articles of iron manufacture of every description to this country with profit. So does Sweden and even Russia, from which two countries our best brands are imported. Our steel, at least nine tenths of all our consumption, we import partly from Germany and partly from England. Cast steel, though manufactured by fusing the refuse of the best blistered steel with carbonat of lime and animal charcoal, a process neither difficult or expensive, we do not make at all. If chemical knowledge were more generally diffused among us, this reproach would not exist; for the whole of the iron manufacture is chemical, from first to last.

We know not yet any certain methods of discovering at sight the kind of iron we may expect from a given ore.

We know not yet on principle, how to mix our ores so as to bring out iron of a given quality.

Few of our iron masters, know how to apportion their limestone flux to an ore of a given description.

Few of them know how to analyze an iron ore, first with a view to ascertain the quantity of iron contained, and secondly, with a view to know the kind and quantity of flux required.

In no case is the wood charcoal manufactured in the best method as to quality, which is the patent method of Mr. Kurtz: whether it would equally answer in point of economy, I am not prepared to say.

None of our iron masters yet know the value of the charcoal of pit or stone coal, the universal fuel in the furnaces of Great Britain.

Still less have they thought of trying the carbonic smokeless stone coal of Rhode island, or north-western Pennsylvania.

In no iron works of this country is the bloomery so managed as to procure a bar of uniform perfect iron, unless occasionally and by accident. It is either not sufficiently carbonized or decarbonized, or not sufficiently hammered, or not hammered sufficiently hot to produce an uniform mass of pure malleable metal. No where that I know among our iron works, have iron cylinder rollers been substituted for the tilt hammer, although in Great Britain, from motives of economy in point of power, the tilt hammer has been greatly superseded by rollers.

Neither does it appear to me that the theory or the practice of roasting iron ores in the first instance is well understood among us.

From the defect of bar iron, no good steel can be regularly and permanently made among us. Nor is any good sheet iron yet made in America, so far as I know.

With all these disadvantages our iron masters even under imperfect management, accumulate fortunes. But when competition becomes more common, and capitals more abundant also, then will science come into play, and he who best understands the chemical principles of this important manufacture, will make the most money by it, and serves his country's interest exactly in proportion as he serves his own. That day is not far distant, for every article of iron from the bar to the watch-spring, can now be imported with great profit.

Without chemistry we can hardly be said in modern days to possess either *physic* or physicians. The modern materia medica comprehends no doubt among the class of deleterious plants, some few galenicals that are worth retaining, such as opium, hops, cinchona, digitalis, squills, jalap, aloes, gamboge, ipecacuanha, and a very few more. In my opinion a lecturer in materia medica would be as well employed in secerning the powerful from the inert, as in adding any new articles to the already encumbered list. Even of these galenical drugs, modern chemistry has taught us, by spirituous and watery extracts and tinctures to concentrate the virtues of the medicine—to render it more easily taken by the patient, and more easily conveyed to distant parts, without any diminution of efficacy.

But the most numerous, the most powerful, the most useful class of medicines are chemical preparations. Without these a physician cannot stir. Without chemical knowledge he cannot venture to prescribe them either with safety to the patient, or satisfaction to himself. How many deplorable instances have I seen of compound prescriptions, where each

item answering to the indications, their combination destroyed the effect of each other, and the result became either dangerous or inert! So frequently does this occur, that a medical education, of which chemical knowledge shall not form the basis, will tend in no slight degree to justify the poet's satirical exclamation, "Nay, some have outlived the doctor's pill!"

But it is not merely the knowledge, preparation, and prescription of medicines, that calls for accurate knowledge of chemistry in the physician; he cannot well ascertain the state of health, or the state of disease without frequent recourse to this most necessary branch of study. The constitution of the atmosphere, the state of the blood, and of all the secretions are subject to and are affected by chemical agencies. The phenomena of respiration, of arterial and of venous blood, the stimulating qualities of this fluid, the secretions of the stomach, intestines, and kidneys, frequently call aloud for chemical reflection. Indeed, as all the fluids of the body are chemical compounds, and alterable by the chemical action of appropriate medicines—as all the solids are formed by secretion from the fluids, and renewed and repaired by the particles which the fluids supply for this purpose, some more attention will be necessary to the humoral pathology than the followers of Hoffman and Cullen have chosen to afford it. Dr. Pearson and Dr. Bostock have lately shown how usefully chemical knowledge can be applied in some branches of surgical pathology.

It will be seen by this time, how intimately and extensively the science of chemistry intermingles with every important manufacture of the old and of the new world, with our domestic comforts and pleasures, with our conditions of health and of illness, and with almost every thing that interests us. It will be useless after the enumeration that has already taken place, to show how it furnishes the basis for almost every other manufacture: for printing, for the type foundery, for the ink manufactory, for the bleaching of rags for the paper maker, for the manufacture of soap, of candles, for the purification of oil, for the extrication of carburetted hydrogen, for the making of charcoal, of gunpowder, of starch, of sugar, for every manufacture of which metals are the material, for the extrication of alum, of salt, of green vitriol, for the making of white lead, and sugar of lead, and red lead, and what is of more consequence than any, for the invention and improvement of that permanent source of mechanical power, the steam engine, the lectures of Dr. Black having given birth to the improvements of Mr. Watt. I say it is unnecessary for me to go into an individual detail of these objects of chemical knowledge. The bare enumeration suffices to show their dependence on chemistry, and their prodigious importance even in a national point of view. I shall, therefore,

close this lecture with one or two remarks of a general nature, which seem to arise out of the view of the subject that I have thought fit to present to you.

First: It is evident, that when a gentleman has paid due attention to the principles of the study now recommended to your notice, he can travel no where, at home or abroad, without finding at every resting place some object to excite his attention, and keep alive his inquiries: something to induce him, either to gain knowledge which he did not possess, or to do good by communicating his information to others.

The state of agriculture, the state of arts, the state of manufactures, whatever that may be, whether of infancy or of advancement, will perpetually suggest remarks and reflections, and lead him to apply the knowledge he has acquired to the facts he has observed. Indeed, with chemistry, with mineralogy, and with botany, no travelling is irksome, no road is tedious, no place barren of interest, no day without its satisfaction, no journey so fatigueing but knowledge may be gained or improvement communicated. Is not this a state of mind and of feeling highly desirable? Is it nothing to have acquired objects of pursuit and of interest in whatever quarter of the world you may be thrown? I do not say that a man is to be inquisitive by profession wherever he travels, but with the attainments I mention, his attention will be excited without any effort of his own, and the tedium of travelling will fly from such companions.

Again. Consider the quantum of knowledge that manufactures, particularly chemical manufactures, imply. Reflect for a moment that all knowledge has a family connexion with every other branch, and that knowledge of all kinds is in its effects, Power. Consider further, which are the nations wherein is the greatest wealth, the greatest national strength, and the greatest number of sources of comfort and of pleasure on the globe; would you not name Great Britain, France, Germany? Are not all these preeminently manufacturing nations, requiring, pursuing, and encouraging every kind of knowledge connected with manufacture, as a national object of great interest? Consider again, whether a mere agricultural country can possibly possess the same quantity of knowledge with a manufacturing nation, seeing that there is not the same temptation to acquire it, or the same means of applying it when acquired.

I do not know whether as an object of political economy, whether as a source of national wealth, it be worth while to encourage manufactures; this would be a suggestion palpably out of place: but this I know, and by this time you also will be inclined to allow, that one great means of propagating and encouraging scientific knowledge of every description, is to propagate and encourage manufactures of every description, for

they rest upon it. As a general proposition this seems to me undeniable: to what extent the practice should be carried, must be determined by the statesman and not by the chemist.

At the close of this introductory lecture it may be proper to state briefly the outline of the course I mean to pursue.

The chief use of a chemical lecture is to enable a student to read with advantage the books that treat on the subject; to show those experiments to the eye that would be unintelligible from mere description on paper. It will be impossible to exclude oral instruction, but I shall dwell briefly on what the book will tell you, and more amply on those applications of chemical knowledge which the books usually met with do not supply.

I propose to give the natural history of the substances which are the objects of chemical investigation: then their artificial history; how to procure them: then their chemical properties when procured; and lastly their uses in medicine, in the arts, or in manufactures.

I propose to perform the experiments by means of the apparatus usually described in the common books. But my chemical knowledge has been acquired in situations where my domestic utensils have constituted my apparatus, because my local situation and the state of my finances compelled me to economy and substitution. I shall endeavour therefore to show as often as I can, in what way the most material properties of chemical substances can be demonstrated by means of apparatus, every where to be found, and within the compass of moderate income.

In so doing, I believe I shall best serve the interests of the science I profess to teach, and present nothing that can deter the student from the future pursuit of the knowledge he is anxious to retain, as well as to acquire.

To speak a thing under the rose; and *under the rose be it spoken;* are phrases of some difficulty, though the sense of them be well enough understood: they mean *secretly;* but the query is, how they came to imply that. The clergyman wears a rose in his hat; and in confession what is spoke in his ear, is in effect under the rose, and is to be kept secret, as being under the seal of confession.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

CORYAT'S CRUDITIES hastily gobled up in five Moneths Tarvels in France, Sauoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons Country, Heluetia, alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands; newly digested in the hungry aire of Odcombe, in the county of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the trauelling Members of this Kingdome. London. Printed by W. S. 1611. Pp. 665. From the Critical Review.

PERHAPS there never was a book of travels that in its time excited more attention than that before us, and a review of, and some extracts from it, will not be uninteresting, while the present expatriating mania reigns. The town has been saturated with minute details of recent expeditions to various parts of the continent, and it will now have an opportunity of learning something, from a writer at least as curious in his researches, of the appearance and condition of the same places, and of the manners and customs of the same people, more than two hundred years ago.

The author, the book, and the manner in which it was ushered into the world, are all singular. Thomas Coryat, or Coryate, was born at Odcombe, in Somersetshire, in 1577, and after having been at Winchester School until he was 19 years old, he was entered a commoner of Glocester Hall, Oxford, where it is said he became a proficient in Greek and Latin, having a great facility in learning languages. He however does not appear to have taken any degree, for in about three years he came to London, and was received into the household of the liberal and amiable prince Henry, who allowed him a pension: some writers assert that he was in a menial capacity, and others that he filled the office of fool then a usual appendage to the establishments of the nobility. Fuller (*Worthies:* Somersetshire, p. 31) says, that "he was the courtier's anvil to try their wits upon, and sometimes this anvil returned the hammers as hard knocks as it received, his bluntness repaying their abusiness;" and Wood follows this authority, calling him the whetstone of the wits of the day. He seems to have been exceedingly fond of making speeches, and before he commenced his travels in 1608, we find him pronouncing several orations at Odcombe, his native place, once having collected above two thousand auditors. In 1608 he set out upon his expedition, and having passed through the countries named in the title, including 45 cities, and traversed, according to a computation inserted on the last page of his work, 1,975 miles, he returned to England in five months. In 1611 he published his Crudities, having previously had some difficulty, in consequence of the sudden death of the Abp. of Canterbury, in procuring a license, as we find by a MS. letter, printed for the first time in the *Biographia Britannica*, and afterwards in the *Censura Literaria:* here he solicits sir Michael Hixes, Knt. to use his influence for the purpose, observing, "by his incessant industry and Herculean toil, he wrote

so many observations in the foresaid countries as filled very near four quires of paper;" and adding that sir M. Hixes would have no hesitation, did he "but know what intolerable pains he took with his travels both by day and night, scarce affording himself two hours rest sometimes of the twenty-four." This book, by permission was dedicated to prince Henry, before whom and "a great assembly of courtiers" he delivered an oration—doubtless a panegyric upon himself and his work.

In the year 1611 was also published "Coryat's Crambe, &c. as the second course to the Crudities;" and in 1612, having made a long harangue at Odcombe, he again went abroad, not intending to return till ten years had elapsed. His stay in foreign parts, however, was protracted (no doubt against his will) by death; for having journied over Turkey, Palestine, Persia, Egypt, Morocco, and India, he was seized with a diarrhœa at Surat, which proved fatal in 1617. Speaking of the appearance of this most eccentric being, Fuller says, that "he carried folly in his very face; the shape of his head had no promising form, being like a sugar-loaf inverted, with the little end before, and composed of fancy and memory without any common sense."—Physically at least, he seems to have been admirably fitted for a traveller, for his patience and endurance were such, that in the language of one who had very likely seen him, "he seemed cooled with heat, fed with fasting, and refreshed with weariness;" and as to his personal comforts, "he counted those men guilty of superfluity who had more suits and shirts than bodies, seldom putting off either until they were ready to go away from him."

Coryat possessed an inordinate share of vanity; and as he received with the utmost sensitiveness any apparent neglect of his talents, so, on the other hand, he swallowed with proportionate greediness the most fulsome panegyrics, not discovering the line between flattery and satire, and between applause and ridicule. This quality led to one of the great singularities of the book before us, for the wits of the day, learning the intention of Coryat, to print his Crudities, determined to make a butt of him, and fired against him more than fifty mock commendatory copies of verses in Greek, Latin, English, French, Italian, and the Utopian language, which Coryat was ludicrously reported to have acquired. In the simplicity of his self-conceit, the author annexed all these burlesques to his work, which Fuller observes, "is not altogether useless, though the porch be worth more than the palace." Of course much of the wit and humour of these pieces died with the remembrance of the peculiarities of the man, but among the writers of them are most of the great names in poetry of that day —Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, sir John Harington, John Davies of Hereford, Dr. Donnie, &c.

During his five months' travel, which, as Fuller drolly expresses it, he performed principally on a ten-toed horse, he wore only

two pairs of shoes strengthened with horn. One of these two pair was afterwards actually hung up as a votive offering in the church of Odcombe, encircled with a wreath of laurel, and explained by the subsequent Latin inscription, written by Henry Peachum, author of "The Complete Gentleman," &c.

Ad Thomam Nostrum.

Cur, Coryate, *tibi calcem Phoebeia Daphne*
Cinxerit, et nudae Laurea nulla comae?
Insanos mundi forsan contemnis honores,
*Ignibus et Lauro es tutus ab Æmiliæ.**
Verius at capitis pleni, Coryate, *miserta*
In calces imos Musa rejecit onus.

Coryat does not appear to have been much of a versifier, though he is said to have written a song in the Somersetshire dialect upon the excellency of the Bath waters: according to his own account, however, he had a rare extempore talent, which he employed on a very ludicrous occasion. He journied with a friend to the ruins of Troy, and was there by that friend (as Coryat very seriously relates in a letter inserted in Purchas's Pilgrims) dubbed the first *knight of Troy*. Our traveller received the honour with these verses, with which his muse favoured him for the occasion:

Lo, here with prostrate knee I do embrace
The gallant title of a Trojan Knight,
In Priam's court, which time shall ne'er deface,
A grace unknown to any British wight.

This noble knighthood shall Fame's trump resound
In Odcombe's honour, maugre envie fell,
O'er famous Albion, throughout that island round,
'Till that my mournful friends shall ring my knell.

Our preliminary matter has extended beyond the limits we intended; but while some of our noblest poets are left without a single anecdote of their lives, so much curious intelligence has been given by contemporaries regarding this mad fool, or foolish madman, that we could not compress it. After a stupid oration by George Haunschildt, professor of eloquence at Marbourg, in praise of travel, and a letter of recommendation by Laurence Whitaker, a friend of the author, the work itself begins with Coryat's observations on France, to which he proceeded by Calais; from Calais he goes to Amiens, communicating with accuracy a great many particulars till then almost unknown in England. His journey was not very expeditious, for the last eight miles of the road to Paris occupied six hours. His observations upon every place of note are given under a separate head, and those upon Paris and its vicinity fill many pages. Speaking of the foundation of the city and the origin of its Latin name, he

* The name of the Venetian courtezan by whom Coryat was said to have been inveigled.

ingeniously and humorously enough remarks, "but the name of *Lutetia* it doth well brooke, *conveniunt rebus nomina sæpe suis* being so called from the Latin word *Lutum*, which signifieth dirt, because many of the streetes are the dirtiest and so consequently the most stinking of all that ever I saw in any citie in my life." This warrant for the etymology of Coryat it still retains. Of the Louvre and its gallery he thus speaks:

"After this I went into a place which for such a kinde of roome excelleth in my opinion, not only al those that are now in the world, but also all those whatsoeuer that euer were since the creation thereof, euen a gallery, a perfect description whereof wil require a large volume. It is deuided into three parts, two sides at both the ends, and one very large and spacious walke. One of the sides when I was there, was almost ended, hauing in it many goodly pictures of some of the kings and queenes of France, made most exactly in wainscot, and drawen out very liuely in oyl workes vpon the same. The roofe of most glittering and admirable beauty, wherein is much antique worke, with the pioture of God and the angels, the sunne, the moone, the starres, the planets, and other celestiall signes. Yea so vnspeakeably faire it is, that a man can hardly comprehend it in his minde, that hath not first seene it with his bodily eyes. The long gallery hath at the entrance thereof a goodly dore, garnished with foure very sumptuous marble pillers of a flesh colour, interlaced with some veins of white. It is in breadth about ten of my paces, and aboue fiue hundred in length, which maketh at the least half a mile. Also there are eight and forty stately partitions of white free stone on each side of this long gallery, each being about some twelue foote long, betwixt the which there are faire windowes: the walles of the gallery are about two yardes thicke at the least. The gallery is couered with blew slatte like our Cornish tile. In the outside of one of the walles near to the Riuer Seine, there are foure very stately pillers of white free stone, most curiously cut with sundry faire workes, that giue great ornament to the outward frontispice of the worke. On the west side of the gallery there is a most beautifull garden diuided into eight seuerall knots. The long gallery when I was there was imperfect, for there was but halfe of the walke boorded, and the roofe very rude, the windowes also and the partitions not a quarter finished. For it is reported that the whole long gallery shall be made correspondent to the first side that is almost ended. At the end of the long gallery there were two hundred masons working on free stone euery day when I was there, to make an end of that side which must answere the first side that is almost ended."

Notwithstanding these exertions, our readers are aware that the work has not to this day been completed. Coryat a little over-states the length of the gallery, but in general, as far as we have been able to trace it, his information is correct, although it must have been most "hastily gobled up," as he expresses it, and without any of the aids from which our modern writers of travels have compiled so much He seems to have had a most restless curiosity after facts. He was wonderfully struck with the numerous paltry bridges then existing over the Seine, and compared with the only one then existing in London, they might appear admirable.

'But to returne againe to the noble riuer Seine: There was building ouer it when I was in the citie, a goodly bridge of white free stone, which

was almost ended. Also there is another famous bridge in this citie, which farre excelleth this before mentioned, hauing one of the fairest streetes of all the citie, called our Ladies street, in French *la rue de nostre Dame* built vpon it. I haue heard that *Iucundus* a certain bishop of this citie, built this bridge; of whom I haue likewise heard this elegant distichon:

Iucundus duplicem struxit tibi Sequana pontem,
Hunc tu iure potes dicere Pontificem.

He cals it *Duplicem*, because there was another bridge neare vnto that called the little bridge, built by the same man at the same time.

"Besides there are three faire bridges more built vpon this riuer, whereof the one is called the bridge of exchange, where the goldsmiths dwel, S. Michaels bridge and the bridge of birdes, formerly called the millers bridge. The reason why it is called the bridge of birds is, because all the signs belonging vnto shops on each side of the streete are signs of birds."

From Paris he went to Nevers, and from thence to Lyons, afterwards entering Italy by Turin. At Versailles he mentions the custom of using forks in eating meat as a great singularity.

"Here I wil mention a thing that might haue been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I obserued a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which I passed, that is not vsed in any other country that I saw in my trauels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth vse it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales vse a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand vpon the same dish, so that whatsoeuer he be that sitting in the company of any others at meale should vnaduisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will giue occasion of offence vnto the company, as hauing transgressed the laws of good manners, in so much that for his error he shall be at the least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This forme of feeding I vnderstand is generally vsed in all places of Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of iron or steele, and some siluer, but those are vsed only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I my selfe thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home: being once quipped for that frequent vsing of my forke, by a certaine gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whittaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for vsing a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

Our readers were probably not aware that the use of forks is of so late introduction, that queen Elizabeth not only ate beefsteaks for breakfast, but that she was under the necessity of pulling them to pieces with "her fingers long and small," or that the instrument was first invented in Italy. Coryat was remarkable for employing one in 1611, after he returned, and it is obvious that in 1616 they were almost unknown in England

from the following passage in Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Asse," which was first acted in that year, and in which Meercraft, an imposing projector, proposes to obtain a patent for their manufacture, as a new invention for the saving of napkins, then used to wipe the fingers that had been employed in handling the meat. The extract is taken from the 4th scene of Act 5, in the folio of 1631.

> "*Meercraft*———Do you hear, Sirs,
> Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all
> My paines at Court to get you each a patent.
> "*Guilthead.* For what?
> "*Meercraft.* Upon my project of the *Forkes.*
> "*Sledge. Forkes!* what be they?
> "*Meercraft.* The laudable use of *Forkes,*
> Brought into custom here *as they are in Italy,*
> To the sparing of napkins. That, that should have made
> Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.
> I ha' procur'd it, ha' the signet for it.
> Dealt with the linen drapers on my private,
> By cause, I feared they were the likelyest ever
> To stirre against, to cross it; for 'twill be
> A mighty saver of linen through the kingdome,
> (And that is one of my grounds, and to spare washing.)
> Now on you two, I had laid all the profits,
> Guilthead to have the making of all those
> Of gold and silver for the better personages;
> And you of those of steele for the common sorts," &c.

The next place at which Coryat arrives is Milan; from thence he passes to Cremona, Mantua, and Padua, referring with much readiness and aptness to the various notices of these places in classical writers, and to some of the main historical facts connected with them. Addison, who followed him over this ground, is sometimes not more happy in his allusions of this kind, for which, and the facility of the style, the work of our English classic is chiefly to be esteemed. Coryat gives the subsequent curious relation of a custom in Padua, which also attracted the attention of Addison:—

"At the west end of the hall neare to one of the corners there is a very mery spectacle to be seene: there standeth a round stone of some three foote high inserted into the floore, on the which if any bankerout doth sit with his naked buttocks three times in some public assembly, al his debts are *ipso facto* remitted. Round about the stone are written these wordes in capitall letters: *Lapis vituperij et cessationis bonorum.* I beleeue this to be true, because many in the citie reported it vnto me. But belike there is a limitation of the summe that is owed; so that if the summe which the debter oweth be aboue the stint, he shall not be released: otherwise it were great vnjustice of the Venetians to tollerate such a custome that honest creditors should be cousened and defrauded of the summe of thirty or forty thousand duckats by the impudent behauiour of some abject minded varlet, who to acquit himselfe of his debt will most wil-

lingly expose his bare buttockes in that opprobrious and ignominious manner to the laughter of euery spectator. Surely it is the strangest custome that euer I heard or read off, (though that which I haue related of it be the *very naked* truth) whereof if some of our English bankrouts should haue intelligence, I thinke they would hartily wish the like might be in force in England. For if such a custome were vsed with vs, there is no doubt but that there would be more naked buttocks shewed in the terme time before the greatest Nobility and Iudges of our land in Westminster hall, then are of young punies in any Grammar Schoole of England to their *Plagosi Orbilij*, that is, their whipping and seuerely-censuring schoole-masters."

We now come to what has been always considered the most singular portion of Coryat's Crudities, viz. his "observations on the most glorious peerelesse, and mayden citie of Venice;" which he calls maiden, because it never was conquered. His entertaining and industrious details upon this place occupy no less than 133 pages. His application was here so intense, that he states in his letter, before quoted, that "divers Englishmen that lay in the same house with me, observing my extreme watching wherewith I did grievously excruciate my body, incessantly desired me to pity myself, and not to kill myself with my inordinate labours."

The passage in which he compares the poverty of the Venetian theatres with "the stately play-houses in England" has been quoted by Stevens in his notes to Shakspeare. At Bergamo he could procure no lodging, and was obliged to sleep in a stable between horses; for which he was repeatedly jeered on his return to his native country. After leaving Italy he enters Rhetia, and inserts in his book a long oration in praise of travel in Germany, and several Latin letters which passed between him and some of the learned reformed clergy of Switzerland. After he leaves Italy the work certainly becomes less amusing. Quitting Basle he visits Strasburgh, in High Germany, and very minutely describes the celebrated clock there. At Heidelburg he saw the great tun, upon the top of which he sat and drank a cup of Rhenish; he speaks much in detail of it, as "the strangest spectacle that he saw in his travels." Near Frankendahl he was in great danger of suffering severely from the hands of a German boor, who seized his hat, and threatened to beat him for taking a few grapes out of a vineyard. At Mentz he dilates upon the discovery of printing by Guttenburg, and passes by water to Frankfort, where he is present at the Autumn fair, and is much delighted with the wealth displayed there. Colen and Nimiguen next occupy his attention; and he bestows great praise upon Gorcum, on the Wael, which is certainly not very well merited. Dortrecht, Middleburg, and Flushing are the last places he mentions; from whence he sails for England; where he arrives on the 3rd of October, 1608; having started on the 14th of May. The last two pages are filled by an enumeration of the distances between the different cities he had passed through.

Such are the contents of Coryat's Crudities; in which, as our readers will perceive, is a vast collection of desultory information, collected without judgment, and inserted without order. The criticism of George Wither upon this author, in his "Abuses stript and whipt," is severe, but on the whole just.

"————Th' other who are knowne
To have no gifts of nature of their owne,
For all their knowledge gotten in the *schooles*,
Are worse, by much odds' than *unlearned fooles*.
Now thou that wouldst know rightly these men's state,
Goe but a while, and talke with *Coryate*,
And thou wilt soon be able to maintaine,
And say with me, that *learning's somewhere vaine*.
Lib. ii. *Sat.* 1, 1613.

The laborious and learned Hearne, in a letter recently printed in sir E. Brydges' *Restituta*, dated Sep. 9, 1726, speaks of it thus; "I have not yet seen Mr. Lang to thank him for his very kind present of Coryat's Crudities, which is a most rare book, &c. As there are abundance of very weak idle things in that book, so there are withal very many observations that are very good and useful, as was long since noticed by Purchas and some others."

This work which usually sells at from eight to twelve guineas, has an engraved title and several plates representing the Tun at Heidelburg, the Venetian Courtezan, &c. C. P. J.

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Elementary Exercises in Geography for the use of schools. By Samuel R. Gummere. 162 pages, 18mo. Philadelphia, 1816. Price 37 1-2 cents

THIS small compilation is properly topographical, for it contains nothing but the boundaries of countries, and the names of the principal towns and rivers, disposed in the form of a very brief gazetteer. It is so defective and erroneous that we scarcely think it fit to be put in the hands of children, for whose use it appears to be designed. The author tells us that "his plan is novel, and that he has had it in view to lighten the labour of teachers, and to facilitate the progress of their students." He has succeeded in lightening the labour of teachers, for by the scantiness of his plan, he has removed the labour out of their way, and left them very little to do; and he has been equally successful in facilitating the progress of learners, for when they have advanced a very short distance, they will find themselves at the end of their journey. Except the gazetteer of towns and rivers, often villages and creeks, we discover no novelty in this treatise; for we observe that Mr. G. has taken from the literary property of some of his predecessors more than strict justice and the law of patents would vindicate. In this country literary property is not respected, and

we think ourselves at liberty to take as much of our neighbour's as we want. This violation of the rights of others seems to arise from our habits of copying or re-writing British publications, which are public property on the west side of the Atlantic.

The principal characteristics of a country, or tract of land, are its surface, climate, soil, and productions. But these attributes do not enter into the plan of this publication. We cannot waste our time in a formal refutation of the *novel* notions advanced in the preface. They are repugnant to common sense, and to the experience of preceptors of talents and liberal education. We refer our readers to the fourth and fifth paragraphs of the preface, and reply to them as follows: New England is hilly and mountainous, rough, stony, and generally barren. Switzerland, Norway, and Sweden are extremely mountainous, rocky, and barren. Holland, Prussia, Poland, and the greater part of Russia are generally level. We ask Mr. G. if these properties are not as correct and *definite* as any part of his book. It is no advantage to a learner, to be told that Britain and Iceland are two islands in the eastern hemisphere, unless we also tell him what sort of islands they are, what their relative positions are, and how they differ in other respects. Mr. G's book reminds us of the naked aspect of a wood after a conflagration, where we perceive nothing but the burnt stocks of trees without life or verdure.

As we have accused Mr. G. of errors, we must substantiate our charge by a few examples. He tells his pupils that Mount Washington is 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles above the ocean. That Bath (in Maine) stands on a bay of the Atlantic; that there are no rivers of much importance in the states of Delaware and Rhode Island; that Brussels and Ghent are towns in France; that Manchester stands between the Irk and Irwell; that Portsmouth (in England) is situate on an island (*during a flood* he should have added); that Providence stands at the head of Narraganset bay; &c. &c.

But our limits do not permit us to take notice of the greater part of the defects, imperfections, and errors, which constitute the chief *novelty* of this performance We shall proceed to give a short specimen of our author's manner of description. He calls the Moselle, Meuse, and Scheldt rivers of France.

"The Meuse rises in the east of France, and running north, passes by Liege and Charlemont, and enters Holland. At Dort it divides into four principal branches, which form the islands of Yoslemond, Voorn and Overflachree, and empties into the German Ocean or North Sea." Page 63.

"Ghent—on the Scheldt, the Lyss, the Lien, and Maese, which run through the city in the north east of France." Page 65.

The other articles of this epitome, to wit, the boundaries, and the names of towns and rivers, are expressed in the same manner, and often in the very words, that we find in a small volume com-

piled for the use of schools, by a bookseller of this city. We allude to the neat and perspicuous treatise of Mr. Nichols, which contains a greater number of authentic facts respecting the present state of the world, than any work of a similar kind. Of this volume, Mr. Gummere's appears to be a meager and servile copy. The price of each is the same. Nichols's, besides being better printed, contains 162 pages and two plates: the other has only 123 pages and no plate. It is true that, in the latter we find 39 pages of questions, for the help of illiterate teachers and to swell "the volume's price a shilling." We recommend that these questions should be written on a roller, which could be turned by steam. Any mistakes in the answers might be detected by those boys who are ambitious of being at the head of the class, and thus the expense of tutors would be lessened very considerably. To speak seriously on this subject, we think it our duty to protest against this mode of helping ignorant and illiterate men to undertake the important business of education. We need scarcely suggest to parents, that the teacher who is not able to frame a question is not fit for the office of an instructor. The good old books which have stood the test of ages, are silently disappearing from our schools, and their places are supplied by such bungling performances as that which is now on our table. Sometimes three or four teachers club their ingenuity and industry to pilfer from a few English books of established credit, a something which they baptize an American, or a Columbian grammar. They refuse to allow any other to be used in the institutions over which they preside, vend them to their less fortunate brethren at a low price, and thus force their crudities into general circulation. To the deficiency of our school books both in quality and number, may be attributed, in part, the literary ignorance of our youth of both sexes, after they have finished their education. This is owing to worthless books, illiterate teachers, *indolent trustees*, in the first place, and secondly, to the criminal indifference of parents, who think if they pay the highest prices, at the most fashionable schools, they have discharged the obligations which God and their country have imposed upon them.

We must now dismiss this manual in which we find nothing to praise, and wish that we had seen less to censure. When we consider the simplicity and brevity of the plan and the abundance of excellent materials, which are accessible to every compiler, we are surprised that Mr. Gummere should presume to offer so incorrect and imperfect a performance to the public notice, and aver that it is the "BEST calculated for the use of schools."

We have done our duty in pronouncing a judgment upon its merits; and we have taken the liberty of recommending another, which has received the sanction of skilful teachers and learned men. Every parent is therefore able to learn how the time of his children is employed: and if he thinks his money is properly

spent in supporting a system of geography which places Ghent in France and makes an island of Portsmouth, we shall only have to regret that our labour has been in vain.

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REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES, *Arts, and Letters, during an excursion in Italy in the Years* 1801 *and* 1803. By JOSEPH FORSYTH, Esq. Second Edition. Murry, London. 1816. 8vo.

[From the Augustan Review.]

THE length of the period during which our countrymen were deterred from visiting the scenes of classical renown, has served to awaken a keener relish for the enjoyment of this gratification now that a facility of obtaining it is afforded. Those who have been so long obliged to visit only in imagination, or through the medium of books of travels, the native soil of Cicero, Virgil, Marcellus, and the Caesars, are now crowding with eagerness to behold it in person, and to supply the defects of academic and fire-side conjecture, by their own actual observation. Already do many of them tread on spots, where the heroes of Roman glory achieved their noblest exploits; where the greatest of poets, orators, and historians wrote; on the sites of edifices, whose massy ruins, broken arches, and prostrate columns, display the pristine grandeur and magnificence of the Roman capital, and prove the justice of her pretensions to the title of Mistress of the World. Already do they behold the Po flowing through the meadows of Mantua, and the Anio dashing its foaming surges over the steeps of Tivoli; already do they traverse the shores of Baiae, and wander amidst the groves of Umbria. And, surely, though the politician may deplore the enthusiasm that induces Englishmen to spend their money in a foreign country, while it is but too much needed at home, the philosopher will applaud the feeling which leads our youth to an extensive knowledge of persons and places, which expands the mind, and tends to remove local prejudices by a comparison between their own and foreign countries; which supplies new sources of pleasing and useful information, and promotes the increase of philanthropy and generosity of sentiment. He who is confined to his own country, reads but one page of the book of Nature, and perpetually studies the same lesson; and even this can be but half understood, from an ignorance of its relative importance, and of its connexion with the other parts of knowledge. Invincible, indeed, must be that dulness, which can behold human manners assuming new features, and see the face of nature continually varying its predominant characters, without emotion—without a secret and powerful impulse to extend the course of thought, and enlarge the scope of meditation.

The traveller in Italy has been much assisted in his observations, and, at the same time, instructed and entertained in his progress, by the Classical Tour in Italy by Mr. Eustace, of which

we have given an account in a former Number. The present work was written about the same period; and though in general it is greatly inferior in interest and information, there are parts which strongly recommend it to the traveller. The portions of the volume to which we particularly allude, are Mr. Forsyth's remarks upon the productions of the fine arts, which, by their number, and their various degrees of merit, generally distract and perplex the indiscriminating tourist. The reader will find these remarks so full of originality, and marked with such a laudable determination on the part of the author of thinking for himself, that he will excuse us for quoting more largely from this, than from any other part of the volume. His distribution of the works of art is at once clear and simple: he divides them into works of the republic—works of the empire—works of the middle ages, and closes with observations on those of a modern date. We shall endeavour to adhere as much as possible to this method in the selection we mean to make; and, to begin, let us hear his animated remarks upon the Coliseum.

"Happily for the Coliseum, the shape necessary to an amphitheatre has given it a stability of construction sufficient to resist fires, and earthquakes, and lightning, and siege. Its elliptical form was the hoop which bound and held it entire, till barbarians rent that consolidating ring; popes widened the breach, and time, not unassisted, continues the work of dilapidation. At this moment, the hermitage is threatened with a dreadful crash; and a generation not very remote must be content, I apprehend, with the picture of this stupendous monument. Of the interior elevation, two slopes, by some called *meniana*, are already demolished; the *arena*, the *podium* are interred. No member runs entire round the whole ellipse; but every member made such a circuit, and reappears so often, that plans, sections, and elevations of the original work are drawn with the precision of a modern fabric. When the whole amphitheatre was entire, a child might comprehend its design in a moment, and go direct to his place without straying in the porticos; for each arcade bears its number engraved, and opposite to every fourth arcade was a staircase. This multiplicity of wide, straight, and separate passages, proves the attention which the ancients paid to the safe discharge of a crowd; it finely illustrates the precepts of Vitruvius, and exposes the perplexity of some modern theatres.

"Every nation has undergone its revolution of vices; and, as cruelty is not the present vice of ours, we can all humanely execrate the purpose of amphitheatres, now that they lie in ruins. Moralists may tell us that the truly brave are never cruel: but this monument says, "No." Here sat the conquerors of the world, coolly to enjoy the tortures and death of men who had never offended them. Two aqueducts were scarcely sufficient to wash off the human blood which a few hours' sport shed in these imperial shambles. Twice in one day came the senators and matrons of Rome to the butchery; a virgin always gave the signal for slaughter; and when glutted with bloodshed, those ladies sat down in the wet and streaming arena to a luxurious supper.

"Such reflections check our regret for its ruin. As it now stands, the Coliseum is a striking image of Rome itself; decayed—vacant—serious—yet grand;—half gray and half green—erect on one side, and fallen on the

other, with consecrated ground in its bosom—inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast—for moralists, antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray. 'In contemplating antiquities,' says Livy,' the mind itself becomes antique.' It contracts from such objects a venerable rust, which I prefer to the polish and the point of those wits who have lately profaned this august ruin with ridicule."

We wish we had room for the picture which he gives of the Pantheon; the observations it draws forth are those of a master. In his remarks on the works of the middle ages, Mr. Forsyth has some judicious criticism on St. John Lateran, and on the *Basilica* in general. He says that, like all Constantine's works, this is but a compilation of classical spoils—a mere theft of antiquity. "How august," he exclaims, "must the temple have been, which resigned those two stupendous columns of porphyry, to patch the brick-wall of this ecclesiastical farrago!"

In this account of modern architecture, what of course detains him the longest is St. Peter's; but we are sorry that his remarks on this stupendous effort of modern art appear rather flippant than just, more remarkable for singularity than truth. "M. Angelo," he says, "left it an unfinished monument of his proud, towering, gigantic powers: and his awful genius watched over his successors, till at last a *wretched plasterer* came down from Como, to break the sacred unity of the master-idea, and him we must execrate for the Latin cross. the aisles, the altic, and the front." Carlo Maderno may have committed a fault in misconceiving the mighty intentions of the original designer; but other beautiful specimens of his taste and genius, that are known and valued in other parts of Italy. might have rescued him from this degrading appellation. What follows, we cannot but think fastidiousness itself. "Perhaps the picturesque has been too much studied in the interior. The bronzed canopy and wreathed columns of the high altar, though admirably proportioned, and rich beyond description, form but a *stately toy*, which embarrasses this cross. The proud chair of St. Peter, supported by the fingers of four scribbling doctors, is in every sense a trick. The statues recumbent on the great arches, are beauties which break into the architrave of the nave. The very pillars are too fine." Such cold and mincing criticism might have been well spared in the contemplation of so stupendous a whole. He concludes his observations as follows: "No architecture ever surpassed in effect the interior of this pile, when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory—all the gradations of light and darkness—the fine or the fantastic accidents of this chiar oscuro—the projection of fixed or moving shadows—the sombre of the deep perspective—the multitude kneeling around the pope, the groups in the distant aisles—what a world of pictures for men of art to copy or combine! What fancy was

ever so dull, or so undisciplined, or so worn, as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene! I freely abandoned mine to its illusions, and ranging among the tombs, I sometimes mistook remote statues for the living. The St. Andrew, being near the luminous cross, developed all that awful sublime which is obscured in the day."

In the description of the Guistiniani palace, are the following nervous and striking observations on the character and productions of Caravaggio.

"He wrought some years exclusively for this place, where he found an asylum from the gallows, and painted in a room which was blackened, to harmonize with his genius and his heart. The ruffian loved the Scriptures, and rarely excelled out of them. His frugal pencil gives but few figures, nor much of those few; for his lights fall in red and partial masses without any diffusion. Whatever they fall on, indeed, starts into life; but the rest is lost in abrupt darkness;—a transition hardly in nature, or true only in candle-lights. Here are his Christ awaking the Disciples, Thomas touching the wound, a Faun squeezing Grapes, and some fine old Saints. This gloomy man could paint deep thoughtfulness, strong passion, intense devotion, or broad laughter; but he had no pencil for smiles, or beauty, or placid dignity, or love."

In the same tone of original criticism are the remarks on the Resurrection, by M. Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel.

"This immense work of the Resurrection is too learned for me. I revered it rather as a monument in the history of painting, and the cause of a great revolution in the art, than for any pleasure that it gave me. It includes too many pictures in one. The separating figure of Christ gives order, and even symmetry, to the upper region of the work; but plunging downwards, I was lost among gods and men, angles and demons—in air, on earth, and the waters under the earth. In this dingy field, you stop only to smile at singularities; such as Peter restoring the keys with grim reluctance, Dante's devils, his Minos, and his Charon diabolified.

"How congenial the powers of the poet and the painter! Bold and precipitating, they dash on to their immediate object, in defiance of rules and ridicule. One critic charges this mighty master with anatomical pedantry, stripping every thing to display the muscles. Another condemns the intermixture of epic and satire, of scripture and profane fable; a third, the constant repetition of the same Tuscan figure; a fourth, heaps on him all the sins of the sublime—gloom, harshness, negligence—the fierce, the austere, the extravagant—tension, violence, exaggeration. In short, had we any doubt of that one transcendant merit which could atone for so many faults, the very multitude of his critics would dispel it."

In spite of his usual severity, our author is all vivacity and good-humour when he comes to devote a chapter to the Roman villas. What seems to have principally contributed to this happy turn of mind, is the consideration that there is but one single place in Rome where any thing is demanded at the gates; and he was delighted to discover that this solitary instance of mercenary demand was not encouraged by the noble possessor of

the villa, but was owing to the rapacity of porters and gardeners. He is in raptures with the well-known elegant and hospitable inscription at the Villa Borghese, and indulges in the following just and liberal reflections:

"A few cardinals created all the great villas of Rome. Their riches, their taste, their learning, their leisure, their frugality, all conspired in this single object. While the eminent founder was squandering thousands on a statue, he would allot but one crown for his own dinner. He had no children, no stud, no dogs to keep. He built, indeed, for his own pleasure, or for the admiration of others; but he embellished his country, he promoted the resort of rich foreigners, and he afforded them a high intellectual treat. This taste generally descends to his heirs, who mark their little reigns by successive additions to the stock. How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England! How many are absorbed in the table, the field, or the turf;—expense which centre and end in the rich egotist himself! What English villa is open, like the Borghese, as a common drive to the whole metropolis? and how finely is this liberty announced in the inscription which I have copied above from the pedestal of an ancient statue in that park!"

In his chapter on the letters and arts of Rome, our author remarks the singular fact, that this mighty city has always adopted men of genius, but given birth to very few. Lucretius, Julius Caesar, and Tibullus, were the only authors of renown who were born within her walls. The artists who embellished her were Greeks. Such, he says, is still the fortune of Rome. She is the nurse of great talents produced elsewhere: men of talent flock to her as the mistress of art and antiquity. Canova, Kauffman, Benvenuti, and all the principal artists of Rome, are, we are informed, foreign to it. "Hither," says our author, "they come to form or to perfect their style. Here they meet congenial society, they catch inspiration from the sight of great works, they contract a dependence on such helps, and at last they can do nothing well out of Rome. Poussin ascribed it to the air: I have heard Angellica say, that the water of Rome revived her powers, and gave her ideas." Having mentioned the name of Canova, and the British public having been lately much interested in the character and talents of this great man, we shall give Mr. F's remarks on his principal works.

"The only Venetian artist that could ever impress my soul or awake its affections, is Canova. His first attempt at history remains here, in one of the Pisani palaces. The subject is Dædalus fixing wings on his son; a Dædalus so full of the father and the workman, that Canova has seldom surpassed the expression at Rome. Genius is like the spiral, more rapid in its first progress than when it draws near the unattainable centre of perfection. Reynold, looking back at his guinea-portraits, and Bernini at his busts of cardinal Scipio Borghese, were mortified to find those not so inferior as they expected to their latter works. In a Manzilli palace, Canova's Psyche stands alone, and, intent on her butterfly, she discovers no want; yet at Rome he has twined the enamoured god so exquisitely round her, as to appear essential to his lovely partner. How few are so happy in eking their works! how seldom can you add to a finished thing."

The excursion to Tivoli is told with much force and spirit and the portrait of their *Cicerone* is sketched from the life.

"Our guide was a local Latinist. Though as ignorant of the language as any other parrot, he quoted, with good accent and good discretion, all the ancient poets that bore upon his rounds. His Latin could even go twelve miles up the country, to Horace's place at Licienza: it took in Blandusia, Lucretilis, Digentia, Mandela, Vacuna, and entertained us during half our tour, till at last we detected the harmless imposture, by quoting out of his beat. Yet poor *Donato* excelled in his narrow sphere. Before he installed himself a *Cicerone*, he had been employed by landscape-painters to carry their implements round the hill. From them he had picked up the best remarks on its scenery. He stopped us at the finest points of view, he lectured, he grinned with admiration, he amused us; and was happy."

The scene itself is painted *con amore*.

"The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades, in the fore-ground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance. These form a succession of landscapes, superior in the delight produced to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described: no true portrait of it exists: all views alter and embellish it: they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the fore-ground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvass, will often condemn as bad nature. In fact, the beauties of landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it: he wants mountains where he finds only hills; he wants hills where he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements; the composition is his own."

No spot in Italy, or perhaps in the world, furnishes a wider scope for the pencil of the artist, and the descriptive powers of the tourist, than the vicinity of Naples. A view of the Campi Phlegraei, the bay of Puteoli, the promontory of Misenus, and the retreats of Baiae, cannot but awaken the most noble and endearing recollections. No wonder, then, that Mr. Forsyth, who is always happy in his descriptions, should be doubly so in painting the scenery of Naples. We regret we have not room for the whole; the reader may, however, judge of the remainder from a part.

"To enjoy the picture of Naples at its finest point of view, you must sail out in the morning about a mile from the mole, and catch the sun rising behind the hills. There you can distinguish at once the three celebrated craters upon which the city forms a loose amphitheatre: you see the whole elevation broken into great masses, and crossed by great lines; lines formed of long palaces, hanging gardens, and regular rows of terraced roofs: you trace the outline on the sea curiously indented, the shipping clustered behind the moles, and castles or towers on the

points of projection. Such is the city taken in one broad view. To describe its buildings I leave to the guide-books: its environs belong to the painter."

Such is the exterior view of this celebrated city; the picture of the interior is touched with all the genuine humour and the realizing effect of a Hogarth or a Teniers.

"Naples, in its interior, has no parallel on earth. The crowd of London is uniform and intelligible; it is a double line in quick motion; it is the crowd of business. The crowd of Naples consists in a general tide rolling up and down, in the middle of this tide a hundred eddies of men. Here you are swept on by the current, there you are wheeled round by the vortex. A diversity of trades dispute with you in the streets. You are stopped by a carpenter's bench, you are lost among shoemaker's stools, you dash among the pots of a *maccaroni*-stall, and you escape behind a *lazarone's* night-basket. In this region of caricature, every bargain sounds like a battle: the popular exhibitions are full of the grotesque; some of their church-processions would frighten a war-horse.

"The mole seems on holidays an epitome of the town, and exhibits most of its humours. Here stands a methodistical friar preaching to one row of *lazaroni*: there Punch, the representative of the nation, holds forth to a crowd. Yonder, another orator recounts the miracles performed by a sacred waxwork on which he rubs his *agnuses*, and sells them, thus impregnated with grace, for a grain a piece. Beyond him are quacks, in hussar uniform, exalting their drugs, and brandishing their sabres, as if not content with one mode of killing. The next *professore* is a dog of knowledge, great in his own little circle of admirers. Opposite to him stand two jocund old men, in the centre of an oval group, singing alternately to their crazy guitars. Further on a motley audience seated on planks, and listening to a tragi-comic *filosofo*, who reads, sings, and gesticulates old Gothic tales of Orlando and his Paladins."

The reader will readily acknowledge, that such a scene could have been painted only by a minute and attentive observer of nature. After detaining us most agreeably amidst these scenes of classical renown, he quits Naples with the following reflections:

"To a mere student of nature, to an artist, to a man of pleasure, to any man that can be happy among people who seldom affect virtue, perhaps there is no residence in Europe so tempting as Naples and its environs. What variety of attraction! a climate where heaven's breath smells sweet and wooingly—the most beautiful interchange of sea and land; wines, fruits, provisions in their highest excellence; a vigorous and luxuriant nature, unparalleled in its productions and processes; all the wonders of volcanic power spent or in action; antiquities different from all antiquities on earth; a coast which was once the fairy-land of poets, and the favourite retreat of great men. Even the tyrants of the creation loved this alluring region, spared it, adorned it, lived in it, died in it."

We are unable to follow the author to Portici, to Pompeii, to Paestum, and to profit by the just and happy remarks which are suggested by the various objects that diversify such an excursion.

At page 330, we find our traveller at Venice; but he is still so full of Naples and Baiae, that nothing seems to please him in what he terms 'the mbated imprisonment of a town.' He hastens forward to Turin with the following remarks: which contain some good hints to our countrymen, who are now eagerly flocking to those scenes, over which we are so pleasantly accompanying our tourist.

"My stay at Venice was short. We make the tour of Italy, as we make the circuit of a gallery. We set out determined to let nothing escape us unexamined, and thus we waste our attention, while it is fresh, on the first objects, which are not generally the best. On advancing we are dazzled with excellence, and fatigued with admiration. We can take, however, but a certain dose of this pleasure at a time, and at length, when the eye is saturated with pictures, we begin to long for the conclusion, and we run through the last rooms with a rapid glance. Such a feeling as this will account for the hurried manner in which I passed through the five final towns of my journey, and this feeling was enforced by the dread of an impending war, the love of home, and the impatience of my companion.

"Whoever goes abroad merely for observation, should avoid his own countrymen. If you travel in a party, your curiosity must adopt their paces: you must sometimes post through towns rich in art or antiquity, and stop where the only attraction is good cheer. While you linger with fond delay among the select beauties of a gallery, your friends are advancing into other rooms, and the keeper complains when you separate; you thus lose the freedom of inspection, your ears ring with impatience, and often with absurdity. If you travel with one who is more ignorant of the language than yourself, you must stand interpreter in all his bickerings with the natives; and will seldom content him, for a man is usually harsher, when his spleen is to pass through the mouth of another, than when he speaks for himself."

We are detained at the Dominican convent at Turin to examine the chef-d'œuvre of Da Vinci's pencil. The original cartoons of this celebrated picture are in our own country, and have been liberally permitted to adorn the gallery of the British Institution. We cannot let this opportunity pass, without paying our mite of applause to the public spirit and the liberality of feeling by which this gallery was formed, for the purpose of raising a fund for the encouragement of native merit; we know of no establishment that more fairly promises to promote the cause of the fine arts in our country. Under these considerations, we shall be excused for making an extract from Mr. Forsyth's account of this painting.

"Here is the great supper itself! Though incorporated with a wall, the superb picture has passed through a chapter of accidents. Da Vinci, the dupe of his own inventions, contrived for this work a new kind of ground or *imprimatura*, containing oils which were foreign to fresco. In half a century, half the picture was effaced. Of all the heads remaining, only three, it is thought, are original, and the colouring even of these is due to the pencil of restorers. When faded, it fell into neglect, and

became the sport of various barbarians. It was once whitewashed by the monks themselves. It was shot at wantonly by the Sclavonians who were lately quartered here: it was blistered, they say, by the corrosive fumes of the cavalry horses which were stabled in the refectory. At last it was rescued from perdition, and has lately acquired immortality from Morghen's unparalleled engraving. But Morghen found this picture so altered by restorers, that he was reduced to seek the original in its copies, two of which were painted in Da Vinci's time upon more fortunate walls. Like Euphranor in painting the twelve divinities, Leonardo began with the apostles, and exhausting his powers on them, he reserved no pre-eminence for the master. Having lavished his last touch of excellence on the celestial beauty of John, he left in despair the head of Christ unfinished. Why had he not recourse, like his copyist, to that portrait which they pretend, was sent by Christ himself as a present to king Abgarus? The Judas is generally supposed to be a likeness of the prior: but the painter, it seems, did not execute his threat."

We are now brought to Florence; but for particulars of this interesting city, we must refer the readers to the volume itself. We shall content ourselves with selecting Mr. F's just and liberal remarks upon the numerous charitable institutions that render that city more celebrated than all its works of art.

"A society of gentlemen, called the *Bounuomini di San Martino*, has been for four hundred years collecting and distributing alms among the poor who are ashamed to beg. The rank of these philanthropists, and their objects of relief, induce the rich to contribute, and sometimes to bequeath very considerable supplies. All bequests are turned directly into cash; nothing is funded, nothing belongs to the society, except the oratory where they meet. The receipts of every year are distributed within the year, to hundreds who are starving under genteel appearance: decayed gentlemen whose rank deters others from offering relief; ladies who live in garrets, and, ashamed of their poverty, steal down to mass before day-light; industrious women whom the failure of the silk-manufacture has left without any resource;—such are the objects whom these *Buonuomini* go weekly, privately, to visit and relieve. They were a kind of benevolent spies upon the domestic miseries of Florence, and used to search for the retreats of suffering delicacy.

"The Misericordia is an institution diffused over Tuscany. At Florence it consists of 400 men, chosen promiscuously from every rank, and classed into fratelli, giornanti, and straeciafogli. These philanthropists volunteer their service to the sick, the hurt, and the dead. On the toll of a bell they repair to their chapel, where they conceal themselves in long black vestments, which mask the whole head, and then set out with a covered litter, to convey the patients to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. There you will find the first noblemen in Florence, with their aprons and ladles, following the soup, which is wheeled along the wards, and dealing it out to the sick, as a check on the administration of the hospital. In the same lugubrious garb they convey, in the evening, the corpses of the day to St. Catherine's Church, where all the dead are collected for the midnight cart, and sent to the common burying-ground at Trespiano. This benevolent society has never paused for the last 500 years, nor desisted from its fatal

duties during several plagues. Leopold was a member, and occasionally assisted in bearing on his shoulders,

"Con sollecito amor gli egri e feriti."

The author does not, however, spare the Florentines; but is very severe upon their vices, their credulity, and their superstition. Among other miracles and wonders, the following is recorded in his usual strain of pleasantry.

"After this miracle come a ghost from purgatory, and haunted the wood of Villamagna, near Florence, to tell the secrets of its prison-house, and beg a requiem of eight paternosters a-day. It appeared, and spoke only to a little shepherdess; but people of all ranks, priests, and physicians, flocked from the city, suggested to her questions, and received with reverential awe the answers which she reported from the spirit. A crucifix was raised in the haunted spot, myriads of seraphim ("*un nugolo di bambini*," said the child) fluttered round it, and the multitude fell down in devotion.

"*Cantando miserere a verso a verso.*

"These parties lasted during the hottest months of 1800. Paolitti, a writer celebrated in agriculture, records the whole transaction, as rector of Villamagna. The archbishop examined the shepherdess, gave his sanction to her tale, and sent her round to the convents, to satisfy the pious curiosity of the nuns. I must not, however, omit that the master of this visionary had a large stock of wine, which the excessive heat was then spoiling. Providentially for its sale, the ghost continued its visits till all was drunk up by the thirsty multitude. It then thanked them for the holy charity of their prayers, and announced its departure to paradise. Indeed the scandalous chronicle mentioned a few barrels which were also turning sour in the rector's own cellar."

Thus we have attentively followed Mr. Forsyth through his delightful and picturesque tour; throughout which he has admirably succeeded in imparting his own vivid impressions, and in giving strong and living pictures of the scenes he has visited. Even when describing places with which we are familiar, from the accounts of late travellers, he possesses the happy art of throwing so much novelty and spirit into his narrative, that we read it with all the satisfaction of a first visitant. Our readers will feel the truth of these observations, if they do but compare the extracts we have here given, descriptive of Rome and Naples, with those of two celebrated tourists quoted in former numbers. It might have been imagined that Eustace and Chateaubriand had exhausted the subject; but Mr. Forsyth has shown what new beauties a man of genius may discover in the most common and beaten tracks. But his observations on painting, sculpture, and all the productions of the fine arts, form the most valuable part of the volume. The reader is not wearied with hacknied criticism, nor disgusted with the cant of connoisseurs and dilletanti.

But while we speak so warmly of its merits in these particulars justice demands that we should notice its numerous defects.—The great object of the traveller who sits down to write an account of his tour, should be a love of truth—a desire to correct the pre-

judices of his countrymen, and not to detail the scandalous reports of the day, and copy from previous travellers the hereditary tales and falsehoods that have been propagated for successive ages. The latter is the prevailing error of Mr. Forsyth. He travelled rapidly through Italy; and yet he enters into a disquisition upon the manners and character of the inhabitants, with all the gravity of a philosopher who had lived in those countries for years, and had had leisure to study all the varieties of human character there. Hence, instead of a portrait of Italian manners, he has drawn a caricature; he has detailed, with curious accuracy, the scandalous anecdotes, and exaggerations of the tea-table, as pure matters of fact. Another of his faults is, that he is always aiming at effect; he is resolved to say something good, and his determination frequently leads him to have little respect to truth. There is a certain flashy manner about many of his delineations of character, where it is evident he has not scrupled to sacrifice truth to effect. All this is no less disgraceful to the character of the writer, than the indecent anecdotes, that "blur the the cheek of modesty," in more than one part of the volume. With these exceptions, which we yet hope another edition will correct, the work may be justly considered as a valuable addition to our stock of travels, few of which surpass it in power of language, and justness of criticism.

A summary statement of the origin, progress, and present state of the Washington Benevolent Society of Pennsylvania: with an account of the opening and dedication of the Washington Hall, on the first of October, 1816; including the religious services performed by the right reverend William White, D. D. and an oration by the honourable Joseph Hopkinson, M. C. a member of the society.—To which is added an Appendix, containing the Constitution and By-laws, and a description of the building and other property belonging to the society.

(*Continued from our last.*)

We proceed now to give an account of the splendid edifice, of which our engraver furnished a view in the last number of this Journal.

The plan of the Washington Hall is a parallelogram, seventy-three feet in front, by one hundred and thirty-eight feet nine inches deep. The elevation presents one principal story, raised upon a high, rustic basement. The façade on Third street is distinguished by a grand niche of twenty-two feet diameter, sweeping into the building, on the principal floor, fronted by a screen of columns of the Greek Ionic character, surmounted by their entablature, over which springs, from a blocking course, a semi-circular arch, equal in diameter to the niche. In this great niche a statue

of Washington is to be placed; and behind are smaller niches to receive those of Penn and Hamilton. Over these are tablets of decoration, and a panelled canopy crowns the whole. On the blocking over the entablature, in front of this canopy, an eagle is represented descending with a wreath of victory. Below this niche, on the basement story, a recess, fronted by rustic pillars, opens an entrance into the building. On each side of this recess is a small niche for busts, over which, in the principal story, and above the entablature are tablets of trophies. These central decorations occupy a space of thirty-eight feet on the plan, projecting four feet before the inferior parts of the building, and rising to the height of the main cornice, and are pierced in each story with a single window of large dimensions. The centre building being elevated by the great arch of the niche, steps back in blocking over the arch. The return of the building to the Washington Hall Hotel, carries the same character of finish as the front, and the whole is enclosed from the street by an iron pallisade.

To enter the building you ascend a low flight of marble steps, through the recess in front, and pass into a circular vestibule, twenty-six feet in diameter, crowned by a dome. On the right is the principal staircase; on the left a door leads into an office or committee room, twenty feet by eighteen; in front, an arch way opens into a passage extending the whole depth of the building, and on each side of this arch corresponding apertures lead, the one on the left to a suite of rooms, adjoining to, and opening into the Hotel; that on the right to the banqueting room, which is one hundred and seventeen feet in length, by thirty feet in width, circled at each end, the walls being pierced on one side by windows, and on the other by great folding doors, which, opening across the passage, meet corresponding doors opening from the opposite rooms, thus forming a suite of apartments capable of containing three thousand persons. Two communications are also made with the adjoining Hotel. The walls of the great banqueting room are decorated with pilasters and niches, and the ceiling groined in the centre, and niched at each end. A music gallery is erected just over the entrance from the vestibule.

Ascending the principal stairs, you land in a second vestibule. The stairs continue up to the galleries. On the left of this vestibule, a large window, descending to the floor, opens into the great niche. At the end of the vestibule a door leads into a committee room, eighteen feet by twenty; and turning to the right, you enter, through a large folding door, into the grand saloon. This room, which is particularly appropriated to the meetings of the society, is one hundred and twenty feet long, and nearly seventy feet wide, encircled by a double colonnade, supporting and screening

galleries. Above the entablature of the upper columns, springs a vaulted ceiling of forty-five feet in diameter. This vault is niched at the end next to the entrance, and the circle is continued down to the floor, opened at the angles by recesses, and fronted by columns. The whole height of the saloon is forty-five feet. The columns composing the colonnade are Greek Ionic below. Over its entablature runs a dwarf balustrading, enclosing the galleries. Above this is a colonnade of Attic columns. The rostrum and president's chair are placed a little in front of the music gallery at the west end, and on each side are disposed the seats of the other officers of the society.

The saloon is capable of containing four thousand persons with perfect convenience, and, if crowded, from five thousand to six thousand including the galleries. The floor between the columns is so constructed as by means of screws and other machinery, to be rendered elastic for the accommodation of dancing assemblies; and, when used for this purpose, the drapery curtains, which are proposed as decorations between the columns, being dropped, the space behind them thus rendered private, may be appropriated as a green room, promenade, &c. for such as do not dance.

The roof of this building, which was designed and executed by Mr. Justus, the master builder, is constructed in such a manner as to have all its weight thrown perpendicularly upon the outer walls, so that no part of it bears upon the columns within; consequently the floor of the grand saloon carries simply its own weight and part of that of the surrounding galleries, each of the columns of which rests upon the key wedge of one of the girders. pp. 101, 2, 3, 4.

The contents of this pamphlet are so fully set forth in its title-page, prefixed to the first part of this article, that we shall no longer delay our intention of transcribing a few passages from Mr. HOPKINSON's Address; which was one of our principal inducements to notice the book.

Until our Washington appeared, every nation had its great man, and proudly refused to admit the superiority of any rival. With him, all competition is abandoned; and the wise and good of all nations unite in pronouncing him "*the most worthy.*" The orators and statesmen of England and France have vied with each other in eulogizing the virtues of Washington. The leaders of opposing parties, rivals for power and fame, transcendent in their own talents and stations, and differing, systematically, upon every other subject, have agreed in bowing to the supremacy of the American patriot; in reverencing the great

qualities and pure excellence of the man of America; the man of the age; the man of mankind. "Such a character," says a French orator, "is worthy of the best days of antiquity. In collecting all the traits which compose it, we doubt if it has appeared in our age. We believe we have before us one of those illustrious men so finely portrayed by Plutarch." The eloquence of the British parliament has been made to sparkle with the achievements and virtues of Washington; and the most celebrated journal of our day, thus speaks on the same subject:—"The images of grandeur and power, those meteor lights which exhaled in the stormy atmosphere of revolution, to allure the ambitious and dazzle the weak, made no impression on the firm and virtuous soul of the American commander. Having given liberty to his country, Washington once more retired to his paternal roof, followed by the fervent admiration of his countrymen. Every heart, indeed, at all susceptible of being moved by the view of moral greatness, of all that displays divinity of soul in created man, must have warmed with admiration, on seeing him, who saved a country, renounce power and honours, and retain no other reward for his services, than that country's love."

It is not, therefore, by the selfish partiality or overweening pride of his own countrymen, that WASHINGTON is hailed "first in war, and first in peace;" but by the suffrages of the most distinguished men of every people. The crowned monarch, on his glittering throne, over whatever region he may rule, and by whatever principles he may govern, drops his sceptre at the name of WASHINGTON; of republican WASHINGTON. Yes—he who disregarded crowns and sceptres, receives the homage of kings who wear them. The speculative, philosophical statesman, whose systems require a perfection of virtue seldom attained, finds all he wants in the life of WASHINGTON. The moralist points to him as the great example; and the religious pride themselves on his exalted piety.—All men strive to be, or seem, like WASHINGTON. The proudest feel no humility in yielding to him; nor the best in confessing his superiority. Thus, when the glorious luminary of day comes forth, in his unquenchable splendour, the smaller lights are buried in his blaze, and we scarcely remember that "such things were." What is the spell in which he thus binds the affections of men? What the mighty magic which thus enchains admiration, and overpowers the faculties of evil? Envy, calumny, pride, and self-love, all confess his dominion, and leave him unmolested and unapproached. It is not that he was dauntless as the eagle that floated on his banner; for Ambition is fearless in pursuing his darling hopes. It is not that he was wise; for wisdom has sometimes visited the unjust and dwelt with the obscure:

It is not that he was fortunate; for a lasting reputation never yet was raised on accident. It is that all his great and rare qualities were ever governed by an unerring sense of justice, which yielded to no suggestion of interest or convenience; by a noble disinterestedness, which made no calculations for himself; by a benevolence which extended over every human want and weakness; by a firmness of soul, which made no compromises between right and wrong; by a dignified, pure, and upright love of country, which bravely pursued her true interests, her honest policy, regardless of popular errors and temporary delusions. He knew his country, and he trusted her for his ultimate justification, even when he opposed her feelings and wishes. The result proved that his country was worthy of him, and he of his country; for, as time discovered the truth of things, and experience dissipated the fumes of enthusiasm, the wisdom of WASHINGTON was cleared of every doubt, as his patriotism was above all suspicion. O! my countrymen, look through the life of this wonderful man, from childhood to the grave. It is a stream of light; easily followed. Is there a blemish which envy can point to? Is there a spot for calumny to breathe on?

To his *Farewell Address*, which combines the most profound knowledge of government and man, with the most affectionate solicitude for your welfare, I commend your constant attention. Virtue is the basis of his system. "Can it be," exclaims this christian patriot, "that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue?" He earnestly inculcates obedience to the government you have chosen for yourselves; and pronounces his condemnation on "all obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with a real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities. But his first great lesson, and his most anxious solicitude, was for the *union of these states*. This he pronounces to be "the main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety; your prosperity: of your very liberty." In the most solemn tone of parental admonition, he beseeches you, "to accustom yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of your country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties, which now link together the various parts."

FELLOW CITIZENS!—While your hearts glow with love and gratitude for the founder and father of your country; while the recollection of his matchless deeds and unrivalled fame, fills you with a noble pride, and you are ready to exclaim, in a burst of enthusiasm; "*This Washington is ours;*" I would that I could transport you to the spot, where his mortal remains, all that is left for you to honour, moulder and rest. It is a spot distinguished by nothing but its meanness; and exciting no feeling but indignation and shame. Yes, brethren, your WASHINGTON, he whose name filled the world, and can perish but with the records of man; who never has been, and never will be surpassed in any thing that ennobles our nature and gives title to reverence, he lies there, not dishonoured, for our ingratitude cannot dishonour him; but neglected and almost forgotten. Every year accustoms us more and more to the foul shame; wears away, by degrees, the remorse of ingratitude, and at no distant period we shall look at it with indifference. The honourable relatives of the departed hero, are prevented from gratifying their feelings of veneration and love for his remains, by having parted with them, on the solemn requisition of the nation; a solemn mockery; for, from that moment, the nation has thought of them no more. Does the history of man, do the tales of fiction, furnish any thing like this, in cold hearted, refined, insulting cruelty? To ask from the widow, and such a widow! the body of her deceased husband, and such a husband! only that those who asked for it might show how little they valued it.

I would recommend, that on every great national festival, particularly on the birth days of our Independence and of WASHINGTON, every newspaper, every journal, every meeting, every public address, in the United States, should, systematically, rouse the people on this subject, until those who have the power, and whose duty it is, to cleanse us of this disgrace, shall be compelled to do so.—pp. 64, 65.

The readers of this journal have had abundant evidence, that we heartily concur with the orator in the concluding part of this admirable sketch. We apprehend that Mr. H. is mistaken, however, when he says that the relatives of our political father, are prevented from "gratifying their feelings of veneration," &c. It was one of the last acts of the Adams' administration to make this requisition, and the law was not passed without considerable opposition. It was therefore not surprising that it should have been suffered to die in neglect, by those who refused to breathe it into life. Upon them and not the nation, be this reproach! The mortal remains of Washington still repose in the soil of the fa-

voured spot to which he retreated from the admiration of the civilized world. Judge Washington has very properly refused to permit them to be removed. About a year ago the sum of ten thousand dollars was *appropriated* to the purpose of erecting a monument by the state of Massachusetts. Whether we are to behold another dead letter law, remains to be seen. The lottery monument at Baltimore, by which we are irresistibly reminded of a certain tax that was levied by one of the popes—is rising from the earth. But the most substantial act that we have seen,—the only one that is worthy of the living or the dead—has recently been passed in the state of North-Carolina. Instead of the cautious calculations which we find in the north, or the mean appeal to sordid motives, displayed in the monument to the south, the governor of Carolina, by the direction of the legislature, has *placed* the sum of ten thousand dollars in the hands of signor Canova, a Roman sculptor, in return for which, he has engaged to execute a statue of Washington.

Can the society whose proceedings have occasioned these remarks, adorn our city with some memorial of this description; or shall they rather endeavour to perpetuate the illustrious name, by a rigid adherence to the principles of the greatest among men?

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PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS: *or Sketches of the Public Character of some of the most distinguished Speakers in the House of Commons.* Originally printed in the Examiner. 8vo. pp. 236. Price 8s. Baldwin and Co. 1815.

(From the Eclectic Review.)

THE English House of Commons, we venture to assert, is still incomparably the noblest political assembly in the world. Although our senators do not present the majestic spectacle of aged and reverend forms with snow-white beards, invested with the flowing *toga*, such as struck awe into the barbarian invaders of ancient Rome;—although no scenic pomp, such as attends the conclaves of cardinals and the levees of princes, confers outward splendour on their proceedings;—although those proceedings are in fact vastly less dignified and less interesting, and characterized by a display of intellect, feeling, or energy, far less than one might be innocently led to anticipate;—still, that such an assembly exists, an assembly of commoners and free men, constituting an essential part of the national government, and actually transacting in the face of society, the business of legislation, which elsewhere is for the most part carried on in mystery and darkness, in the chambers and cabinets of Power:—this is a circumstance

in itself replete with grandeur. Who can tell what influence the existence of one such assembly may have on the rulers of other countries, to deter them from enormities of aggression on the liberties of their subjects, or to induce them to concede a measure of freedom? The galling recollection, that in this one assembly the deeds of princes will be canvassed with unshackled freedom and with absolute impunity, and the wrongs of humanity obtain audience, if not redress; the apprehension that from the heart of the British people a voice may go forth, to rouse and animate the enslaved and oppressed, may well be supposed to have had a decided influence in strengthening the restraints of fear or of policy. An institute like that in which our constitutional liberty is embodied, constitutes a beacon which the people of other countries, who languish for liberty, must regard with hope, and at which tyrants must sicken with dismay.

With regard to this nation, we are not certain whether the very circumstances, which on a nearer view of the subject, are calculated to detract from the impressiveness of such an assembly, and to lessen the public confidence in its decisions, ought not to enhance in our estimation, the value of our constitutional privileges. As it is of infinitely greater moment that the British people should be taught to think well of their institutions, than that they should implicitly reverence the administrators of power, they should be taught to perceive how excellently secured are those liberties which Power dares not infringe, and corruption cannot quite destroy; how valuable must be those constitutional forms which, when the spirit of the constitution slumbers, still determine a boundary that the minister of the crown dares not pass! How admirably framed must be that complicated machinery, which so inconsiderable a degree of collective intellectual energy, is competent to keep in motion, so as to effect the general purposes of government. Those who most sincerely urge the necessity of Parliamentary Reform, cannot be supposed blind to the inestimable advantages resulting from even that *partial* representation which the country enjoys. The national will is at least recognised as a party necessarily co-operating in the acts of government, and it is still to a certain degree exerted, controlling, if we may so express it, the physical elements of power, and modifying the authority of law. The House of Commons, in fact, constitutes a standing recognition of the nature of the compact on which legitimate authority is founded, while what it has actually achieved for Europe, forms a no less striking illustration of the true nature of national power.

When we allude to the moderate rate of ability which is exhibited by the members of the present House of Commons, it is obvious, that we do not presume to sit in judgment on the general qualifications of its leaders as statesmen; nor would we by any means disparage that diligent attention to the details of political business, which characterizes the present administration. It is in

reference to the low degree of intellectual exertion in debate, the dearth of eloquence, and the substitution of a mechanical plan of oratorical warfare for an independent adherence to constitutional principles, that we allow of the justness of this moderated estimate.

'Subjects of almost incalculable interest,' remarks our Portrait painter, 'are to be discussed: peace and war, laws, morals, manufactures, commerce, all that concerns the wealth, the happiness, the glory of nations. Can the imagination conceive a finer field for oratorical emulation; more powerful incentives to awaken the mind to develop all its energies and all its graces through its noble organ, the tongue? What is the fact? About half a dozen speakers, who have acquired a certain fluent mediocrity, are allowed to settle the disputed proposition with little knowledge and less spirit, whilst the rest remain idle and almost unconcerned hearers, sometimes yawning, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes, to evince perhaps their claims to sit in a speaking assembly, shouting in a style to be envied only by a Stentor or a whipper in. It is indeed matter of humiliating reflection that, in a country like England, whose philosophers, and poets, and artists, may go side by side with the proudest names of antiquity—whose wealth and power make Greece dwindle into insignificance, and might dispute the precedence even with the gigantic despotism of Imperial Rome; in a country too, blest with a popular congress, where the voices of the chiefs of the nation may be heard, that scarcely one man has arisen who deserves the title of orator; scarcely one, who like Cicero, by the mere power of words, has darted the public indignation against a state delinquent, or like Demosthenes has electrified a whole people with one universal impulse of patriotism.' pp. 3, 4.

Criticus, (as the author styled himself in the EXAMINER,) proceeds to remark, that it would require a long dissertation to investigate the cause of this oratorical inferiority of our countrymen. He will not allow that it is to be ascribed in any degree to the good sense of the nation; or that it can be made a question whether Pericles and Demosthenes, Cæsar and Cicero, had as much good sense as lords Liverpool and Castlereagh. This is, however, rather flippantly said, since the comparison can not with fairness be drawn between individuals, and we suspect that at no period could Greece or Rome present an assembly of which Pericles or Cicero might be assumed to be an average specimen. Besides, our author in the subsequent sentences would seem to admit, that under the present circumstances of the case, it might be an indication of good sense to abstain from a useless expenditure of eloquence.

'A better reason,' he says; 'may perhaps be found in the constitution of that Assembly, which only assumes the character of being popular; and, while it pretends to regulate its decisions by deliberative wisdom, in fact listens only to the voice of power. In such a meeting, however grand the matter of debate, there is little stimulus for any but the most enterprising mind to waste its powers on a predetermined audience: for what could the voice of an angel do against a silent vote bought in silence! These purchased decisions, these previously bargained securities against the possible effects of eloquence, are sufficient to extirpate all the motives for ex-

ertion in the common run of ambitious men. Even a man, whose love of fame is purified from mere selfishness, may be forgiven, if he hesitates a little before he will devote the whole faculties of his mind to astonish an audience, who are bound by honour or by covenant not to be convinced, though Demosthenes, should rise from the dead: and to whom is left merely the half animal capacity of receiving pleasure from the sound of well harmonized periods. It asks a mind of no common firmness, of no common benevolence, to persevere in haranguing an impenetrable assembly from the almost baseless hope that some better spirit may disenthrall itself from its ignoble bondage, and dare to act solely at the direction of virtue and intelligence.' pp. 7, 8.

This does not quite account for the phenomenon. Eloquence would be a very dangerous faculty, if it were always available for carrying the disputed point, and its possessor would require a portion of infallibility, to deserve always to come off victor. A majority of votes is, as our author admits, not the only criterion of the successful exertion of talent. A virtuous patriot would find his sufficient reward in those 'slow and regulated benefits' which would be sure to result from his perseverance in assailing a corrupt administration. He might control those whom he could not dispossess of power; he might deter from attempts which he could not frustrate. He is pleading at the tribunal of his country, in the audience of the civilized world, and surely, how unavailing soever may be his efforts to accomplish the exact amount of good he aims at, he has no feeble inducements to exert his utmost faculties on the side of truth and virtue. He may despise the plaudits of the mob; but as he will not regard the interest which the English people take in parliamentary discussions, in the light of a ridiculous or unimportant characteristic, so, he will estimate aright the immense value of the *average opinions* of the people. In fact, the ideal orator we are portraying, may more perfectly realize all that our author ascribes with considerable justice to the exertions of Whitbread. If he cannot command a majority of votes, he may command a majority of opinions. He may "command and guide the sense of the nation."

'A force ten times more powerful than the House of Commons, because it always, directly or indirectly, influences the conduct of that assembly. To this the proudest minister is forced to bow; with reference to this he fabricates every measure: a piece of meditated tyranny is clipped away from this law; a patch of desirable fraud is torn from this arrangement; and corruption itself is quietly purged of the most acrid particles of its poison. Such is the power of a great moral check when directed by an able and honest man.'

How is it then, that so wide a scope presenting itself for virtuous ambition, with all that is pressing in the occasion, and all that is interesting in the subject, for the display of the highest faculties of ratiocination and eloquence, that the House of Commons does not furnish a counterpart to this ideal portrait? In the meagre list of "contents" to the present volume, although they comprise every name of note in the House, we in vain look for a cha-

racter of sufficient prominence and of sufficient consistency, unless in the distinguished and lamented person above referred to, to justify our fixing upon him the noble designation of an exception. If in point of capability and of uprightness of intention, the distinction is due to any individual, we should incline to pass over the pretensions of more popular declaimers, to attest the justness of the encomium passed by our author on the eloquence of Mr. Wilberforce as implying that exception. We find him strangely enough associated with Mr. W. Smith, who is characterized as having 'had the courage to touch the awful ark of the pure English constitution, and it is his praise, and no slight praise, that he has not utterly sunk in the attempt.'

'To go from the calm good sense of Mr. W. Smith to the enthusiastic declamation of Mr. Wilberforce, may seem to some a very rapid transition: but those who have watched the conduct of these gentlemen must, I think, see that their object is the same, and that therefore they ought to be associated. He whose wish is to emancipate opinion from penalty will rejoice to have for his companion the man who has, though late indeed, so eloquently pleaded the catholic cause, and who for years stood forth the irrepressible champion of the rights of the Negro. Indeed, when I consider the ardent and persevering struggle which Mr. Wilberforce so long maintained against the united strength of power and prejudice, and contemplate his final success in that noble work, I feel it to be a humiliation to descend to scan petty defects, and the mere errors of our common humanity. Who that looks upon an abundant harvest, ripened by the rays of a summer sun, will sit down to calculate how often that sun has been overclouded? Or to come more to men and things, who would estimate Locke by his prolixity, or Shakspeare by his puns: Yet such is the rage for analyzing faults:—the common mind is so much more fitted to seize a flaw than to comprehend an excellence, that a writer would be thought most blind and partial who would suffer even a saint to pass by unreprehended. What then can be alleged against Mr. Wilberforce? Want of decision, arising, some think from timidity, others say from want of highmindedness, seems to be his principal foible. Often will he support a position in a strain of eloquence to which the House is but little accustomed, and end (Oh lame conclusion!) in persuading almost every mind but his own. He has at length however broke the chain of his scruples, and last session, with a warmth of language and manner quite his own, unequivocally recommended the abolition of penal statutes in matters of religion. The speeches indeed of Mr. Wilberforce are among the very few good things now remaining in the British Parliament: his diction is elegant, rich, and spirited: his tones (excuse some party-whine) are so distinct and so melodious, that the most hostile ear hangs on them delighted. Then his address is so insinuating that, if he talked nonsense, you would feel yourself obliged to hear him. I recollect that last session, when the house had been tired night after night with discussing the endless questions relating to Indian policy, when the commerce and finances and resources of our oriental empire had exhausted the lungs of all the speakers, and the patience of all the auditors—at that period Mr. Wilberforce, with a just confidence in his powers, ventured to broach the hacknied subject of Hindoo conversion. He spoke three hours, but nobody seemed fatigued: all indeed were pleased, some with the ingenious artifices of his manner, but most with the glowing lan-

guage of his heart. Much as I differed from him in opinion, it was impossible not to be delighted with his eloquence: and though I wish most heartily that the Hindoos might be left to their own Trinity, yet I felt disposed to agree with him, that some good must arise to the human mind by being engaged in a controversy which will exercise most of its faculties. Mr. Wilberforce is now verging towards age, and speaks but seldom: he, however, never speaks without exciting a wish that he would say more: he maintains like Mr. Grattan, though not with quite the same consistency, a considerable respectability of character by disdaining to mix in the daily paltry squabbles of party: he is no hunter after place, though he is a little too much haunted with a passion for which he may quote the authority of St. Paul, of pleasing all men and of being all to all. I was sorry when, no longer able to retain the dignity of representing the greatest county in the kingdom, he condescended to sit as member of a petty borough. But something must be forgiven to an old man whose habits are formed. Parliament has been to him the scene of all his active exertions, of his pleasures and of his glory. We can pardon the old dramatist who goes every night to take his unviolated seat in the pit: we sympathize with the old soldier who would hobble a whole day's march to see a review: and shall less indulgence be given to the man who shows a rather extravagant fondness to cling to the place ennobled by the memory of great men, now no more, and endeared by the recollections of his own triumphs? I confess I always look with equal respect and pleasure on this eloquent veteran, lingering among his bustling but far inferior posterity; and well has he a right to linger on the spot where he achieved one of the greenest laurels that ever brightened in the wreath of fame: a laurel better than that of the hero, as it is not stained with blood or tears: better even than that of the statesman who improves the civlization of his country, inasmuch as to create is more glorious than to improve. And the man whose labours abolished the slave trade, at one blow struck away the barbarism of a hundred nations, and elevated myriads of human beings, degraded to the brute, into all the dignified capacities of civilized man. To have done this is the most noble, as it is the most useful work which any individual could accomplish: and in the contemplation of this great achievement, Mr. Wilberforce and his friends may find full consolation for all the minor weaknesses and failings of his character.' pp. 70—74.

A country that has given birth to a Milton, a Newton, and a Locke, might surely be supposed to contain materials from which there might have been framed a Demosthenes. Whence arises, then, the alleged inferiority of modern eloquence? We think it is in part accounted for, by the circumstances on which we remarked in a former article, that the state of society at an advanced period of civilization, renders men less passive subjects of the impressions made by poetry and eloquence, and multiplies at once the requisites and the difficulties of the orator. What our author assigns as the characteristic difference of the English and of the Irish nations,—that the latter "feel till they think, while their neighbour nation thinks till it feels,"—will illustrate still more forcibly the difference between ancient and modern society. In proportion as wealth and knowledge become more generally diffused, and the interests of all classes of the community become

interwoven with each other, the stronger feelings are less easily excited, and calculation supersedes the operation of impulse. Were Demosthenes himself to arise from the dust, endued with the power of breathing into the English language all the sonorous majesty and vehement expression of his native Greek, he would find himself in far other circumstances than those in which he assailed the power of Philip; and he would have in his audience, far less pliant and impressible materials to work upon. When the pride of the understanding must first be beguiled, before access can be obtained to the feelings,—when an audience must be charmed into the fatigue of sustained thought, and the attention be held captive till thought generates feeling, the task of the orator becomes indefinitely more arduous. He must condescend to be greatly indebted to superior knowledge, and to the power of imparting with lucid clearness his own perceptions, for the effect of his eloquence. The range of his acquisitions must be proportionally extended. The learning of a Cicero would be inadequate without some acquaintance with legal and financial details, and all the complicated subjects of political economy. The habits favourable to these acquisitions would by no means form part of the training of the orator for the public application of them. We have specimens of written eloquence that may bear comparison with the noblest relics of antiquity; but they differ from forensic oratory, or they would obviously be inferior to it. With all these acquisitions a man may still fall short of attaining eloquence, which though comprehending in itself so high and so numerous attainments, is not necessarily the result of the sum of all. He must have the power of utterance; he must have invulnerable self-possession; and yet, though seemingly opposed to this, he must have *enthusiasm*, for unless he at least appear to speak from the vehemence of feeling, the glow of honest enthusiasm, his most elegant orations will be unimpressive. This enthusiasm can be justified only by sufficient occasion: and in fact it is occasion which both excites and develops the powers of genuine eloquence. Orators, like generals must be formed in the field: they attain greatness only under the influence of that necessity which stimulates the faculties to their highest pitch of exertion. Unfortunately, the House of Commons is too well calculated to awaken common and degrading associations in connexion with all that is elevated or affecting in occasion, and to lower down the noblest enthusiasm to apathy. Lastly, to retain ascendancy over the minds of an enlightened audience, to give reiterated impressions the effect of permanency, to make the thoughts no less than the feelings obey the force of sympathy, and to impart to the arts of persuasion the power of authority,—this one more essential is wanting, the eloquence of *character*. We do not mean to say that eloquence is never adapted to succeed irrespectively of character: there have been instances in which by dint of mere intellectual

energy, a strong and biassing impression has been made on the feelings of an audience. Sincerity and consistency with regard to the particular subjects of debate, will sometimes stand instead of the influence of general character. But as to the greater part of those topics which come within the range of animated discussion, there is no doubt that within the House of Commons, but especially out of the House, a reliance on the integrity, a confidence in the motives and designs of the speaker, are indispensably requisite to insure the success of the most brilliant eloquence. How many circumstances, then, conspire to prevent the rise of a modern Demosthenes! In vain on either bench of party, among the plausible advocates for predetermined measures, or the hostile assailants of all proposed measures, shall we expect to see a truly great orator arise. The littleness of party forbids it, and the circumscribed views of those who are merely political men are equally fatal to the expansion of the faculties to the height of moral grandeur. What might not an individual achieve who should realize in his own person the splendid combination of the fearless independence, the unwearied energy, and the commanding plain sense of Whitbread, with all that is conciliatory of deference and veneration in the character of Wilberforce! Let us imagine for a moment such an individual, persevering in a course of undeviating consistency and inviolate virtue,—attached to no party, the firm assertor of principles to which his own life should exhibit a practical subjection, the inflexible assailant of corruptions of which his own character would furnish the strongest ground for confidence that himself was incapable;—the people of England wou d have in such a man a champion of their rights and liberties which should still make the most corrupt or daring intriguer tremble.

We think the present publication is on the whole likely to do good. It will tend to promote a more discriminating appreciation of public men and to moderate the bigotry of party estimates. The author writes like a man accustomed to think soundly and to speak freely. There prevails, we must confess, a tone somewhat too dogmatic—an assumption of superiority which too nearly borders upon flippancy; and the language, though for the most part forcible and idiomatic, is not free from that affectation of careless originality which marks the writings of Mr. Leigh Hunt. The portraits are however drawn in a style far above the level of ordinary newspaper criticism; and without venturing to pronounce upon their uniform fidelity, we should imagine that in no instance is the author chargeable with palpable injustice. He gives Lord Castlereagh credit for sincerity in most of his opinions, and for being 'more free from uncandid evasions than most of the political aspirants of the day.' Mr Canning is less respectfully characterized as 'a gentleman whom fortune, in a joke, has pushed above his natural elevation, to be pointed at as the quintessence of

wit and statesmanship,' but who 'would altogether have made an excellent first master of Eton.' Mr. Grattan is classed, though not as an equal compeer, with Burke and Sheridan—poor Sheridan! whose moral character contrasted with his superlative genius, furnishes another striking illustration of the truth, that 'with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool.' There is, we must however remark, offensive personality in the attack upon Mr. Croker. Mr Tierney's political conduct is satirized with much more justness of severity. A very high panegyric is passed on sir William Scott, as well as on sir Samuel Romilly. The author speaks also in terms of warm applause of lord Morpeth, as possessing equal claims with lord Milton, to our regard on the score of virtue, and being very superior in point of talent,—in fact as being obscured only by his own diffidence. The author loses no opportunity of testifying his dislike to the 'whig-phalanx.' His lordship is accordingly characterized 'as the least haughty and repulsive of that very disagreeable body of men.' In another place he wishes to distinguish the principles of whiggism from its professors; a distinction most just and salutary, could it be impressed on the public mind, which is always too prone to judge of the principles exclusively by the men. Speaking of Mr. Fox, he exclaims,

'Let not this illustrious name be confounded with those dull and pompous aristocrats, who, assuming a popular character for private purposes, despise equally popular feelings and popular sentiments; who bolstered up with heaps of wealth, and stiffened into one compact mass by family alliance, with cold selfishness turn their backs at once on the monarch and the nation, and never think or speak of the people, except perhaps once a session to point a sentence, or build a climax. Are such men constitutional advocates of a people's rights? Are they even a healthy part of the body politic of England? No! they are indolent and indurated tumours, equally dangerous by their stay or their removal, but which it is the interest both of the king and people to soften or disperse as much as possible by their united skill and energy. They are the powerful obstacle in the way of all reform, yet dare to retain a name which throws shame and inconsistency on all their actions and all their sentiments. Let me except one eminent character "who bears no token of these sable streams," though sometimes ingulfed in their general vortex. For lord Holland it is impossible not to feel the deepest respect: his open disposition and honest feelings remind one every moment of his great relative; while his fine good sense, enlarged and liberalized into philosophy, shows that if his talents are not prodigious as those of his uncle, they are at least of the same sterling nature.' pp. 25,26.

Mr. Horner is highly and yet perhaps inadequately appreciated; but the author puts forth all his strength on the character which is reserved for the concluding portrait, Mr. Whitbread. Since the author's sketch was written, that truly independent and faithful representative of the people, has fallen a victim to his own overwrought energies; and his encomium has been most emphatically pronounced by fellow senators, to whom in his parliamentary

career, he was a sincere and formidable opponent. The loss which the nation has suffered in his death, we do not pretend to estimate.

The Descent of Liberty, a Mask; by Leigh Hunt. To which is prefixed, an Essay on the origin and nature of masks, and a memoir of the author. Philadelphia. Harrison Hall, 18mo. pp. 142. bds. 75 cents.

(*Partly from the Eclectic Review.*)

Mr. Hunt is not inclined to fetter so lively and airy a composition in the bonds of a too strict definition; he considers it as "A mixed drama, allowing of natural incidents as of every thing else that is dramatic, but more essentially given up to the fancy, and abounding in machinery and personification, generally with a particular allusion." p. xxiv.

Milton's Comus he considers as the best, indeed, but, at the same time, the least specific work of its kind. Perhaps, common readers will have their idea of a mask best formed by being referred to that in Shakspeare's Tempest.

Mr. Hunt's piece is of a much more extensive and varied nature; extremely gorgeous in its pageants, rich in its imagination, and delightfully romantic and fanciful in its diction. To some readers, indeed, the diction may appear as too much an imitation of our old poets; but to us, any thing that brings them to recollection is charming. Neither can Mr. Hunt be called, properly, an imitator; he has embued himself richly with the wild fancies and picturesque language of those good old bards, but he has, at the same time, his own manner.

The subject, as the reader will guess by the title, is the return of Liberty and Peace to the earth, after the downfal of Bonaparte; and we think the political purport now and then peeps rather too broadly through the fancy of the piece. Shepherds are introduced as having heard, for some days, sweet music in the air, a

> "New sound,
> The first, of any comfortable breath
> Our wood has heard for years."

Hence, they augur some glad change at hand, some relief from the enchanter who has so long been the curse of the "weary land."

> "I know not why,
> But there is such a sweetness in the touch
> Of this mysterious pipe that's come among us—
> Something so full of trilling gladsomeness,
> As if the heart were at the lip that fill'd it,
> Or went a rippling to the fingers' ends,
> That it forebodes, to me, some blessed change."—p. 8.

Of this music and of their conjectures they resolve to inform old Eunomus,

> "Who used to set
> So rare a lesson to the former court,
> But now shuts his sorrows in this corner."—p. 8.

> "How has he suffered?
> Both his sons gone—the first one by his death
> Breaking the mother's heart, the second now
> Torn from his bride, and dead too as they say."—p. 10.

This Eunomus and his daughter-in-law, Myrtilla, are charmingly described; and, at the request of the latter, put forth in a sweet song; a spirit announces the coming of Liberty. The destruction of the enchanter is then shown in an aërial pageant, and the twilight, which before had lain upon the face of the whole country, vanishes. Spring descends to prepare the earth for the approach of Liberty; and perhaps we could not quote any thing more characteristic of the author's lighter and more playful style, than the description which is given of her flowers.

> "Then the flowers on all their beds
> How the sparkles glance their heads!
> Daisies with their pinky lashes,
> And the marigold's broad flashes,
> Hyacinth with sapphire bell
> Curling backward, and the swell
> Of the rose, full lip'd and warm,
> Round about whose riper form
> Her slender virgin train are seen
> In their close-fit caps of green:
> Lilacs then, and daffodillies,
> And the nice-leav'd lesser lilies,
> Shading like detected light,
> Their little green-tipt lamps of white;
> Blissful poppy, odorous pea,
> With its wings up lightsomely;
> Balsam with his shaft of amber,
> Mignonette for lady's chamber,
> And genteel geranium,
> With a leaf for all that come;
> And the tulip, trick'd out finest,
> And the pink, of smell divinest;
> And as proud as all of them
> Bound in one, the garden's gem,
> Heartsease, like a gallant bold,
> In his cloth of purple and gold."—pp. 28, 29.

Philaret, the husband of Myrtilla, returns almost unhoped-for from the wars; and on hearing of the kindness of his wife, during his absence, to his old father, breaks out into the following expressions of tenderness, which are exquisitely touching:

"Did she do so? Did you do thus my best
And tenderest heart?—my wife—May heaven for this,
If only this, bring out that cheek again
Into its dimpled outline—Heaven for this
Cool the dear hand I grasp with health and peace,
Bless thee in body and mind, in home and husband—
And when old age reverencing thy looks
In all it can, comes with his gentle withering,
Some thin and ruddy streaks still lingering on thee.
May it, unto the last, keep thee thy children,
Full-numbered, round about thee to supply
With eyes, feet, voice, and arms, and happy shoulders,
Thy thoughts, and wishes, looks, and leaning stocks,
And make the very yielding of thy frame
Delightful for their propping it.—Come, come,
We will have no more tears."—pp. 35, 36.

Liberty at length descends; and the four "spirits of the nations," the Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English genii successively enter, and are welcomed by her in appropriate speeches. Peace is then invoked by some of the spirits of Liberty, who introduces, with a profusion of sweet songs and gorgeous imagery, Music, Painting, and Poetry. Then enter, with appropriate pageantry and attendants, Experience and Education. After this Peace invokes Ceres in the following simple and beautiful song.

THE FOURTH SONG OF PEACE.

"O, thou that art our queen again
And may in the sun be seen again
Come, Ceres, come,
For the war's gone home,
And the fields are quiet and green again.

The air, dear goddess, sighs for thee,
The light-heart brooks arise for thee,
And the poppies red
On their wistful bed
Turn up their dark blue eyes for thee.

Laugh out in the loose green jerkin
That's fit for a goddess to work in,
With shoulders brown,
And the wheaten crown
About thy temples perking.

And with thee come Stout Heart in,
And Toil, that sleeps his cart in,
And Exercise,
The ruddy and wise,
His bathed fore-locks parting.

And Dancing too, that's lither
Than willow or birch, drop hither,
To thread the place
With a finishing great,
And carry our smooth eyes with her."—pp. 63, 64.

The pageants are on a sudden interrupted by the hasty entrance of "a sable genius with fetter-rings at his wrists, a few of the links broken off." He has been disturbed by dreams of still impending evils, but is sent away reassured by the promises of Liberty. The poem closes with the goddess's "wisest contrast," the pageants of true and false glory.

Such of our readers as measure merit by length, breadth, and thickness, will think that we have dwelt too long on this unpretending volume; but we feel it necessary to apologize to our more imaginative readers, for so soon letting it out of our hands. It has given us infinitely more pleasure than many a handsome quarto from more fashionable pens. Indeed, we know not that a thing of such continued and innocent fancy, so finely mixed up with touches of human manners and affections—a poem, in short, so fitted for a holyday hour on a bright spring morning—has ever come under our critical cognizance.

As every reader wishes to know something of the personal history of the writer of a book which amuses him, we think the value of this first American edition is considerably enhanced, by the addition of a sketch of the life and opinions of the author, from his own pen. His father was probably a native of this city; at least he resided here at the commencement of our revolution. It is within the recollection of many, that he and Dr. Kearsley were carted through our streets on account of their adherence to the royal government. In his political opinions, the son has not adopted the sentiments of his sire. He is, what Dr. Johnson would term, *a good hater* of the ministry. He contrasts, with no little self-complacency, his "honest reputation," with the *want of decency* which he thinks is shown by "the wretched men in power" who "send their countrymen to prisons and graves," for nothing at all, it would seem according to some of these writers, but to amuse his royal highness, and to vex sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. William Cobbett. The last of these champions of freedom once wrote himself into Newgate, and then tried to write himself out again, by offering to enlist his pen on the other side; but the ministry did not choose to spoil sport, and so the friend of the "*thinking* people," remained in limbo. Our author boasts that the attorney general has twice brought him into court, "as a malicious and evil-minded person, purely to show that he could not prove his accusation." It is stated in one of the British journals, that Mr. Hunt was at one time found guilty of having published a libel, which was said to be the most infamous that ever appeared. His majesty's attorney general, is not, therefore, always successful in the attainment of the singular object which our author imputes to him. We require no further proof than the writings of these very men, to demonstrate the freedom of the press in England. There are passages in this memoir, which, if they had been published in some parts of this country, would have brought down upon him something which Newgate itself never exhibited, in the worst days of Jack Cade.

It is deeply to be deplored that such fine talents as Mr. Hunt possesses, should be narrowed down to party, when they might charm the world. In all that he writes, excepting some of his political sarcasms, in which there is a littleness unworthy of a poet, there appears to be so much openness and independence, that we do not question the purity of his intentions; but we would exhort him to leave politics to those who are unable or unwilling to do any thing else, or who follow it, as is generally the case, *as a calling or trade*. If his zeal be so ardent that he cannot abstain from the conflict, we advise him *to let blood*. This is a sure remedy for the political *cacoethes*. If his views be honest,—we speak without particular reference to any party,—in the end he will be very likely to find, that he has been labouring for a set of crafty and designing men, who cower under the storm, but who will be warmed into life, as soon as the horizon is clear. They will contrive to monopolize all the honours and the profits, and the poor patriot will be stuffed at a public dinner, or, by special favour, he may be provided with a good stand, from which he can behold the triumphal entry of his friends into the great object of their ambition—OFFICE. "I do beseech you," says Sancho repeatedly to the knight, who wanted, like Mr. Hunt, to put the world to rights, "to give me that same island that you promised me." The most disinterested partisan may at least expect to be honoured by an ovation, which, it will be recollected, was a triumph allowed to those Roman commanders who had won a victory without *much* bloodshed; but in political struggles, even this has been denied; and the great man has stared in the face of the faithful soldier, who fought in the field and *found himself*, and vowed upon honour, that the latter had the advantage of him. Even if, like the demon in Lewis's Monk, he had poured out his own blood to serve their purposes, the man who enlists himself in this thankless and hateful service, will find himself elbowed out of the way by cunning and intrigue—he will be left to languish in obscurity—time wasted that can never be recalled—talents frittered away—clamorous creditors without, and tormenting repinings within!

Yes, such is the man, and so wretched his fate;
And thus, sooner or later, shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the Great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve!

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey
On the brains of the elk to his very last sigh;
Oh Genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

Such reflections irresistibly lead us to exclaim with the severest satirist of antiquity,

O Proceres censore opus est, an haruspice nobis?—Juv. Sat. 2.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

THE ADVENTURES OF A ONE DOLLAR NOTE.

MR. SAUNTER,

YOUR friend, Mr. Oldschool, is not more careful to cull the choicest flowers of literature for the entertainment of his readers, than we little gleaners are ambitious to contribute a sprig to his garland. But as he has sometimes hinted, that he will not pollute his journal with weeds, we dare not rashly obtrude our offerings. Through your intervention, perhaps we may hope to be accepted. The following story presents something new. Bank Notes are indeed, travellers of the first order of activity, but I do not recollect that any one of the fraternity has given his adventures.

One evening last winter, after having drawn my window curtains, swept my hearth, and snuffed my candles, I sat down with a book, in the hope of enjoying a comfortable hour. In a few minutes I was interrupted by the entrance of my father with two other gentlemen. I civilly laid down my book to receive them, handed chairs, and stirred up the fire. They advanced with a hurried sort of a bow, ran their boots into the blaze, for a moment rubbed their hands, and sat down, talking all the time with an earnestness not to be diverted by trifles. The subject, I soon found, was the bank bill, then before congress. They discussed it line by line, their interest increasing with every paragraph and section, till they completely forgot that they had not the making of the whole law in their own hands. Finding myself a cypher that could add nothing to their calculations, I turned again to my author, but vainly endeavoured to read; bank bills and paper currency, per cent. and discount, rung in my ears, and completely banished the book from my attention. I retired to my chamber, but the genius of banking had laid his spell on my eye-lids, and all other objects were excluded from my imagination. I fell asleep,—my toilet became a counter, and my dressing boxes were transformed into piles of bank notes. Heaps on heaps arose before me, and all apparently new. I gazed with astonishment and delight, and presently began to calculate how many beautiful things I could purchase with such a treasure, and how many beings I could make happy—when, slowly, and from a remote corner of the table, arose

a shabby ONE DOLLAR NOTE. Placing itself upright before me, it addressed me as follows:

"Be not surprised, young lady, that in this age of wonders, you behold a bank note endowed with the powers of motion and speech. The dumb are now taught to communicate their ideas, and pigs have been inspired with a taste for letters. A woman is seen existing without food, and another delivers sermons in her sleep. Why then may not I, mean though I seem, and nearly reduced to my ragged original, why may not I administer to your entertainment? I have had the honour of supplying your wants, though now maimed and defaced you turn from me with coldness and disgust to my gaudy companions, who have been deck'd out with all the finery that could be produced by the skill and taste of Murray, Draper, Fairman, and Co. Every scar you behold is an honourable one, for like those of the mutilated soldier, it was earned in the service of my country.

On this busy theatre of action I made my *debut* on the first of September 1814, and in a very few months I had made a multitude of acquaintances, and transacted a variety of business. While these spruce looking gentry who surround me, and whom you are pleased to behold with so much complacency, were reposing snug and dry, in a commodious vault in the bank of Pennsylvania, I was enduring all weathers, and performing my part in the active duties of life. So well did I sustain my character, that wherever I came, every hand was open to receive me, and never relinquished me without unfeigned regret. You will not then think me arrogant in talking of the customs and manners of this great city. I have traversed every street and seen all the people. I have spent an hour with one, a whole day with another, and have even passed several together in the closest intimacy with particular families. But though I possess uncommon facilities in acquiring universal knowledge, I shall neither mention names nor betray secrets. Nor will I disgust you with details of grossness and vulgarity, for I cannot deny that I have been made to participate in a frolick or a fraud, that I did not approve, and have sometimes been the instrument of mischief as well as the means of good.

To you I was introduced by your father, one morning while you poured out his coffee; you had seen the ear-rings which at this moment adorn your face, and declared you *must* have them. He gave me with several other small notes to you, telling you, you would ruin him with your extravagance; you laughed at the prediction, and ran off to secure the precious ornaments before another should see them. From the hands of the jeweller I passed immediately into those of a young man who purchased a seal for his first watch. I was hastily slipt into his pocket, an object of no importance, whilst the cornelian was carefully appended to a chain of immoderate length, and dangled up and down Chesnut-street, 'till after his family had finished their dinner. But this was not much; his mother ordered him a hot cutlet, and half the fashionable world had seen his dashing watch-chain. With my new acquaintance I could not look for a permanent residence, and I was offered in the course of the next day, at a confectioners', a music shop, and an oyster-cellar. At none of these could he get change, and he was therefore compelled to keep me, till he was accosted by a man, pale, ragged, and somewhat lame. He assured him he was "an old soldier," and had been shot in the leg at the battle of Chippewa. He had walked to Washington, he said, to sue for his pay, had failed to substantiate his claim, and was now begging his way back to his family in the state of New-York. The good natured youth put me hastily into his hand, blushed that he had not more to give, and hurried away to avoid observation. The beggar had indeed been a soldier, and was poor, but not too poor to indulge in a glass of whiskey. He carried me therefore no farther than the next grocer's shop. From this place I was taken, where I had been an hundred times, perhaps, before—to market—a place of all others, the most dangerous to my delicacy. Here, besides suffering the material injuries inflicted on my tender frame by incessantly passing through all sorts of hands—the rude, the rough, and the greasy, I was insulted by the scruples of the ignorant, scolded by the fish-women, and execrated by the old ladies who could not read my denomination without the trouble of putting on their spectacles. After going the usual round I was placed between the leaves of an Almanack, for though my comeliness was considerably diminished, I was yet as valuable as

ever—and carried home by a gentleman in whose family I found repose for a few days.

He was the father of one daughter and two sons, the elder of whom had lately discovered in the "western wilds, a blooming flower," wasting its sweetness in the desert air, and had transplanted it in triumph to the soil where it must receive its due admiration. He had married a beautiful young girl, who had been educated at a great distance from the city, and had just brought her home to his delighted family. She was accompanied by her uncle, a lively, hearty old gentleman of seventy-two. He had taken a long journey to see her introduced to her new relations. Forty years ago he had lived in Philadelphia, but the astonishing increase of the city, the splendour of its appearance, and the change in its manners, from the village to the metropolis, were as striking to him as they were new to his niece.

The young people considered him a perfect antiquary, and they would sit whole hours and listen and laugh at the "tales of other times;" especially the sprightly Elizabeth—she would draw up her chair close to his—"Come grandpapa now tell us about the antediluvians." "Antediluvians, my dear!" "O yes, the seventy-sixers I mean, before the revolution and before the flood, its all the same to me! you courted, I suppose, like Shallum and Hilpa in the Spectator?" "Why we did not indeed," returned he, "wait fifty years for an answer, but methinks we held the ladies in higher estimation in my day than the gentlemen do in yours. I hear you complaining that you cannot run to see a friend in the evening, for want of a beau to attend you; now our belles were surrounded by their servants every evening—we were ever ready to wait on them if they walked, or to sit and converse with them while they worked, and we thought we could not spend our evenings more agreeably." "Well, you were more civilized then, than I had supposed—but are not our gentlemen more respectful than you were; they come cap in hand when we invite them to tea?" "Manners, my dear, have changed very much; I remember when it would have been thought immodest in a young lady to invite a gentleman to tea; now it is indecorous to go without an invitation. Our village, I see, has become a great metropolis; wealth and splendour every where astonish me. The houses in

which our nobility lived, are not large or commodious enough for your mechanics. In my time a child could tell you the owner of every carriage that passed the door; now whole strings of coaches wait the call of the lowest of the people." One evening the ladies came down stairs about nine o'clock in full dress—"Hey dey!" cried the old gentleman, "what now? I thought you had all gone to bed." "To bed indeed," exclaimed Elizabeth," we are just going to a party." "Alack a day, what sad doings, why your mothers used to have returned from their parties by this time." "Then I contend that we are wiser than our mothers, for we finish the business of the day before we begin our pleasures." "And what is the *business* of the day, is it not visiting too?" "No, we only pay morning visits between twelve and two; we work, and read, and walk, the remainder, unless we have societies to attend, which occupies a large portion of our time." "Pray what are those societies, my dear, at which you assist? may I inquire?" "Oh! grandpapa, that would be a list too long to enter upon now. Mrs. B's rooms will be full and running over before we get there, but I'll tell you all about it to-morrow." "Very good, very good, I see you are excellent creatures, and so go away to your party, but you must not spoil my little mountaineer." Away then they went, taking me with them tied up in a corner of Elizabeth's handkerchief. Mrs. B's rooms would entertain an hundred persons pretty comfortably, but this was one of those large galas which fashionable ladies are obliged to give once in a winter to pay off their debts and show their furniture. There was therefore about three hundred people packed in on this occasion. The unpractised feelings of the young stranger shrunk from the presence of so many persons, but they were soon lost in the delight with which she contemplated the brilliant scene. She had not supposed that the world could have produced such an assemblage of beauty and elegance. Elizabeth was in her element, and amongst her acquaintances. In moving from place to place to speak to one and another, she left her handkerchief on a chair, and parted with me for ever. It was picked up by a waiter who quickly released me from my confinement. I was exchanged the next day for a pair of gloves, and soon after passed into the hands of the woman who sells fruit at the south-west corner of the state-

house yard. She had just laid me on a corner of the table while she took out of her pocket the leather bag in which she kept her treasures, as four young men dressed in modish surtouts came along. Arm in arm, they engrossed the whole breadth of the pavement, a long skirt, expanded by a puff of wind, brushed me to the ground, and I flew down the street faster than the enraged huckster could pursue me. The young men laughed, while she scolded and swore: "This comes, said she, of sweeping the streets with your nasty coat tails—you had better cut half of them off, and give them to poor folks that have none!" Some children that were passing, assisted her, and I was recovered, not much to my gratification, for a flight in the air was a pleasure I could not often obtain. I went from her to a black woman who had made her a Sunday bonnet. She carried me to her master's kitchen and stuffed me into the socket of an old candlestick, a habitation not quite so pleasant as Elizabeth's perfumed handkerchief.

(*To be continued.*)

REMARKABLE MOUNTAIN IN CHINA.

(*With an Engraving.*)

The engraving prefixed to this number of The Port Folio, represents a pass through or over one of the mountains that divide the province of Kiang-see from the province of Quang-tong. They form a chain running from east to west. Their basis is of granite, over which are gravelly and calcareous strata.

As it is a monument of that true benevolence which is rarely to be found, we have been induced to preserve the memory of it in our Journal. The following extract will illustrate the engraving.

The travellers began in a little time to ascend the highest of these eminences, the summit of which was confounded with the clouds above it. Two of these clouds, as they appeared to be to some of the spectators, were without motion, and left a void regular space between them; but after the travellers had ascended a long way upon a circuitous road, so traced for the purpose of be-

ing practicable for horsemen, they were astonished to find that these apparently steady clouds formed, themselves, the summit of the mountain, cut down by dint of labour, to a very considerable depth, in order to render the ascent somewhat less steep. Difficult as his passage still continues, it is so much less so than before the top of the mountain was thus cut through, that the statue of the mandarin who had it done, is honoured with a niche in some of the Chinese temples hereabouts. At this pass a military post is established.

While the volume is in our hand, we are tempted to copy a few instances of the cunning of this singular people.

I bought of a blind man in the street, says our traveller, a cornelia japonica, which had fine double white and red flowers. But by further observing it in my room, I found that the flowers were taken from another tree, and one calyx was so neatly fixed in the other with nails of bamboo, that I should scarce have found it out if the flowers had not begun to wither. The tree itself had only buds, but no open flowers. I learned from this instance, that whoever would deal with the Chinese, must use his utmost circumspection, and even then run the risk of being cheated.

One of my countrymen who bought some chickens, the feathers of which were curiously curled, found in a few days time the feathers growing straight, and that the chickens were of the most common sort. The Chinese had curled the feathers like a wig a little before he was going to sell them.

This is an instance of a Chinese who spares neither time nor pains if he can only gain money, whether by fair or fraudulent means.

Sometimes you think you have bought a capon, and you receive nothing but skin; all the rest has been scooped out, and its place so ingeniously filled, that the deception cannot be discovered until the moment you are going to eat.

The counterfeit *hams* of the Chinese are also curious. They are made of a piece of wood cut in the form of a ham, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with hogs' skin. The whole is so curiously prepared, that a knife is necessary to detect the fraud.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO—AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

EDITORS of periodical journals, who are obliged to go on "in season and out of season," and are never paid half so well as the mechanics whom they employ, may be compared to grasshoppers. Whilst these insects sing over their cups all summer, they starve in winter; and for a little vain merriment they find a sorrowful reckoning in the end.

BURTON.—That laborious collector, Wood, describes the author of the "Anatomie of Melancholy" as "an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thorough-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person; so by others, who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain dealing and charity. I have heard," continues the biographer, "some of the ancients of Christ church often say, that his company was very merry, facete and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dextrous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classic authors; which being then all the fashion in the university, made his company more acceptable."

MONTAIGNE.—The pleasure which we derive from the perusal of this merry Gascon is the more singular, because it is not owing to any happy fictions, nor to any continued interest, learned researches, brilliant eloquence, or even exactness of method, that he charms his readers. His book is nothing but a collection of detached thoughts: he seems to abandon himself to all the extravagancies of his imagination; and in wandering from one subject to another, he loses himself in a labyrinth of tales and reveries, without confusing himself, or seeming to care whether the reader follows him. He never read any thing but some Latin poets, a few voyages, and his own Seneca and Plutarch. He supported himself upon the works of the latter, appropriating all their beauties, and employing them, with a felicity of selection and a degree of ease and frankness peculiar to himself.

The works of Plutarch are an inexhaustible mine of knowledge. Montaigne has extracted the ore, and accompanied it with beautiful reflections, the result of his own experience. He frequently quotes Plutarch, because he was his favourite author: he speaks often of himself, because it was a subject which he had examined thoroughly, in the conviction that the best manner of studying mankind was to become acquainted with his own feelings, affections and thoughts. The only rule which he seems to have prescribed to himself, is never to speak but of those things which possess extraordinary interest. To this we may ascribe the energy and vivacity of his expressions, and the gracefulness and originality of his language. His genius possessed that confidence and amiable frankness, which we find among the children of the well born, whose manners have not been constrained by education and the customs of the world.

The great freedom with which he writes has given an air of negligence to his style; but it is, nevertheless, highly distinguished for its vigour and its variety. Montaigne lived at a period when the wonder excited by important discoveries, the fury of civil wars, and the rancour of polemical disputes, contributed to throw, not only France, but all Europe, into the greatest fermentation: it was favourable to the display of his genius, and, by a singular felicity, he escaped the trammels of party. His philosophy is a labyrinth, in which all the world may wander, and his plan may be comprehended at a single glance.

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Tacitus.—The character of Tacitus as an historian, though it is, upon the whole, deservedly high, yet it cannot, in every respect, escape our censure. He possessed powers adequate to the task of speculating upon the affairs of men, as becomes a philosopher. His sensibility catched those delicate shades in the human character, of which ordinary observers lose sight amidst its great outlines. His fancy suggested the precise emotions most likely to arise in a trying situation, led him to adopt that by which such emotions seek vent, and to seize the circumstances, in every object described, which strike the object first, and bring the rest along with them. His judgment discriminated the genuine from

ous, however artfully embellished, and, in the action even

of complicated causes, could assign the exact influence of each in the production of their common effects. But the ardour of his feeling, and the quickness of his fancy, sometimes betrayed him into errors. Strong as his judgment was, it did not always watch and control their excesses. The elegance of his style and sentiments, accordingly, degenerates, at times, into affectation, and their animation into extravagance. From the general vigour of his powers, he has thrown beauties into many passages which few writers, in any age, have rivalled, and which none have surpassed; but, from an undue balance, occasionally existing among these powers, certain passages are overwrought and deformed by those attentions that were meant to improve them.

Shakspeare and Tacitus are, perhaps, the two writers who leave upon the minds of their readers the strongest impression of the force of their genius. Splendid beauties in each are but eclipsed by faults which would have cancelled the merit of ordinary performers. We should, indeed, have no standard for measuring their excellence, did not the poet sometimes shock us with his extravagancies, and the historian with his conceits.

The writings of Tacitus were rated beneath their value by those who pretended to judge of them, in the last century. Mere philologists might, indeed, detect impurities in his style, and falsely ascribe that obscurity to a fault in his diction, which, in fact, had its seat in the depth of his thought. Being void, however, of that science which alone makes literature respectable, no words could unfold to them those beauties upon which he meant that his reputation should rest. D'Alembert, and other French critics, whose merit entitled them to direct literary opinions, saw the value of his works, and removed, in some degree, the prejudices that subsisted against them. Gibbon tells us that, "if we can prefer personal merit to accidental greatness, we shall esteem the birth of the emperor TACITUS *more truly noble* than that of kings;—that he claimed his descent from the philosophic historian, whose writings will instruct the last generations of mankind." That the emperor did not feel himself dishonoured by the connexion, appears from his giving orders, that ten copies of Tacitus should be annually transcribed, and placed in the public libraries. From the works of his immortal ancestor he expected

that his subjects would learn the history, not of the Roman commonwealth alone, but of human nature itself. By rescuing a part of these from destruction, he acquired a right to the gratitude of posterity; because he preserved a mine, in which, the longer and the deeper we dig, we shall find the richer ore.

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Lady Hamilton.—Among the works of one of the French writers there is an amusing comedy, entitled *The False Duke of Burgundy*, the plot of which is taken from the Arabian Tales. A drunken fellow is picked up in the streets, and clad with the habiliments of royalty. He awakes on a throne, and finds himself surrounded by courtiers, who render him all the attentions due to a monarch. As soon as he goes to sleep, he is clad in his old garments, and placed where he was found the preceding night. When he awakes he thinks he has enjoyed a delightful dream.

How many of these dreamers do we daily behold! The magic wand of the orientals never produced any thing more extraordinary than the sudden elevations which we have witnessed in our own days, and the awful instances of downfal which so frequently occur. We might designate the political events of the last five and twenty years as *The Thousand and One Nights of Europe;* since they are quite as wonderful as the tales to which we allude, and they are not less calculated to prevent a monarch from sleeping. Those political meteors which have glittered in the revolutions of empires have not been confined to the horizon of France. Among those individuals, whom fortune seems to have elevated, only that their fall might be more terrible, may be mentioned the person, under whose name these remarks are introduced. This lady, who played so magnificent a part in the theatre of Europe, this modern Ariadne, who caught in her net the hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar, commenced her career in the humble employments of a nurse and waiter at an inn. A young libertine was the first to discover this treasure of charms. He drew the youthful Emma from obscurity, but abandoned her in a few months, and the unfortunate girl was very soon enlisted in the ranks of those miserable wretches,

Qui, sur la fin du jour,
De quartiers en quartiers colportent leur amour.

Whilst she was in this occupation, she sat to Romney, the painter, *in puris naturalibus*. From him she passed into the possession of a young Englishman, whom she nearly ruined by her extravagance. His uncle, sir William Hamilton, then ambassador at Naples, interposed to break these disgraceful bonds; but it was only to assume them himself, in a more permanent manner. He relieved the young lover both of his debts and his mistress, and she became lady Hamilton. Here her splendid career commenced. The events of the war brought lord Nelson to Naples, staggering under the laurels which he had acquired. The bowers of beauty were not less propitious to his wishes than the tented field and the vexed waves. Until this period we have seen nothing more than a beautiful woman, who sustained her march by smiles and blandishments; but as soon as she had conquered the conqueror, she, who had never been cruel to any one, changed her character, and the cooing bird became an odious fury. When Nelson first arrived at Naples, she was not married, and the nobility of that city would not allow her to be admitted into their society. She vowed to be revenged; and she treasured up the contempt of the Neapolitans, in the same manner as the infamous Collot d'Herbois remembered the hisses of the Lyonese. At the end of one of those rapid revolutions, which were then so common, lord Nelson entered the port of Naples, the conqueror of the city, but the slave of his passions, to a degree which has cast an indelible blot upon his name. Without waiting for the return of the king, who was the only lawful judge to decide upon the conduct of some of the rebels, she made so fatal an use of the influence which she had obtained, as to bring her personal enemies, as she considered them, to the block or the halter. From the yard-arm of a frigate she saw suspended an aged prince, and she is said to have remarked that *nothing perfumed the air so well as the blood of a traitor*.

After this she led her hero to Sicily, and kept him engaged in a round of dissipation and vice. It was believed that Nelson had been transported to the enchanted isle of Calypso. It must be confessed that the hero of Aboukir, transformed into a swain, does not appear very worthy of imitation, and that a Telemachus of forty-four years of age, deprived of an eye and an arm, is an

object more disgustful than interesting. But while he was immersed in pleasures, his fleet was a prey to famine and disease. In vain did the rigid Trowbridge endeavour to tear him from the syren, who, more fortunate than Armida, detained him a willing prisoner to her charms. The ministry recalled their ambassador, and Nelson, in a fit of desperation, abandoned every thing. Without orders, he left his officers, his fleet and his army; and after exhibiting his mistress in several of the capitals of Europe, he returned to London, to disgrace by his conduct the country which he had honoured by his victories. His stay in the metropolis presents a course of conduct which makes the heart bleed by the melancholy conviction that so much greatness could be combined with so much littleness. The intrigues of the mistress caused a double separation of husband and wife; and the ambassador manifested his resentment, by bequeathing all his property to his nephew. But the revenues of Nelson were under her command, and during his life her days were passed in splendour and opulence. The moment that the battle of Trafalgar deprived her of this support, she became an object of universal contempt. Her creditors threw her into prison, from which place she was extricated by the benevolence of a magistrate. She then passed over to Calais, where she was arrested by disease, and the woman who had seen Naples and Palermo at her feet, ended her days in misery, neglected and forgotten.

We cannot say of her memoirs, which have been published, that they present only a bust. She is drawn at full length: she stands before the public as she was exposed to the eyes of Romney, without any concealment. But we hope that no one will ever imitate the artist in selecting her as a model.

The idea of publishing by subscription is not of very ancient date, and it is only of late years that it has been frequently adopted. Its advantages are of an essential kind. It qualifies an author to write better, by setting his mind at ease; it enables a publisher to sell cheaper, by freeing him from risk, and it records, as patrons of literature, the names of men who might otherwise have bid adieu to the world, without leaving any proof of their ever having thought or acted but with the vulgar.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FESTIVAL OF TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE day is so called from its being the twelfth in number from the nativity, or the day on which our Saviour was made manifest. It appears from 1 Collier's Ecc. Hist. 163, that "in the days of king Alfred, a law was made with relation to holydays, by virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals." This accounts for the name, but the reason of the ceremonies which seem to be peculiar to the day in various countries, is not so apparent. In Brand's Antiquities the author says they all agree in the same end, that is, to do honour to the eastern magi, who are supposed to have been of royal dignity. In the Festa Anglo-Romana, p. 7. this passage occurs: "Of these magi or sages, vulgarly called the three kings of Collen, the first named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Balthazar, a black or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered mirrh." In "the Bee-hive of the Romish church," anno 1569, the "even of the three kings of Collen" is mentioned as "the time when all good catholics make merry and crie 'the king drinkes.'" Selden says in his Table Talk, "our chusing kings and queens on Twelfth Night, has reference to the three kings." Brand gives a number of quotations to show that the custom prevailed in France, Spain, Rome, &c. The following description of it is extracted from the Universal Magazine, 1774. After tea a cake is produced, and two bowls, containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. The host fills up the tickets, and the whole company, except the king and queen, are to be ministers of state, maids of honour, &c. Often the host and hostess, more by design, perhaps, than accident, become king and queen. According to Twelfth Day law, each party supports his character till midnight. It appears that the Twelfth Cake was made formerly full of plums, and with a bean and pea: whoever got the former was to be king: whoever found the latter was to be queen. Thus in Herrick's Hesperides, p. 376.

"TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE."

"Now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,

Where Beane's the king of sport here;
Besides we must know
The pea also
Must revell, as queene, in the courte here.

Begin then to chuse
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man be seen here,
Who unurged will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the king and queene here.

Next crowne the bowl full
With gentle *lamb's wooll*,
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus you must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence
As when ye innocent met here."

In "the popish kingdome," Barnabe Googe's translation, or rather adaptation of Naogeorgus, occur some lines on this subject, of which we can only copy a few.

The wise men's day here followeth, who out from Persia farre,
Brought gifts and presents unto Christ, conducted by a starre.
The papists do believe that these were kings, and so them call,
And do affirme that of the same there were but three in all.
Here sundrie friends together come, and meete in companie
And make a kinge amongst themselves by voyce or destinie.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD IN VIRGINIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following account of an order of distinction established in America near an hundred years ago, may perhaps amuse you and the readers of The Port Folio. You will find it in a book entitled "The Present State of Virginia," by Hugh Jones, A. M. chaplain to the honourable assembly, and lately minister of Jamestown, &c. in Virginia, printed in the year 1724.

"Governor Spotswood, when he undertook the great discovery of the passage over the mountains, attended with a sufficient guard and pioneers and gentlemen, with a sufficient stock of provisions, with abundant fatigue passed these mountains, and cut his majesty's name in a rock upon the highest of them, naming it *Mount George;* and in complaisance, the gentlemen, from the governor's name, called the mountain next in height, *Mount Alexander.*

"For this expedition they were obliged to provide a great quantity of horse-shoes (things seldom used in the lower parts of the country, where there are few stones:) upon which account the governor, upon their return, presented each of his companions with a golden horse-shoe, (some of which I have seen studded with valuable stones, resembling the heads of nails) with this inscription on the one side: *Sic juvat transcendere montes:* and on the other is written, *The Tramontane Order.*

"This he instituted to encourage gentlemen to venture back and make discoveries and new settlements; any gentleman being entitled to wear this golden shoe that can prove his having drunk his majesty's health upon Mount George."—p. 14.

S. T.

We are apt to think Summers not to be so hot as formerly; but I apprehend there is little difference in general; and that the reason of the surmise is, that when grown up, we do not run and hurry about so as to heat ourselves, as aforetime we did when boys.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BANK.

—How crowd the numbers to yon bank!
There will we go and let the sound of money
Chink in our ears; such bustle at high noon
Delight the griping trade of usury;
Look at the NOTES; see how the heavy desks
Are thick o'erlaid with *eagles* of bright gold:
There's not the lowest clerk whom we behold,
But in his station like an angel talks!
Still issuing out the cash to keen-eyed claimants,
Such glee is in receiving dividends;
But while these humble cots of poverty
Do vilely close *us* in, we cannot share them.
Come, ho! and "in a new attempt to please"
What duteous touches pierce your grandam's ear
To draw out from her stock; for what the poets—
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Is nought to bills made payable at sight.
The man that hath no money in his purse
Nor cannot get a note *done*, on his name—
Is fit for *treasons, mobs, dishonesty*.
The motions of his spirit are sly as theft
And his affections dark as treachery—
Let no such man be trusted.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MYRA TO HER SUITORS.

MISTRESS of all my senses can invite,
Free as the air, and unconfined as light;
Queen of a thousand slaves that fawn and bow,
And with submissive fear my power allow;
Should I exchange this envied state of life,
To bear the dull detested name of wife—.
Should I my native liberty betray,
Call him my lord who at my footstool lay?

No—thanks, kind Heaven, that does my soul provide,
With my great sex's useful virtue, pride:
That noble pride, that generous just disdain,
That scorns the slave that would presume to reign—
Let the poor love-struck scribbler of the times,
Call me his Myra in insipid rhymes,
I hate and scorn you all, proud that I can
Revenge my sex's injuries on man—
Rather than bear the plagues in marriage dwell,
'Twill be preferment to lead apes in hell.—

—

THE FAIR QUAKER.

From the Latin of Vincent Bourne.

The fair *Quaker* maiden, neat, elegant, plain,
With justice the praise of the world may obtain;
Content with the beauty by nature bestowed,
Unpractised the licence by custom allow'd,
Of fashion regardless she thinks herself drest,
Without tort'ring her hair or exposing her breast:
But the modest reluctance that faintly reveals,
Enhances each charm that it shows or conceals.
The girls who have borrowed gay burdens from art
And are *of themselves* a very small part,
With envy shall view ev'ry sweet native grace,
That breathes in her form, or that blooms in her face;
With envy shall sigh, while their hearts must confess,
That lovely *Simplicity's* beauty's best dress.

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TO DELIA.

Although we cannot prevail upon *Horace in Philadelphia* to amuse the readers of The Port Folio, we are glad to find that the spirit of the Roman bard is not extinct. The following imitation of the "*Lydia dic, per omnes,*" is classical and easy, and the allusion, if we may form a conjecture from the post-mark, is very happy.

Say, Delia, why are all your smiles,
Your am'rous arts, your practised wiles,
'Gainst Pyrrhus now directed?
He curbs the fiery steed no more,

But lolls at ease in coach and four,
His arms laid by neglected;
He studies dress, perfumes his hair,
Pays morning visits to the fair,
And shines in Delia's train;
Pyrrhus, beware; nor be believ'd
Those arts which have so oft deceiv'd,
And may deceive again:
'Tis now you have more cause for dread
Than when your gallant band you led
'Gainst Britain's hostile line,—
But ah! unconscious of his fate,
Regardless of the ills that wait,
He bends to charms divine. F. M.

A PERSIAN SONG,

VERSIFIED FROM SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight,
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let the liquid ruby* flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say;
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bow'r so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

* A *melted ruby* is a common periphrasis for wine, in the Persian poetry.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless pow'r,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame*
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth† so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear;
(Youth should attend, when those advise,
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heav'n, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say,
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

* Zuleika, Potiphar's wife. † Joseph.

A bill has been passed by the Maryland legislature to suppress the practice of duelling. It provides that if either of the combatants be killed or wounded, so that he die within three months, the survivor is to be imprisoned in the penitentiary. The giving or accepting a challenge incapacitates the person from holding or being elected to any post of profit, trust or emolument, civil or military, in the state. Every person, appointed or elected to any office, is required to take an oath that he has not been engaged as a principal or second in a duel, and that he will not be so concerned, directly or indirectly, while he is in office. If the parties endeavour to elude the law, by going out of the state, they are subject to the like penalties as if the offence had been committed within the state. The executive is enjoined to demand the party, if he flee into another state. All words are made actionable which, from their usual construction and common acceptation, are considered as insults, and lead to violence and breach of the peace.

By a resolution of the congress of the United States, colonel Trumbull has been employed to execute four paintings, on national subjects. This gentleman is a son of the late revolutionary governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, and entered the army which achieved our independence, with all the ardour of youth, in 1776. He was soon appointed adjutant general to the army of the north, and served on lake Champlain and its shores, under Arnold, when Arnold fought on the side of his country. He was afterwards an aid-de-camp to Washington, and filled other conspicuous and important offices.

This country has produced an extraordinary number of painters of great eminence, of whom West and Trumbull must be allowed to occupy the first place as historical painters as Copley and Stuart do as portrait painters. West and Copley have been the pride of England, who claims them as her own. Trumbull and Stuart have returned to their native country, to enrich and honour it by the display of their talents here. Colonel Trumbull was long the favourite pupil of West, and about the year 1785 he conceived and began to execute the great plan of painting a series of pictures, commemorative of the most glorious

events of the revolutionary war, and the establishment of the national independence. After finishing, in London, the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and the Death of Montgomery, he returned home, and having, with indefatigable zeal and industry, and at much expense, succeeded in procuring likenesses of several of his subjects, some in France, and some in London, he began his pictures of the Declaration of Independence (which contains an excellent portrait of every distinguished member of that celebrated body of men), the Battle of Trenton, Surrender of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, &c. &c. into all of which he has introduced the likenesses of the principal actors.

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A letter from a farmer, near Georgetown, district of Columbia, states that fall-plowing destroys the grub-worm, which is so injurious to corn.

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Cleopatra's Barge.—The elegant equipment of this vessel, by Mr. Crowninshield, for a voyage of pleasure, as it is an entire novelty in this country, has excited universal curiosity and admiration. Whilst she was lying at the wharf in Salem, we have heard, she attracted company from various surrounding places, to view so perfect a specimen of nautical architecture and sumptuous accommodation. Eighteen hundred ladies, it is asserted, visited her in the course of one day. Cleopatra's Barge measures about two hundred tons, and is modelled after one of the swiftest sailing ships which was ever driven by the wind. Being introduced on board, you descend into a magnificent saloon, about twenty feet long, and nineteen broad, finished on all sides with polished mahogany, inlaid with other ornamental wood. The settees of the saloon are of splendid workmanship; the backs are shaped like the ancient lyre, and the seats are covered with crimson silk-velvet, bordered with a very wide edging of gold lace. Two splendid mirrors, standing at either end, and a magnificent chandelier, suspended in the centre of the saloon, give a richness of effect to it not easily surpassed. Instead of births, on the sides of this hall, there are closets for the tea-equipage and suit of plate for the dinner-table, which are finished in a high style of elegance. The after-cabin contains sleeping accommodations for the under-

officers of the vessel. The owner's and captain's state-rooms are very commodious. The conveniences for the kitchens and steward's apartments may be considered models in their way. There are aqueducts in all parts of the vessel which require them. The intention of Mr. Crowninshield, we understand, is to proceed, in the first place, to the Western Islands, thence through the straits of Gibraltar, and, following the windings of the left coast of the Mediterranean, he will touch at every principal city on the route; which will be, round the island of Sicily, up the gulf of Venice to Trieste, along the coast of Albania and the Morea, through the Grecian archipelago to the Dardanelles. If permitted by the Turkish authorities, he will proceed through the sea of Marmora to Constantinople, thence coasting along the ports of the Black sea to the sea of Asov, he will return by the way of the isle of Cyprus, upon the south side of the Mediterranean, stopping at Acre, Jerusalem and Alexandria, on his way, and sailing by the coast of the desert to that of the Barbary states. Emerging from the straits, he will proceed through the British channel and North sea, up the Baltic to Petersburg, thence along the coast of Norway to the North cape, and perhaps into the White sea. From this point he may go to Spitzbergen and Iceland, and thence crossing an immense ocean to the coast of South America, touching at various ports, he will complete the tour, and arrive at Salem.

The reverend *John Allen*, *Professor of Mathematics in the University of Maryland*, proposes to publish the first six books of Euclid's Elements of Geometry, and a system of Conic Sections, together with the substance of Newton's Principles of Philosophy, as far as they relate to Astronomy and the System of the World. More than a century has elapsed since the English philosopher developed those profound discoveries, which have immortalized his name; and yet they are almost as a hidden treasure in our seminaries of learning. Mr. *Allen's* plan of annexing to the most useful parts of Euclid's Elements a system of Conic Sections, is well calculated to prepare the student for the higher branches of Geometry. We had an opportunity of seeing this book, some time ago, and we feel no hesitation in recommending

it as the production of a vigorous mind, which will be useful to the public, and honourable to the author. The price is so low ($2 50) that we can assure the reader, in the words of a venerable editor, "that he will get much matter for a cheap consideration."

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M. Le Suer, who was one of the naturalists, in the famous voyage of discovery to Australasia, is about to publish a work on the Ichthyology of the United States, which will be embellished by splendid engravings. In the undiscovered recesses of our boundless streams, millions reside, of whose manners, forms, pursuits, migrations and societies we are perfectly ignorant. Surely such a study must afford pleasure, if it do not enlarge the understanding; and the well known talents of the author should be a pledge for the success of his undertaking.

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An instance of finding a toad embedded in a rock occurred some years since, in digging a well, in Hartford county, in this state. A gentleman who resides in this city, we understand, was a witness of the fact.—*Balt. Fed. Gaz.*

Several men, while digging the cellar of the reverend Mr. Waterman, on Golden Hill, in this borough, in August, 1716, found a toad, embedded in the solid rock, a stratum of granite, at the depth of about four and a half feet from the surface. In blasting, a slab of the rock was turned out: the toad was discovered in the back corner, exactly filling the place in which he was bedded, and which was lined with soft gritty sand. Being placed on the top of the rock, in the clear sun, it at first appeared lifeless, but soon began to move in its new element. The surface of the toad was smooth, and of a whitish hue. The persons who discovered the toad were respectable farmers, and are still living to attest the fact.

Bridgeport, (*Con.*)

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By permission of the mayor of New Orleans, there was, on *Sunday*, the 12th of January, a grand masquerade, rope dancing, &c. in the circus at that place!!!

OBITUARY.

DIED, in the beginning of November last, at cape Nicola Mole, St. Domingo, in the thirty-third year of his age, captain *William Nicholas*, late of the corps of artillery of the army of the United States.

Captain Nicholas embarked in September last, in the schooner Paul Jones, captain Stotesbury, of this place, for Port au Prince, on a commercial voyage. When within about 35 miles of her port of destination, the Paul Jones was upset in the bite of Leogane, in the hurricane of the 17th and 18th of September.

After remaining on the wreck until the 22d, the crew swam ashore, at a place called the Platform, in Christophe's dominions. This, however, was only to meet death in another form, so far as regards captain Nicholas, who soon fell a victim to the yellow fever.

While his unhappy fate will ever be affectionately deplored by the friends of the deceased, the recollection of his "gallant bearing" as an officer, and his endearing qualities as a man, will long be cherished.

—— at Belmont, his seat in Wayne county, on the 10th instant, in the bosom of his family, after a painful illness, aged seventy-six years, *Samuel Meredith*, Esq. formerly treasurer of the United States.

Mr. Meredith, at the commencement of the revolution, took an active and decided part with his country. A native of Philadelphia, he was among the foremost of the patriots of that day who encountered the hazards, and endured the privations, attendant on the crisis of the times—being personally engaged at the cannonade of Trenton, the battle of Princeton, and afterwards with his family, suffering in exile on the occupation of Philadelphia by the British.

His country held him in high esteem, and at a subsequent period conferred on him the appointments of member of the state legislature and member of congress, under the confederation.

From early youth he was intimately known to general Washington, who justly appreciated his worth, and appointed him in 1789, on the organization of the government, treasurer of the United States. In this office he continued till near the close of 1801, when he resigned, to enjoy, among his family and early friends, the pleasures of retirement.

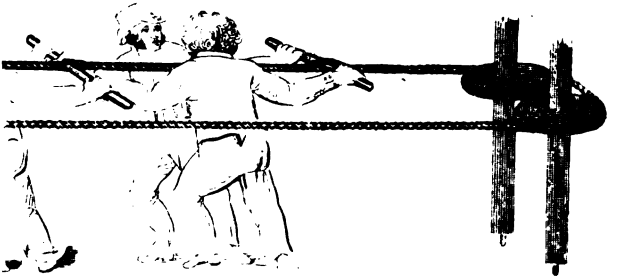
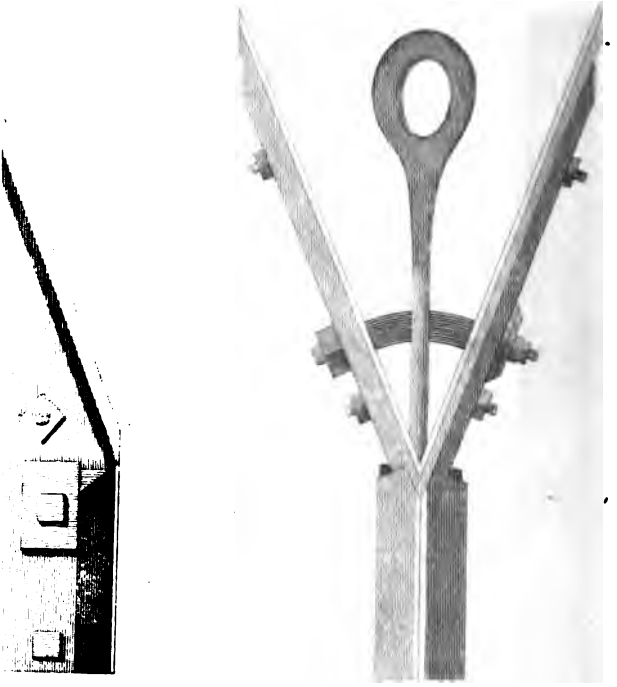


Fig. 1.



THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

APRIL, 1817.

Plate: Perkins's Triangular Valve Pump.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence, 268
Life of Philip Mazzei, 269
MISCELLANEA.
Suicide, 281
The Fine Arts, 282
Jeremy Taylor, 283
Cicero, 284
On Comets, 285
Letter from General Washington, 287
——— President Adams, 289
Penn on Government, 288
THE AMERICAN LOUNGER, No. 511.
On Woman, a tale, from Machiavelli, 290
The Comedian's Coffee-house, in Paris, 301
Description of Perkins's Triangular Valve Pump, 307
An Account of the Course of Studies pursued at Oxford, 311
On Publishing Private Letters, 318
REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
Selections from modern Greek Writers, 323
Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand, ib.
Warden's Letters concerning Bonaparte, 329
PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.
On the circulation of the blood in the *hambricus marinus*, 340. On the efficacy of Galvanism in cases of difficult breathing, ib. A non-descript animal, 341. Improvement in the Barometer, ib. Combinations of Oxygen and Azote, 342. New chymical Nomenclature, ib. New Blow-pipe, 345. Mode of mellowing wine, ib.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
Foreign.—Dr. Franklin's Letters—An old wife's *Purity of Heart*—London Port Folio—Chalmers on Religion—Miller's Encyclopædia—Valpy's Greek Septuagint and Homer—Taylor's Proclus—Holland's Lope de Vega—Watkin's Sheridan—Lives of Urbino, Pocock, Pearce and Dr. Newton—Map of scriptural geography—Account of Ceylon—Pascal's Jesuit's Letters—Donovan on Galvanism—Cowper's works—Mason's Plea—Mad. de Staël's Necker—Dr. Price's Sermons—Buffon's Natural History—Modern Greek Journal—New Italian Journal—Arabic Testament—English Copyrights. 347
Domestic.—Eddy's maps—Allen's Noah—Hoffman's Course of Legal Study—Dallas's Life of Dallas, 350
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Bull's gold leaf—Tobacco in England—Court of Hayti—Latitude of West Point—Private Munificence—Indian Names—Anecdote of Washington—Burning springs—Peasley's new musical instrument—Fund for sick seamen—Longevity, 352
ORIGINAL POETRY.
More Touches at the Times, by Augusta, 356
To a Lady who threatened to make the author an April Fool, 358
To a Lady asking for her Shoe-string, by A. 359
Midnight Hymn at sea, by E. 361
To a Lady singing one of the author's songs, ib.
Connubial Reckoning, ib.
OBITUARY.
Miss Gratz, 362
George A. Baker, Esq. ib.
Sir Herbert Croft, ib.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET;

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And to be had of all the Booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are delighted to hear that a second edition of the Airs of Palestine (vide Port Folio, Dec. 1816), has been published in Boston. Mr. Pierpont is the first American poet whose writings have been crowned with such signal success. May we not say, in the language of one of his preceptors,

Huic musæ indulgent omnes, hunc poscit Apollo!

The communication of R. arrived too late to be noticed as he wished; but it shall not be lost.

In order to make room for the recent intelligence in literature and science, which we have gleaned from foreign journals, and, to compensate our readers for the portrait which is unavoidably delayed, the size of this number has been enlarged.

Our young poetical friends at New York are not forgotten. We beg them to remember the "yet a while—yet a while"—in the song.

Daniel Dollar was recognised in the newspapers, as an old acquaintance, notwithstanding his new face. We should have exhibited his *dolorous* complaint, if we had not been engaged with a tattling "*Bank Note*," who seems to be scared away by a more legitimate representative of the Coin family.

A. is very cordially greeted. When he strikes the lyre, we are confident that our readers will lend an attentive ear. *Arrectis auribus astant.*

Iphis must not be too rash. The fair may be propitiated.

Orlando is received.

The invention of the *blow-pipe*, mentioned in this number, is due, the editor believes, to his friend, Dr. Hare, of this city.

In reply to many letters, complaining that the writers do not receive this journal regularly, we have only to say that the fault is not attributable to any delay or irregularity at the *publication office*. If the subscribers would direct their numbers to be sent to them individually, through the medium of the post-office, the additional expense would not exceed a hundred cents a year. The communication by water with Boston, New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, &c. is generally regular and secure, but in regard to most other places, we can suggest no other plan, to prevent irregularity, than that which has been mentioned. In the winter season, it must be remembered by those who receive the Port Folio by the packets, that our river is occasionally closed by ice. A non-intercourse bill of this description lately existed nearly two months.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

I FEAR good men's censures, and to their favourable acceptance I submit my labours, *et linguas mancipiorum contemno*. As the barking of a dog, I SECURELY contemn those malicious and scurrile obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers, and detractors; I scorn the rest. What, therefore, I have said, *pro temsitate mea*, I have said. BURTON.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1817. NO. IV.

LIFE OF PHILIP MAZZEI.

To Americans, the biography of all eminent men, connected in any degree with the events of the revolution, and the history of the republic, must always prove interesting. Our readers will therefore peruse, with no ordinary emotions, the following sketch of the life of a distinguished European, well known for his honourable exertions in favour of American independence, as well as for his writings in defence of our national character and government, and in support of the principles of civil liberty.

PHILIP MAZZEI was born in Tuscany, Italy, in 1730, of obscure, but respectable parents. He received the best education his country afforded; and early applied himself to the study of Physic. His talents were conspicuous in his youth; for, at the age of fifteen, we find him disposed to doubt, and dispute the orthodoxy of some of the dogmas of the popish church; for which he was delivered over to the inquisitor of Pisa, for ecclesiastical censure and confirmation. Upon the completion of his studies he removed to Smyrna, in Asia Minor, and engaged in the prac-

tice of his profession among the Turks and Jews. But Turkey afforded no theatre for the enterprising adventurer. Regions of despotism and intellectual darkness could not long detain a spirit which aspired after objects calculated to stimulate ambition to the possession of honourable fame. In 1755, Mazzei proceeded to London, in pursuit of adventures, and entered, shortly afterwards, into an extensive traffic with his native country.

The fifteen succeeding years were spent principally in England, in commercial business. His were not the ordinary occupations of the counting-room: he mingled with the most intelligent society of the metropolis, and was admitted to the friendship and acquaintance of the most eminent characters of the day. Here he acquired those principles of liberty, which he always cherished, and which rendered him odious in his own state. He was exiled from Tuscany, for some months, by the influence of the court of Rome, on a false accusation of having introduced into Italy, writings inimical to the papal power. To the inquisition he had always shown a decided hostility:—he exposed its flagrant abuses, unfolded its secret cruelties, and contributed not a little to its downfal. The priesthood were in arms against him, and he was universally considered a dangerous and offensive heretic in his native province. It was about the same era that the courageous Carvaglio procured the decree which banished the Jesuits from Portugal.

Some years previous to the American revolution, Mazzei formed an acquaintance with Dr. Franklin, agent for the colonies in Great Britain, and with Mr. Thomas Adams, an intelligent merchant of Virginia, in London. These gentlemen painted to his imagination the rising importance of the colonies, and persuaded him to embark for America. He yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and, actuated by a spirit of honourable adventure, formed a plan to render himself useful, by introducing into Virginia the culture of the vine, olive, and other fruits of Italy. The grand duke Leopold, who had lately succeeded to the dukedom, on the death of Maria Teresa, generously permitted him to take a small colony of Tuscans to aid his projects. Mr. Adams had prepared the way for his reception on this side the Atlantic, by the most friendly recommendations. He landed at

Williamsburg, in December, 1773; and one of the first to welcome his arrival was the illustrious WASHINGTON, who was then a delegate in the general assembly of Virginia.

His agricultural scheme was an undertaking of great moment, and we believe the first regular attempt which had been made to cultivate the vine in America. Mazzei was seconded in his views by the first planters in the colony. Mr. Jefferson, late president of the United States, spared no pains in rendering him pleased with his adopted country, and in promoting his agricultural plan. But the vine did not thrive as was calculated, and the soil was not sufficiently genial to augur great advantages to the colony. The attempt was not completely abortive:—the progress of cultivation was retarded no less by the commencement of hostilities than the ungratefulness of the climate. Mazzei soon found more interest in the political affairs of the province than its rural concerns. His long residence in London; his intimacy with some of the members of the British cabinet, and his knowledge of its determined hostility to the popular measures of the colonies, made him foresee the rupture which was rapidly approaching.

"The cabinet of St. James," he says, in his private memoirs, "were bent on the subjection of the colonies to their mode of legislation. Their rule was '*divide et impera;*' but their insidious plans were happily thwarted by the vigilance of the states. Virginia was at first the principal seat of the machinations of the British government. One of the wisest measures of that state was the resolution of the general assembly to establish committees of correspondence with the other members of the union, and thus prevent the crown from conquering in detail. Dr. Dabny Carr was the mover of this resolution, which contributed to save the colonies."

In 1775, the British troops made a sudden landing at Hampton, and alarmed the whole sea-board. The interior of the state was roused, and volunteers flocked from all quarters, to expel the invaders. The county of Warwick assembled a company of militia, who marched to join the common standard. Mazzei and his labourers were enrolled in this corps, and exchanged their pruning-hooks for the more deadly weapons of destruction. He gives the following account of the expedition:—

"Our company consisted of seventy persons, but continually increased. On the second day of our march we met two young men, who had been despatched from the neighbouring county, to concert on a place of rendezvous, before our arrival at Williamsburg. The eldest of the two was *James Madison*," the last president of the United States. "Having gone half way, we met a company returning, commanded by *Patrick Henry*, so famous for his eloquence, and who had no equal in the country. He informed us that the British had embarked, as soon as they found the people disposed to repel them. The two companies were drawn up in a body, and Henry returned them thanks, concluding with an address to the three Tuscans present, Vincenzo, Belini, and myself. Poor Vincenzo, when he saw the orator looking stedfastly at us, demanded the reason. When I explained it to him, his countenance seemed to express that he would not exchange situations with the grand seignior.

"Patrick Henry was the most fascinating orator I have ever heard. The cabinet of St. James had made out a list of characters who were proscribed in the colonies; and it well may be imagined it contained the names of some of the most illustrious patriots. Henry, not finding himself included, exclaimed with fervour, *What have I done not to be among the number!*"

Hostilities gradually increased between the mother country and the colonies. The continental army, it is well known, were destitute of those supplies so necessary for carrying on the war, and congress saw itself almost reduced to bankruptcy, from the poverty of its funds. The great and patriotic state of Virginia was drained of its resources likewise, and it became necessary to devise a plan to recruit its treasury. An agent was empowered to proceed to Europe, for economical purposes, and to pledge the credit of the state to the amount of a million sterling. This important mission was confided to Mazzei, and affords the best evidence of the estimation in which he was held for talents and probity. He was regularly commissioned by the governor and council, and set sail in 1779; but the vessel in which he embarked was captured, off cape Henry, by one of the enemy's cruisers. Sir George Collier then commanded the British fleet at New York. To him he was presented, as a prisoner, with all his pri-

vate papers. His instructions had been cautiously thrown overboard, at the instant of the capture; but many suspicions arose respecting the nature of his voyage. The conduct of Collier, on this occasion, was insolent in the extreme—such as a man of sensibility and honour could not easily brook. Mazzei was not then in a situation to express his indignation at the degrading treatment which he experienced. After the peace of 1783, he addressed the following letter to the commodore, which evinced that he had not forgotten his ungentlemanly deportment.

"*Paris, Hotel des Colonies, 9th May*, 1783.

"SIR—According to the seventh article of the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and the United States, I request you to return the papers you got possession of, when I was your prisoner, in the summer of 1779—viz. a bill on the liberty of religion, a bill on crimes and punishments, &c. and a letter from colonel G. Mason to his son in Europe.* In regard to your behaviour on that occasion, I shall only mention, that the conduct of general Patterson and captain Clayton was directly the reverse, and such as a gentleman and man of honour must approve. If you should not agree to it, I will meet you at any time, and discuss that point with you. In the mean time,

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"P. MAZZEI."

The reply to this letter was neither satisfactory to Mazzei nor honourable to sir George. After a tedious confinement on Long Island, the prisoner was liberated from his bonds, and permitted to proceed to Europe, in the king's victualling fleet, at the instance of general Patterson and lord Cathcart, aid to general Clinton. The loss of the proper credentials was embarrassing; but he endeavoured to execute his agency until instructions were forwarded from Virginia. He repaired to Paris, and visited Holland, Genoa and Florence; in all which places he made the

*. Colonel Mason's letter to his son concluded thus:—"God bless my dear child, and grant that we may meet again in your native land as freemen—otherwise that we may never see each other more—is the sincere prayer of your affectionate father. GEO. MASON."

proper exertions for the attainment of his object. The grand duke of Tuscany was reputed the richest prince on the continent. To him the most urgent representations were rendered unsuccessful by the interference of sir Horace Mann, the British envoy, who had the audacity to receive from the post-office, papers and letters, addressed to the agent. No discouragement, however, prevented him from pursuing with eagerness the employ which he had undertaken. Many well-written and pertinent essays were disseminated through the continent, tending to exhibit the importance of the independence of the United States to Europe. By the arrival of Dr. Franklin and Mr. J. Adams, who were deputed as envoys from America to the courts of Versailles and the Hague, it became no longer good policy for Virginia to maintain an agent abroad. Mazzei, therefore, returned to the United States in 1785, to give an account of his stewardship. From the council of Virginia he received honourable testimonials that "he had conducted himself with assiduity and diligence, and that the unsuccessful issue of his agency was attributable in no ways to him, but to the concurrence of circumstances over which he had no control."

We again find him at Paris, whither he went, after recrossing the Atlantic. In 1788 he wrote his work, entitled "*Researches, Historical and Political, on North America;*" which obtained general circulation, and was considered the most authentic and meritorious performance then published on that subject.

The abbe de Mably, more known for his voluminous writings than their intrinsic excellence, was instrumental in disseminating many errors, respecting the soil, natural resources, and government of the United States. Raynal, in his historical work on the two Indies, committed similar blunders. These two writers received credit, and were proud of their exclusive ability to instruct the world on the subject of America. Mazzei was induced to take up his pen, in aid of his adopted country, and contributed not a little to dissipate the silly errors propagated by vanity and ignorance. About the same time, and we believe for reasons somewhat similar, Mr. Jefferson published, in France, his celebrated *Notes on Virginia*.

In 1788 Mazzei was engaged in a new and honourable employment. The king of Poland, the late Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, being in want of a proper person to transact the affairs of the diet of Poland at the court of Versailles, tendered him the office of charge des affaires; which was accepted, and which led to an intimacy and friendship more constant and affectionate than usually subsists between kings and subjects.

During the troubles of the French revolution, which commenced in 1789, Mazzei was no inattentive observer of the state of affairs. He continued to furnish the king of Poland with a history of the progress of events, occurring under his own eye, until obliged to fly beyond the reign of terror.

It would increase this sketch of his life to an inordinate length, were we to detail his observations on this revolution. The following extract from his memoirs before alluded to may be interesting.

"I do not pretend to write a history: this would be impossible, not having materials; but I believe I am capable of giving some information respecting the royal family; in which particular I do not know one writer who has not been partial, or badly informed. The good king Louis ardently wished for the reform so justly demanded by the nation; which might have been established on a foundation calculated to insure the felicity of his successors, and the whole kingdom; but he had the misfortune to have a wife, who added to her extreme beauty the most refined duplicity, that finally conducted her husband and herself to the scaffold. The king had no intention to go out of the kingdom: he was possessed of a much greater share of understanding than was usually attributed to him: he was anxious to render the happiness of his subjects complete, and would have effected it; had he not been trammelled by the party of his wife.

"When he made known his determination to call the states general, the commons met in various parts of the kingdom, and protested against the prevalent abuse of taking the votes of the states by orders, thereby giving them but one vote against the nobility and clergy, who had two, and who formed but a very small proportion of the population. The king desired an accommodation; but the queen, proud and imperious, regarded the com-

mons as a vile 'canaille,' and would not suffer them to reclaim their rights. The party of the king vainly attempted to bring her over: they begged an interview in the audience chamber; to which she consented: but after a short conference, withdrew with a countenance indicating the greatest rage and displeasure. The two brothers of Louis XVI, Monsieur and the count d'Artois, were in her party. Their wives were sisters to the king of Sardinia. The elder, who was ugly, and of a most unamiable disposition, sympathized with the queen on all occasions, while the younger, beautiful, and mild in her temper, was despised by her, and neglected by her husband. She obtained permission to return to her father, and leave the turbulent scenes of Paris. I happened to be at Versailles on the day of her departure. The inhabitants, particularly the women, collected on the grand square, to witness her departure. When she appeared, they fell on their knees, invoking the blessings of heaven on her journey. The princess, by her gestures and countenance, endeavoured to console the women. The scene was tender and highly impressive. When the carriage drove off, the crowd gave vent to their passions, by cursing the queen, and inveighing against her conduct in general, but particularly for her treatment to her eldest son, who died in his eighth year. He was a promising boy, possessed of great talents, and was unusually beloved. His sayings were admired by every one; but, as he had the rickets, he was not handsome, and his mother had no tenderness for him. The king loved him—visited him often in his chamber—which obliged her to do the same, for the sake of policy. She, however, formed a scheme to relieve herself of this burden. Under pretence of fresh air, she urged the king's physician to remove him to Medon. This spot is precisely of the same elevation of Versailles, and does not enjoy any advantages of purity of atmosphere over it: besides, it is well known that there is no particular benefit to be derived from change of air in rachitis. But this arrangement suited the queen admirably: there was plenty of room at Medon, and she could ride out with her favourites with a good pretence. Upon her arrival at the palace, she used to salute her son—'*Comment va-t-il, mon fils?*' (How do you do, my son?) and then turning to the gentleman of the chamber, inquired '*s'il avait bien dormis*' (if he had

slept well), and went away. The poor dauphin was conscious of the cruelty of his mother. Having heard, one morning, that he was going to die, she entered his apartment, with tears in her eyes: nature attempted to enjoy her rights. The gentleman present, from whom I had the affecting story, thrust himself between the dauphin and his mother, fearful that he would be injured at seeing her distress; but he made signs to him to retire, exclaiming, '*Ah! Monsieur, ne m'otez pas la satisfaction de voir les larmes de ma mere*' (Oh, sir! do not deprive me of the satisfaction of beholding the tears of my mother). If she had not had the heart of a tigress, she would have fallen on her knees, and prayed for pardon."

In 1792 Mazzei retired to Warsaw, upon the invitation of the king of Poland, who appointed him his privy counsellor, and would have conferred other honours upon him, had he not modestly preferred the title of citizen of the United States to any titular appellation.

The misfortunes of the king of Poland are familiar to every one. After his abdication, extorted by the violence of his neighbours, he took up his residence in St. Petersburg, subject to the barbarous extravagancies of the emperor Paul. It had been agreed by the dismembering powers, who devested him of his crown, and shared his territories, to pay his debts, and allow him an annual pension of 100,000 sequins. This soon became unnecessary, for the unhappy king did not long survive. Mazzei separated from his patron in 1792, without receiving large arrearages due for years of services. He had made no provision for the winter of age, which was fast approaching. It was not till after the accession of the present emperor of Russia, that he obtained the just pecuniary compensation, which the miserable state of the king's finances prevented him from paying previously.

Mazzei had the pleasure of enjoying the friendship and correspondence of the principal men of his time. Upon his retirement to Pisa, in Tuscany, nothing was left him more solacing than the epistolary communication he kept up with his ancient friends. With the princes Czartoryski, father and son, he was on terms of the closest intimacy. These were the most distin-

guished names in Poland, and celebrated through Europe for their talents and virtues. The following letters, from both these noblemen, will be read with interest. It is necessary to preface, that prince Czartoryski, the father, had fallen under the displeasure of the empress Catherine, to whom he would never take the oath of allegiance; in consequence of which, his large estates, in Ucrania, were confiscated. Prince Czartoryski, the younger,—who is now, we believe, at the head of the Polish government, under Alexander, the emperor of Russia,—eagerly engaged in the patriotic measures, undertaken for the relief of Poland, and could with difficulty be restrained by his father from joining the standard of Kosciusko.

"*Baden*, 1*st July*, 1794.

"I HAVE received, my dear friend, two letters from you—one which the count Rzewaski sent me some time since, and which his indisposition prevented him from delivering sooner—the other of June 20th, has just come to hand. I am sincerely affected at the friendly recollections you indulge towards me. You are in the lawful possession of my friendship and esteem. The count R. is re-established in health. It is true that he would have been lost, without the services of Dr. Galtz. I did not fail to read to the doctor your kind expressions respecting his skill, and he was highly sensible of your goodness.

"I have been here for a month, endeavouring to establish my health. My two daughters and myself take the baths; but, alas! it is the work of Penelope; trouble is sure to undo the effects of my remedies.

"They have thought proper to sequestrate my lands, in that part of Poland of which the Russians have taken possession:—they have ravaged Putawy;* they have ruined my little territory, from one end to the other. Yesterday I heard fresh intelligence that the barbarians have made me a second visit, and have carried off all the moveables. The Goths and Vandals could not have accomplished their work better. It was necessary to fabricate apologies for their conduct: they have heaped up a mountain of

* The name of the prince's villa.

absurd accusations against my wife and myself. I feel no disposition to make any exculpation in the affair; for I would have no reason to blush, were the charges true. Certain it is, I have not had the smallest cognizance of what has been passing in Poland, nothing was ever confided to me; and I have been quietly living on my estates in Gallicia for two years, disgusted with every thing I see, and afflicted at the abominable finish they are making to the eighteenth century. I thank God that he has formed me but little calculated to be affected at these reverses of fortune. I exclaim with Horace,

——————— Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit.

Od. l. iii. 29.

"I will say nothing further respecting myself: I would be led into a long history, did I indulge my pen. I am so selfish as to believe that we both view things in the same light. Indeed, such is the delirium which agitates Europe at present, that all conclusions, drawn from calculations on political matters, must be in the inverse proportion of common sense. Heads, so well organized as that of my friend Mazzei, cease to be of any service but to the proprietor, and are only regarded like fine productions of the chisel, which are admired by all, but used by none. I am determined to foresee nothing. The aberrations of the most sagacious mind are incalculable. Adamino, who loves you so much, indolent and capricious as he is, resides with me. The fire of age, and the consciousness of talents, urge him to action; but the excellence of his character, and his good sense, calms all his movements. He submits himself to reason, and waits till his hour is sounded. I tell him that he is yet reserved for times which will know his worth. I know not exactly what will become of me, or where I shall pass the winter. If circumstances prevent me from returning into Gallicia, probably I shall be with you in Italy. The pleasure of your company, my dear friend, will contribute much to render me happy.

"With the most cordial friendship, yours,

"A. Czartoryski."

"*Vienna, 28th June, 1794.*

"The news of the illness of count Rzewaski has certainly reached you. He did not present me your letter till his convalescence; and this is the reason why my answer is so tardy. My dear and good sir, how grateful my heart is for the friendship you cherish for me, in every circumstance. The agreeable quarters you have prepared for me, in your house, redouble the desire I feel to see you. But how can I assign a time when I can put into execution my intended visit? You know every thing which has occurred since the 24th of March. Nothing is more unstable than the face of public affairs. Although my father has interested himself in no manner, he has been an object of the most cruel vengeance. He is obliged to submit to fresh indignities and new privations, day after day. If it were not that I dread to add to the afflictions of my father, and the whole family, I would have long since repaired to the spot, where so many duties call me. Were we never to act, without weighing the probability of success, there would be no longer either virtue, duty or honour in the world. The situation which I am in would excite your pity. When I behold my country, I am overwhelmed with sadness and inquietude: when I reflect on myself, I feel remorse and shame. I endeavour to console myself, that it is for my father and his family I am guilty. We do not yet despair of our country. I cannot say more by post. Adieu, my worthy friend. My mother and sisters charge me with a thousand compliments. Do not deprive me of the pleasure of believing that I still retain your heart.

"Yours,

"A. Czartoryski."

In 1802, Mazzei repaired to St. Petersburg, and laid a memorial before the emperor Alexander of his services to the king of Poland. He was pensioned, at his request, and received twelve hundred rubles annually, which, in addition to a large estate, left him by a rich kinsman, enabled him to spend the remainder of his days in affluence. He was twice married; and has a daughter, now living, by his second wife. He died 17th March, 1816, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

In person, Mazzei was rather below the middle size. His habits were rigidly temperate; he rose early, and drank no spirituous liquors. He possessed great vivacity of spirits, was gay, cheerful, and full of "the milk of human kindness." His knowledge of human nature was profound. His acquirements, although philosophical, were principally confined to politics; in which he greatly excelled. He was ardent in his friendships, hospitable, and humane to the poor. Besides his work on America, he wrote several economical tracts, which are replete with sound sense, and evince a strong, discriminating mind. He was a zealous republican, and a confessed enemy to intolerance in church and state. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—MISCELLANEA.

Suicide.—In an order issued by Bonaparte when he was first consul, there are these remarkable expressions against suicide. "To abandon one's self to chagrin, and to kill one's self in order to escape from it, is to abandon the field of battle without having conquered." On an attentive examination of the history of this crime, I believe it will appear, 1st, That the distinguished suicides of antiquity, were urged to self-destruction either by despair, or by a criminal selfishness; that they were greatly blamed by the wisest of their contemporaries, and that their deaths were always unfortunate for their country: 2d, That almost all the suicides, ancient or modern, have been atrocious criminals, men without morals or principle, or females misled by the violence of their passions;—and lastly, That the writings of the apologists of this offence against God and man have greatly increased the number of the offenders. Among the papers of Mr. Budgell, the unfortunate friend of Addison, who put an end to his life to escape from misfortune, one was found containing these words, in his own hand writing:—"What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong."—It is not true, however, that Addison approved of suicide. The sentiments he attributes to the stoic Cato, whose false philosophy permitted self-murder, should not be considered as the sentiments of Addison himself.

Fine Arts.—Our country has produced so many excellent artists, that the patronage of the fine arts should be an object of general attention, and even of national pride. As it is not in my power to give to these distinguished persons that solid support which the favourites of the muses require at least as much as the dullest of the Bœotian tribe, I shall beg leave to offer them a few hints for subjects worthy of being illustrated by their pencils.

I. The charity sermon of St. Vincent De Paul, for the relief of infants abandoned by their parents. Ladies of various ages are seated opposite to the preacher's desk, near to which some nurses are seen with infants in their arms. The moment for the painter to select is that in which some of the children were heard to cry; upon which the preacher suddenly exclaimed,—"Do you hear, ladies, those innocent creatures? their tears implore your protection: their language is more eloquent than mine."—The result was the establishment of the great foundling hospital of Paris.

II. The lovely Berengere, queen of Castile, in the presence of the Moorish knights: These valiant men had made war against Castile, and attacked the citadel in which the queen then happened to be. It had hardly any other defence than the renown of her beauty and her virtues. She proposed to capitulate. The enemy answered by a *proposal of peace*, the only condition of which was, *that she should appear unveiled before the Moorish army.* The condition was accepted. Berengere appears on the rampart in magnificent and graceful robes. Near her are some of the ladies of her court. Her dignified and placid brow denotes her satisfaction at the restoration of peace, while a smile of ill-concealed exultation betrays the triumph of conscious beauty. The gallant knights march before her, and enjoy the reward of their victory in beholding and admiring her unrivalled charms.

III. The castle of Pontorson defended by a nun, the daughter of the famous Duguesclin. The English troops attacked this castle by surprise at the dawn of day. They place a scaling ladder unobserved against the wall. The heroine alone discovers them. She immediately threw down the ladder, and gave the alarm. The English soldiers fall into the ditch, and the castle is saved.

IV. Love in vain admonished by Wisdom. The countenance of the angry and pouting Cupid shows that the rogue is incorrigible.

V. The last subject we shall suggest is from Miss Bailey's admired drama of the *Family Legend*.—The heroine of the play to be exhibited exposed upon a rock; the tide rising, seems to make her destruction inevitable. Her whole form and attitude express the terrors of her mind. The painter, we presume, may be as sparing as he pleases of drapery. Indeed it would not violate probability to suppose that the cruel and merciless wretches who exposed her to a dreadful, and as they thought, a certain death, should have left her no drapery at all. The adoption of this supposition would enable the painter to display his knowledge of anatomy, and compose a much more interesting portrait.

Hymen is represented with but a *single* torch. Would it not be more appropriate to furnish this amiable divinity with *two* torches, the flames of which should both be united into one pure and steady blaze?

The works of Jeremy Taylor deserve the careful perusal of every theological scholar, as well as every admirer of the good old vigorous style of writing. The following passage is characteristic of his best manner:—"He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, and screech owls, or to admire the harmony that is made by an herd of ravening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone, are worse than all these, and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans: and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war: how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners

and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils and constant calamity; let us remove from hence, *at least in affections and preparations of mind.*"—*Holy Dying*, c. i. § 5. p. 40. 8vo. edit.

CICERO.—The republication of the works of this illustrious orator, philosopher and patriot is one of the most laudable efforts of the literary enterprise of America. Would not the publishers, Messrs. Wells and Lilly, do well to reprint the best English translations, as well as the original text, of that noble writer? To the great majority of our readers his sentiments can never be communicated, except through the medium of our vernacular tongue.

Every thing that concerns that great man is interesting. His birth-place was Arpinum, a city anciently of the Samnites, now part of the kingdom of Naples. Its territory was rude and mountainous. The family seat was about three miles from the town, in a situation extremely pleasant, and surrounded with groves and shady walks. "But there cannot," says Middleton, in his life of Cicero, "be a better proof of the delightfulness of the place than that it is now possessed by a convent of monks, and called the villa of St. Dominic. Strange revolution! to see Cicero's porticos converted to monkish cloisters—the seat of the most refined reason, wit and learning, to a nursery of superstition and bigotry. What a pleasure must it give to these Dominican inquisitors to trample on the ruins of a man, whose writings, by spreading the light of reason and liberty through the world, have been one great instrument of obstructing their unwearied pains to enslave it!' vol. 1. p. 6.

"It is not possible," observes the same excellent writer, "to excite an affection for Cicero, without instilling an affection, at the same time, for every thing laudable; since how much soever people may differ in their opinion of his conduct, yet all have con-

stantly agreed in their judgment of his works, that there are none now remaining to us from the heathen world, which so beautifully display, and so forcibly recommend, all those generous principles that tend to exalt and perfect human nature, the love of virtue, liberty, our country, and of all mankind." Pref. p. 29.

Servius Sulpicius, in his admirable consolatory letter to Cicero, on the death of his daughter Tullia, has these observations: "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me. Ægina was behind—Megara before me; Piræus on the right—Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned, and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves, if any of our friends happen to die, or to be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcases of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view." Perhaps this passage was in the recollection of Tasso, when he wrote the following beautiful lines on the fate of Carthage:—

Giace l'alta Cartago: a pena i segni
De l'alte sue ruine il lido serba.
Muoiono le citta, muoiono i regni:
Copre i fasti, e le pompe arena et herba:
E l'huom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni:
O nostra mente cupida e superba!

Gierusalemme Liberata, c. 15. st. 20.

O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ON COMETS.

Mr. Oldschool—I send you my conjectures concerning comets; and if you do not consider them more absurd than some already published, I wish you to give them a place in your journal.

On observing the comets which lately appeared, I was led to examine the different opinions and conjectures concerning them

generally, some of which appeared very absurd, and none satisfactory. Sir Isaac Newton has computed the heat of the comet, which appeared in 1680, to be two thousand times greater than red-hot iron, and that at last it would fall into the sun, as fuel for it. However respectable his authority may be, I cannot agree with him; so well satisfied am I with the whole celestial system, which, in my opinion, is so completely organized and regulated, that the destruction of no one planet is necessary for the support of another.

We find, in this globe, although changes have taken place, that there is no diminution of matter from the first creation; therefore we may reasonably conclude the sun requires no supply of any matter, but what is contained within itself.

When I first discovered the last comet, I marked with a pencil, on a piece of paper, its relative situation with some of the fixed stars, and so at different periods, in order to find its course. After I had ascertained that, as well as the eye and my judgment enabled me, I was astonished to find, that what has been always called the tail, did not follow the course of the comet, which it ought to do, if it was as highly heated as sir Isaac Newton supposes, but always appeared in a direct line from the sun through the comet. This was noted by *Appian* of Ingolstadt, who stated that the tail of the comet which appeared in the year 1513 was always in an opposite direction to the sun. This, with my own observations, led me to consider how and from what cause the tail could appear in any other direction than behind the course of the comet, and more especially, as the comet, from its great heat, as stated by sir Isaac, must be so highly ignited, and its great velocity, as to throw off sparks or particles to form the tail, and should of course follow. The tail, however, does not follow, but appears in almost all directions from its course, according to its relative situation with the sun and us. I was therefore led to believe that all comets with tails—which I shall call streamers—must be composed of a transparent fluid, very probably water, and containing no more heat than it receives from the sun. The rays of the sun, operating on the surface of the comet, are concentrated; from which they diverge, and appear in an opposite direction to the sun, and form the streamers, which will be always in that

direction, let the medium be what it may that the comet passes through. Dr. Hambleton is of opinion that the tail (streamers) is bent in a curve. This opinion may have arisen from refraction, but in reality it cannot be so. The streamers of comets will alter their appearance, and the appearance of their length, as they alter their angle from a strait line between us and the sun. When the comet is nearly in a line between us and the sun, the streamers will appear like a burr round the comet: as the comet recedes from the sun, and forms a right angle with us and the sun, the streamers will appear of their actual length. This may account for the different lengths of the streamers, as noticed by some writers on this subject.

Comets which are said to appear without tails, and only on their approach towards the sun, I conjecture to be opaque bodies, and that they are discovered by the light of the sun, operating on the side next us, which enables it to be discovered. As it approaches, and after it has passed its perihelion, the dark side is next us, and therefore is invisible.

Delaware County, September, 1816. J. H.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Head Quarters, July 9th, 1782

Sir—In answer to your letter of yesterday's date, containing the following queries—

"Is the department of inspector general necessary in the army, or is it not?

"Has this department been conducted, during the course of five years, agreeable to your wishes, and have the consequences resulting from my exertions, as chief of the department, answered your expectations?"

I give it as my clear opinion, that it has been of the utmost utility, and continues to be of the greatest importance, for reasons too plain and obvious to stand in need of enumeration, but more especially for having established one uniform system of manœuvres and regulations, in an army composed of the troops of

thirteen states, each having its local prejudices, and subject to constant interruptions and deviations, from the frequent changes and dissolutions it has undergone.

It is equally just to declare, that the department under your auspices has been conducted with an intelligence, activity and zeal, not less beneficial to the public than honorable to yourself, and that I have had abundant reason to be satisfied with your abilities and attention to the duties of your office, during the four years you have been in the service.

I have the honour to be sir,

Your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

Major Gen. Baron de Steuben.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—PENN ON GOVERNMENT.

No sooner, says a celebrated writer, had *William Penn* settled his government, but the natives of the country, instead of flying into the woods, cultivated by degrees a friendship with the peaceable quakers. They loved these strangers as much as they disliked some other pretended christians, who had conquered and ravaged this country. In a little time these savages, as they are called, delighted with their new neighbours, flocked in crowds to become his vassals. It was a singular spectacle to behold a people, in a strange land, among uncivilized men, without arms, for *offence* or *preservation;* a body of citizens, without any distinctions but that of public employments; and for neighbours to live together, without envy or jealousy. Montesquieu has saluted our lawgiver as *the real Lycurgus;* and the sagacity and wisdom of his *frame of laws* will demonstrate the justice of the eulogium.

As the good people of this country are very frequently called upon to select persons for office, the following passages, from the introduction to our *old code*, are worthy of profound meditation, in all those parts where the rights of a freeman have not been surrendered to the venality of a caucus.

Governments, says the venerable proprietor, like clocks, go from the motion men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined too: wherefore governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad: if it be ill, they will cure it. But if men be bad, let the government be never so good, they will endeavour to warp and spoil it to their turn.

I know some say, let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them: but let them consider, that though good laws do well, good men do better: for good laws may want good men, and be abolished or invaded by ill men; but good men will never want good laws, nor suffer ill ones. 'Tis true, good laws have some awe upon ill ministers; but that is where they have not power to escape or abolish them, and the people are generally wise and good [*quære de hoc?* Ed.]: but a loose and depraved people, which is to the question, love laws and an administration like themselves. That, therefore, which makes a good constitution, must keep it, viz. men of wisdom and virtue, qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritances, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth; for which after ages will owe more to the care and prudence of founders, and the successive magistracy, than to their parents for their private patrimonies.

These considerations of the weight of government, and the nice and various opinions about it, made it uneasy to me to think of publishing my frame of government and conditional laws, foreseeing both the censures they will meet with from men of differing humours and engagements, and the occasion they may give of discourse beyond my design.

But next to the power of necessity, which is a solicitor that will take no denial, this induced me to a compliance, that we have, with reverence to God, and good conscience to men, to the best of our skill, contrived and composed the frame and laws of this government, to the great end of all government, viz. to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power; that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honourable for their just adminis-

tration: for liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery. To carry this evenness is partly owing to the constitution, and partly to the magistracy: where either of these fail, government will be subject to convulsions; but where both are wanting, it must be totally subverted: then where both meet, the government is like to endure—which I humbly pray, and hope God will please to make the lot of this of PENNSYLVANIA!

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

ON WOMAN.

A most pleasant tale out of Messer Nicolo Machiavelli.

Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false:
Oh! woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man—we had been brutes without you—
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

OTWAY.

MEN, who affect a knowledge of the world, are apt to consider it essential to their own consequence, to sneer at the fair sex, and they insensibly acquire the habit of detailing those common places of accusation that have descended from generation to generation. But the more we know of human life and human manners, in spite of our assertions to the contrary, the more high must be our sense of the value of that portion of God's work. The whole race of rakes, profligates, and cynics, give proof of this, by their attempts, in some parts of their lives, to obtain possession of the charms and virtues they have calumniated, and they have been punished by almost invariable rejection. Women are human beings certainly, and therefore subject——I had proceeded thus far in my intended panegyric on the ladies, who, by the bye, are intitled to no such meed at the hands of one, whom they have uniformly

slighted,—when a knock at the door announced an old acquaintance and literary compatriot. He advanced to my table with more than ordinary alacrity, as if he had lately encountered something of more than common interest to a mind, not always, free from gloom and despondence. With a degree of curiosity, augmented by his taking from his pocket an old worm eaten, vellum bound volume, which no person in this country but such a lover of antiquity as my friend, would probably ever have searched for or opened, I awaited the disclosure of his discovery. He took up the paper, on which my essay was begun as above, and exclaimed—"Apropos! why this is a curious coincidence! I have just been engaged in reading and thinking on the subject of woman, that essence of contradiction!—Here—I have brought you the book. You read Italian, I believe—it is a volume of Machiavelli, containing his poems and comedies.—You are not aware, perhaps, that the grave author of "Istoria Fiorentina" and "Arte della *Guerra*," in gayety of style and wit of fable, almost rivals Boccacio. "There is the tale I have been reading. It is intitled, "*Belfagor*," and as it is on the subject of woman, instead of the flowery eulogium which you have commenced, you shall translate the tale of Machiavelli. I see you don't relish the idea of converting your eulogy into a satire, but, in the first place, when I make a request I expect your compliance; and, in the second, you can apologize, and say you sat down to write in a state of mind as indeterminate as that of Burns:

> "Perhaps it may turn out a song,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Amert's persuasion at length induced me to yield, and the following translation is the result of my compliance.

BELFAGOR;

A most pleasant tale of Messer Nicolo Machiavelli.

BELFAGOR, an arch fiend, is sent on a mission into this world, under the instruction and command to take a wife. He arrives and marries. But, not being able to bear with the indocility and haughtiness of his spouse, he prefers to return into the infernal regions, rather than continue in his conjugal bonds.

Among the ancient records of Florentine literature, we read the following account, given by a certain most holy man, whose sanctity of life was the theme of applause among all his contemporaries. Being abstracted from external objects in the intensity of prayer, he saw in a vision, that the innumerable multitude of the souls of those miserable mortals, who, dying in the displeasure of God, are condemned to the infernal regions, almost all attribute the unhappy state to which they are come, solely to their having been married. This produced extreme astonishment in the minds of Minos and Rhadamanthus, as well as in those of the other infernal judges. As they were not disposed to believe the calumnies which were thus levelled at the female sex to be true, and as the complaints on this subject increased daily, a report of the affair being made in form to Pluto, he determined to examine the case, in a full council of the infernal princes, and take such resolution as might be deemed best to detect the falsehood, or to ascertain the truth of the accusation. A council being called, Pluto delivered himself in the following manner:—"Although, my beloved subjects, I am both by celestial dispensation, and the irreversible decree of fate, the sovereign possessor of this kingdom, and consequently cannot be subject to any judgment, either celestial or earthly—Nevertheless, as they are the most prudent who are most willing to submit to the laws, and put more confidence in the judgment of others, than their own, I have determined to be counselled by you, how I shall govern myself in this case:—as a wrong decision may be attended with some disgrace to our kingdom.—It is affirmed by all the souls of men who come into our dominion, that their wives were the cause of their damnation. Now, as this seems impossible to us, we have hesitated to give judgment upon this evidence, lest we should be calumniated as too cruel; and if we do not decide upon it we may be charged with failing in necessary severity, and in love of justice. As in the first case, we should be subjected to the charge of injustice, and in the second of weakness, and as we wish to avoid the imputation that may arise from either in consequence of our inability to adopt any mode of avoiding the extreme, we have called you together to aid us with your counsel, and to take care, that as this dom has been administered heretofore without disgrace, it ontinue for the future to enjoy its good reputation."

The case proposed appeared to all the princes of much importance, of high consideration, and, though all concluded it was necessary to ascertain the truth of the matter, yet they were divided in opinion on the mode to be adopted for that purpose. In this manner, it appeared to some as best to send some one or more of their body into the world, that under the form of a man he might get at the truth. To many others it seemed possible to ascertain the point without so much trouble, by putting several of the damned to various tortures, in order to make them confess the truth. But as the majority were for sending a missionary, this resolution was confirmed. No one being willing to undertake this expedition voluntarily, it was decided to appoint the ambassador by ballot. The lot fell upon Belfagor, an arch fiend; but previously to his fall from heaven, an archangel. Although he undertook the business very unwillingly, yet he immediately prepared to execute the plan that had been resolved upon in council, and bound himself to the conditions that had been solemnly determined by it. These conditions were as follows; that a hundred thousand ducats should be assigned to him who should be deputed to the expedition, with which he was to depart for the world under the form of a man, to take a wife, with whom he should live ten years: after that period, pretending to die, he should return to them, and from his own experience make a report to his superiors of the pleasures and pains of matrimony. It was determined also that during the said term, he should be subject to all the troubles and all the ills to which men are subject, that if poverty, imprisonment, or disease, or any other misfortune, to which men are liable, should happen to him, he should not be freed from them, except by his art or cunning.

Belfagor, in this manner, assumed the condition, took the money, came into the world, and, attended by a train of servants and horses, entered Florence in a most splendid manner, which city he selected in preference to others for his residence, as the most fit for the abode of one who might employ his money in usury. Assuming the name of Roderigo de Castaglia, he rented a house in the suburb of All Saints. It was impossible to detect his former condition. He said he was of a plebeian family in Spain, whence he emigrated into Syria, and had gained all his riches in

Aleppo, from which city he had departed for Italy, for the purpose of taking a wife in a country more civilized, and more suitable to his inclination than the place in which he had acquired his wealth.

Roderigo was a handsome man, and appeared to be about thirty; and in a few days having shown how he abounded in wealth, and having manifested himself to be accomplished and liberal, divers noble citizens, who had many daughters, but little wealth, offered him their alliance. Among these Roderigo selected a most beautiful girl, called Honesta, the daughter of Amarigo Donati; who had three others, together with three sons all grown, and the daughters too were all marriageable. Although Amarigo was of a most noble family, and held in good estimation in Florence, yet he was very poor, if we consider his numerous family and his noble birth. Roderigo made magnificent and splendid nuptials, and was deficient in none of the ceremonies usually exhibited on such festivities. As he was, by the laws imposed upon him in departing from hell, subject to all the human passions, he began soon to take pleasure in the honours and pomps of the world, and to be desirous of praises amongst men; which ambition occasioned him not a little expense. Moreover, he had not resided long with his spouse Honesta, before he became excessively enamoured of her charms, and could not bear to see her suffer a moment's uneasiness, or to give her the least displeasure. Madame Honesta, together with her beauty and her nobility, had brought along with her into the house of Roderigo, a haughtiness and a capricious pride superior to that of Lucifer himself, and Roderigo, who had experienced both, was convinced that of his wife was the greater. But this haughtiness was increased immediately as she became conscious of the love her husband bore her; and from this circumstance, seeing that it was in her power to domineer over him in every respect, she laid her commands upon him without any pity or regard, and whenever he denied her any thing, she did not hesitate to heap upon him the most scurrilous and vulgar abuse. From all this Roderigo began to experience an incredible annoyance. Nevertheless, considerations in regard to his father-in-law, his brothers, his family, and the obligations of matrimony, in addition to the excessive passion he bore her, induced him to bear his

grievances with patience. I pass over the devouring expense he incurred to keep her in good humour by clothing her in the finest fashions, and newest modes of ornament, that undergo a perpetual variation from the natural fickleness of our city; and the heavy sums he was compelled to disburse in assisting his father-in-law to marry his other daughters, that he might gratify her inclinations and wishes. After this, to make up matters with her on another occasion, he agreed to send one of her brothers to the Levant with clothes, and another to the west with silks; and to set up a shop for the other in Florence. He was compelled in this manner to expend the greater part of his fortune. Moreover, on the feasts of the carnival, and of St. John, when, in conformity to ancient custom, all the city devoted itself to festivity, and many noble and rich citizens gave splendid repasts, dame Honesta, not to be inferior to other women, decreed that her Roderigo should surpass all of them in similar entertainments. All these vexations were borne by Roderigo from the above mentioned family considerations; nor, though most grievous, would they have appeared insupportable to him, if by those sacrifices the tranquillity of his house could have been procured, or if he had been permitted in peace to look forward to the time of his ruin. But the contrary was the case. For her termagant disposition caused him as much misery, as her profuse propensity loaded him with insupportable debts. Neither male nor female servants could be found who could support her incorrigible temper, during a day's, much less a week's, residence in her house. On this account much inconvenience arose to Roderigo, both, because he was unable to retain any servant who might be affectionate to his master and faithful to his affairs, and because the other fiends, whom he had brought with him into the world under the appearance of servants, preferred rather to return to the infernal regions and live in flames, than to exist on earth under the imperious domination of his termagant spouse. Roderigo living therefore, in this stormy and unquiet situation, and having already expended the small remains of his property, intended to be reserved, lived now only in the hope of the returns he expected from the Levant and from the west; and his credit being yet good, that he might not be wanting in the ap-

pearances fitting his rank, he went to the exchange brokers, and raising by that means many marks, was soon taken notice of as a bankrupt by those who are engaged in similar mercantile transactions. His situation being thus critical, news suddenly arrived from the Levant and from the west, that one of the brothers of Honesta had lost at play all the property of Roderigo in his charge; and that the other, returning in a ship laden with his merchandise, neither of which was insured, together with all his property, was shipwrecked. No sooner was this news made public, than the creditors of Roderigo collected together, and judging that he was ruined, though it was impossible as yet to ascertain the situation of his affairs, the time of payment being not yet arrived, concluded it was best for them to watch him so closely as to make it impossible for him to deceive them either by word or deed. Roderigo, on his part, seeing no remedy for his misfortune, and knowing that the conditions imposed on him in the infernal regions, restricted him from using any supernatural means, thought it best to fly at any rate. Mounting horse, therefore, one morning near the gate il Prato, he departed in that direction from the city. His departure was no sooner known, than the rumour spread among his creditors, who, being collected at the magistrates, began to pursue him not only by couriers, but in crowds themselves. Roderigo was not yet a mile from the city, when the noise of pursuit reached him from behind. Finding himself thus in a bad situation, he resolved to insure the secrecy of his flight by departing from the road and pursuing his course across the fields. But in doing this, perceiving himself impeded, on horseback, by the numerous ditches that intersect the country, he therefore leaped from his horse, and continued his flight on foot; crossing from field to field, concealed by the vines and canes, with which that tract of country abounded, he arrived at Peretola, and approached a cottage in its vicinity inhabited by a certain Giovanni Matteo del Bricca, a labourer of Giovanni del Bene, and fortunately found Giovanni Matteo by chance in the field, who brought him into his house and offered him some refreshment. Roderigo claimed the protection of Matteo, promising him if he would save him from the hands of his enemies, who were pursuing him with the intention of throwing him into perpetual imprisonment, that he

would make him rich, and that before he left him, he would give him such proofs of his ability to do so as to secure his belief, which if he failed doing, he was willing Matteo himself might place him in the hands of his adversaries. Giovanni Matteo, although a countryman, was a man of sense, and thinking it impossible to incur any loss by attempting to save him, he promised his protection; and putting him into a pile of sweepings, that stood before his house, he covered him over with reeds and chaff, that had been collected to burn.

Roderigo was scarcely concealed in his hole, ere his pursuers came upon them, and endeavoured, in vain, by the fears with which they sought to inspire Giovanni Matteo, to extort from him whether he had seen Roderigo. Thereupon they passed farther on; and having sought for him in various directions, they returned, fatigued and mortified, to Florence. The noise of pursuit having ceased, and Roderigo having come out from his place of concealment, Matteo demanded of him the performance of his promise. To which demand Roderigo replied, "I am under to you, my friend, the greatest obligation, and desire in all respects to satisfy my promise, and, that you may have full confidence in my ability to do it, I will tell you who I am." He then informed him of his nature and condition, of the orders he had received to depart from hell and to take a wife, and moreover he communicated to him the method by which he intended to enrich him, which, in fine, was this:—Whenever he should hear of any woman being possessed by a demon, he should conclude it was he who had bewitched her, and that he would never leave her until Matteo should arrive to exorcise her, on which occasion he could impose whatever conditions, he might choose, of remuneration on the parents of the deranged damsel. This arrangement being made, Roderigo departed.

Not many days had passed, when it was reported throughout Florence, that one of the daughters of Seignor Ambrogio Amedei, who had married Buondiuto Tebalducci, was possessed by a demon. Her parents failed not to make use of all those remedies that are employed on such occasions; such as applying to her the head of St. Zanobi, and the mantle of St. Giovanni Gualberto, all which remedies were scoffed at by Roderigo. And that it might

be made manifest to the conviction of every one, that the disorder of the lady was really *demoniacal*, and not any fatastic hallucination, she spake Latin, disputed on philosophical subjects, and discovered the secret crimes of many persons. Among which she revealed the sins of a friar, who had kept concealed during more than four years in his cell, a woman clothed in the costume of a young novice of the order—the which disclosure did cause much marvel unto every one. Ambrogio having in vain resorted to every usual remedy, lived for some time in great grief, and had now lost all hope of restoring her, when Giovanni Matteo came to see him, and promised him the restoration of the health of his daughter, provided he would give him 500 florins to purchase a farm at Peretola. Ambrogio accepted the proposition, when Giovanni Matteo, having first ordered certain masses said, and certain ceremonies to be performed to give the thing the air of an exorcism, approached the lady, and whispered in her ear, "Roderigo! I am come to find you, that you may observe the conditions of the contract with me." Roderigo answered,—"I am ready to comply—but this is not enough to enrich you—therefore when I shall depart from hence, I will possess the daughter of Charles, king of Naples, nor will I ever abandon her without your adjuration. You shall then have it in your power to make your fortune; nor shall you afterwards give me any more trouble." Having said this he departed from the lady, to the pleasure and astonishment of all Florence. Not long afterwards, the misfortune that had happened to the daughter of king Charles was spread over Italy. The king, not finding the remedies of the friars effectual, heard of the success attending the exertions of Matteo, and sent to Florence for him. He arrived at Naples, and, after performing some ceremonies, cured the princess. But Roderigo, previously to his departing from her, said to him,—"You see, Giovanni Matteo, I have kept my promise of making you rich, and therefore as I am freed from all obligations to you, I am no farther held to you in any thing. Hereafter be satisfied not to meddle with me, or come to me upon any occasion of this kind. For as I have heretofore benefited you, proportionate will be your evil destiny if you disturb me any more." Hereupon Giovanni returned to Florence very rich, as he had received from the king more than 50,000 ducats, and now thought of enjoying his wealth

in peace, as he did not suppose Roderigo had any thoughts inimical to him. But all his anticipations of happiness were soon disturbed by the news which shortly arrived, that one of the daughters of Louis VII, of France was possessed with an evil spirit. This news destroyed all the plans of happiness of Giovanni Matteo, when he recollected the despotic power of that king, and the last words Roderigo had spoken to him.

The king, finding no remedy for his daughter, and having heard of the power of Gio. Matteo, sent at first to request his attendance simply, by one of his couriers; but Matteo pretending indisposition, he was compelled to demand him of the government, which forced Gio. Matteo to obey. Being come to Paris, somewhat reassured by a plan he had in view, he explained to the king, in the first place, that there was a certain thing, by means of which he had heretofore cured each of the possessed, but it was not by this that he had either the power or the wisdom to cure *all* cases of the kind; for there were demons of so malignant and perfidious a nature as to fear neither threats, nor incantations, nor any other of the ceremonies of religion. But, notwithstanding all this, he was ready to do his duty, and, not succeeding, he must rely upon his clemency. Upon which the king, in a passion, said, *that if he did not cure her, he would hang him.* At this Gio. Matteo felt great anguish; but, taking some heart, he caused the possessed to be brought, and advancing, and whispering in her ear, he with great humility commended himself to Roderigo, reminding him of the benefit done him formerly, and said how ungrateful he would be, if he abandoned him in so great a straight. Roderigo answered and said, "Ah, villain! have you the audacity to trouble me again? Thinkest thou to be permitted to boast of having been enriched by my means? I will show you, and every one, that I know how to bestow or take away every thing at my will and pleasure; and, before you leave this place, I will surely cause you to be hanged." Whereupon Matteo, seeing no present remedy, determined to try his fortune another way, and dismissing the possessed, he said to the king, "Sire, as I have already said, there are many spirits, of so malignant a nature, that in their whole composition they have nothing good; and this is one of that description. Yet I wish to make a final expe-

riment. If it succeeds, your majesty and I shall have attained our purpose: if not, I shall be in your power; and you will display towards me that compassion which my innocence deserves. You shall cause to be erected, in the piazza of *Notre Dame*, a spacious stage, large enough to contain your nobles, and all the clergy of this city. Have it adorned with cloth of silk and gold. Erect in the middle of the stage an altar. On next Sunday morning, it is my desire that you, together with the clergy, and all your princes and barons, with royal pomp and splendid and rich adornments and pageants, should assemble in that stage, where, having first celebrated one solemn mass, you shall cause the possessed to be brought. Moreover, it is my desire that there be collected, on one part of the piazza, persons who shall have in their hands *trumpets*, *horns*, *drums*, *cymbals*, &c. and wind instruments of all other descriptions; which persons, when I shall hoist up a cowl, shall all begin to play upon these instruments, and sounding, advance towards the stage: which things, together with certain other secret remedies, I believe will induce the demon to decamp. All this was immediately ordered by the king. Sunday morning arrived: the stage was filled with the nobility, and the piazza with the people. Mass was celebrated, and the possessed was conducted into the stage by two bishops and many lords. When Roderigo saw so many people collected together, and such a preparation, he was astonished, and said to himself, "What does this cowardly villain intend to make of this pageantry? Does he think to frighten me with this pomp? *Knows he not that I am used to behold the splendour of heaven and the furies of hell?* I will chastise him to a certainty." Upon Giovani Matteo's accosting him, and conjuring him that he would depart, he replied, "O, you have done well. What think you to effect with these your preparations? Think you to escape, by this means, my power and the anger of the king? Ah, villain! I will be the death of you at any rate!"

Some time was thus spent, in adjuration on one side, and in scurrilous abuse on the other, when it seemed to Matteo useless to trifle any longer. The sign with the cap was made, and all those persons, who were appointed to produce terrible sounds, began to play upon their instruments, and, with a clangor that as-

cended to heaven, they advanced towards the stage. At the noise of which Roderigo erected his ears, and being unconscious of the arrangement, involved in great astonishment and deep amazement, demanded of Giovani Matteo, what was the occasion of that disturbance. Whereupon Giovani Matteo, in affected terror and compassion, exclaimed, "*Alas! my dear Roderigo, that is your wife, who is thus come to reclaim you.*" It was marvellous to see what a faltering of mind seized upon Roderigo, on thus hearing the name of his wife: it was so great that, without thinking whether it might be possible or reasonable, he fled, and left the damsel free; thus preferring to return into hell, to render an account of his actions, rather than resume the matrimonial yoke. In this manner Belfagor returned to the infernal regions, and made report of the ills that a wife produced, even in one house alone—and Giovani Matteo, joyful at his release from hanging, returned also to his home.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE COMEDIANS' COFFEE-HOUSE.

Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place
The strolling tribe. CHURCHILL.

[*From the Hermit de la Chaussée d'Antin.*]

THE manners of strolling players have a character of originality, that always appeared to me worthy of particular study. Their customs, their tastes, their mode of living, their language, —for they have a language of their own,—make a distinct class, which resembles nothing that we see in society. They are in a manner insulated from the rest of their fellow-creatures, by a prejudice, as absurd in its principle as unjust in its conclusion; and it is to this circumstance they are indebted for the particular physiognomy that distinguishes them. This prejudice, which honourable exceptions have in a great measure destroyed in the capital, exists in its original force in the country, and it is there we must seek the originals of the portraits of Ragotin and Le Ran-

cune, drawn in so true and comic a style by Scarron, in the only one of his works that at this time enjoys an undisturbed reputation. Those who wish to form an idea of the customs and regulations of this dramatic corporation, and the members who compose it should go, during the fortnight of Easter, to the *Café Touchard*. This coffee-house, from time immemorial, in the *rue des Boucheries*, has lately changed its name, its master, and situation, without changing its destination: it is at present in the *rue de l'Arbre Sec* that Thalia, or rather Thespis, has established the central depot of country comedians, who have not the talent or good fortune to find engagements at home; of those whom a rigid public excuses from finishing an engagement, of those whom their debts oblige to quit a city, where they have creditors, instead of spectators; and finally of those whom the hope of a *début* draws to Paris. Every species of performer is to be found in this coffee-house. The managers, on the other hand, come also to this comic "*Bazar*," where talent is put up for sale, and knocked off to the highest bidder. Fortune here amuses herself, by burlesquing her own caprices. The actor, who last year played the *valet* at Bourdeaux, now goes to perform the part of the *financier* at Rochelle; the "*Ingenuity*" of the theatre of Lille passes to the part of coquette in that of Strasbourg: it is a lottery of ranks and places, as in society, with this difference, however, that the best chances are generally awarded to merit.

Without having been present at this burlesque assembly, it is impossible to form an idea of it. For many years it has been my constant practice, during Easter, to pass an hour every day at this coffee-house. This custom has in a manner connected me with all the declaiming, singing, and gesticulating artists of the country. Thanks also to a reputation for generosity, acquired and maintained at the moderate price of a few glasses of "*liqueur*," and now and then lending a crown, which I never ask for, because I know it is borrowed, not to be returned, I became acquainted with all the anecdotes of the green room, and all the adventures, comic, tragic, and burlesque, that have occurred during the preceding theatrical campaign. From the first *performer* to the lowest "*double*," from the "*grande coquette*" to the

smallest "*utilité*," I believe there is not a single country comedian, of whose history, talents, successes, and reverses, I do not, directly or indirectly, know something. I took good care not to forget going to my post this year. I installed myself there, on Friday last; and have already recognised some of my old acquaintance, and two or three managers, who came to attend the opening of this theatrical exchange. One disputed with a *tyrant* for fifty crowns; another wished to compel *Oroemanes* to play *Matthew Crochet*, in the after-piece; this one to judge of what he had to calculate on, listened to a *Colin*, who thundered an *ariette* of Monsigny; there was a *counter-tenor*, who tried to give the *fa*, by drinking a bottle of wine "*de Surene;*" here a *duenna*, who divided her bread and dish of coffee with her spaniel; further on a *grande utilité*, who inscribed on a sheet of paper the names of four hundred and sixty characters, she was ready to perform; one stipulated for a benefit, another for leave of absence for six weeks; all demanded advances of money.

The first I recognised was Dorival, the oldest *young premier* (*jeune premier*) to be found in any theatre in France.* During thirty-six years he has been in possession of this part. His master-piece is St. *Albin*, in the *Father of the Family* (*Pere de Famille*); and as he always believes himself of the age of the personage he represents, he sees no reason for renouncing that part, and taking in exchange that of the *father* (*pere noble*), so much better adapted to his age. However, in proportion as his talent diminishes, and his years increase, his credit lessens with the managers, and he changes not his *characters*, but his places of performing. In his youth he was the delight of Lyons, Bourdeaux,

* On the French stage, the line of characters allotted to each performer is much more circumscribed than on the English boards. It is rare to see, on the former, the same actor perform tragedy and comedy, or indeed any part but the one in which he is supposed particularly to excel, and to which he consequently bends all his study and attention. Thus each performer derives his name from his *parts*; "*jeunes premiers*" (the young men in genteel comedy), "*peres nobles*" (the fathers), the "*valet*," the "*chambermaid*," the "*duenna*," the "*coquette*," &c. &c. are all separate and distinct characters, performed only by those who have expressly qualified themselves.

Nantz, and Marseilles; twenty years later he was applauded at Orleans, at Tours, and Rochelle; he now arrives from Angouleme, and is going to engage for the theatre of Evreux. To all I can say to prove that his vanity calculates badly, he is satisfied with answering, in the words of Cæsar, "that it is better to be the first in a village than the second in Rome."

"I am not of that opinion;" said a fat, good-natured soul, who familiarly sat down to our table; "one ought sometimes to know how to descend, in order to live." He who spoke to us was a man of about fifty, whose accoutrement first attracted my attention. He was clothed in an old habit of black velvet, over which was thrown a sort of camlet Turkish dress, bordered with fur, which he used in playing Turkish characters, and which served him for a cloak during winter. On his head he wore a Polish cap, and on his feet boots of yellow leather, laced behind. "You see in me," said he, casting an amateur's glance upon the bowl of punch I had just ordered,—"you see, gentlemen, the best and poorest *financier*, and the finest and saddest *counter-tenor* (basse-taille) in the world. You examine me, you try to recollect where you have seen me? Every where: at Brussels, for instance, where, for ten years past, they speak of the superior style in which I played *Sylvain*. Cailleau will tell you that, when I have gargled my larynx, with a bottle of Burgundy, nobody sings better than I "*Dans le sein d'un pere*," &c.—He was thundering out this song, with all the strength of his brazen lungs, when a little man, in a wig *a la preville*, after having examined him attentively for some time, took advantage of one of his pauses to demand the return of seventy-two francs, which he had advanced to him three years before, on an engagement at Havre, which he had thought proper to fulfil at Perpignan. The explanation, which commenced pleasantly enough, threatened to finish warmly, inasmuch as the bowl of punch was nearly at an end, and Floridor had drunk the greater part of it; but I appeased the difference, and reconciled them, by proposing to the manager, as a means of recovering his three louis, to engage his debtor in the troop he was forming. Whilst they settled the conditions of this new contract, a squeaking voice called the attention of the assembly to a vest of brocade, which a *pere noble* in misfortune put up for sale,

to pay his landlady, and which was passed from table to table. The vest was followed by a suit of livery, belonging to a *premier comique*, who changed character, and successively, by various pieces of the garde-robe of Thalia and Melpomene, with which the managers furnished their magazines, at a small expense, speculating on the poverty and imprudence of their pensioners.

The sale was interrupted by the most singular dispute that I ever witnessed. The *tyrant* of a troop of actors of melo-drama had just found here his wife, who quitted him five years before, leaving nothing but debts and children. The lady, who played the *grande princesse*, had abandoned the *tyrant* at Chateaudun, to follow the fortune of a *Colin*, who had ceded her to a *financier*, who had suffered her to be taken from him by *second comique*, who had arranged for her with a *La Ruelle*, who had placed her in the hands of a *Grime*, which latter, the husband insisted, should take also the children and debts, while he asserted, on the contrary, that the *tyrant* ought to take back his wife; who, on her part, would not return to the husband, unless he consented to adopt *two young princes*, with whom she had augmented the family during her absence. The contest became so complicated, by its various episodes, and different circumstances, that I found it impossible to follow its thread, or conjecture its issue.

At the table next to mine was a *Dugazon-Corse*, of at least forty-five years of age, who wished to prove that an engagement was offered him at Paris, on the strength of the reputation he had acquired at Poitiers, in an *opera comique*, where he debuted *only* twenty-five years before.

A *first* tragedian, covered with his mantle in the most picturesque manner, contended with his manager for a *half benefit*, which he wished to add to his salary. His Gascon accent, and the scraps of Alexandrines with which he ornamented his conversation, gave it a grace altogether original.

"This manager," said M. Dorival to me, speaking of the man talking with the tragedian, "is a novice, who does not understand his business: before the end of a fortnight, he will spend here a hundred crowns in refreshments, to compose a troop, the refuse of all the others. It is otherwise with old Berville, whom you see alone at the table opposite us: he has been a comedian for

forty years: he knows all the secrets, that is to say, all the tricks of the trade, and therefore always finds means to have the best *subjects*, at the lowest possible price. The most severe discipline reigns in his company, which he commands with firmness; each of the comedians who compose it playing, in case of necessity, every part awarded him. Berville considers only the pleasure of the public, and the interest of his administration. All the engagements he makes are so many bills of health, that place the contractors out of the reach of those megrims and vapours with which the atmosphere of theatres is so generally charged. Hence it results, that the public is satisfied, the treasury filled, the actors regularly paid, and the enterprise enriches the director."

After a short discussion upon theatrical tactics, Dorival proposed to me to go into the *chamber of trial*. It is a room in the back part of the coffee-house, where those comedians, whose reputation is not sufficiently established, give the managers, or their representatives, a specimen of their talent. It is impossible to imagine any thing more extravagant than this picture. The variety of faces and attitudes, the contrast of costume and language, the cacophony of voices, some singing, while others recite or declaim, and the sang froid of those who listen to this horrible clatter, all leads one to think that we are in one of those hospitals, where comedy is performed by madmen, to cure them. One deals out a sentence of *Mithridates*, another a scene of *Cadet-Roussel*, and the monologue of *Metromania* is interrupted by the *Polonaise* of the *Calife*. Camillus addresses his imprecations to *Joerisse in despair*, and the arietta of the *False Magician* is accompanied by the castignetto of a dancer, who repeats a *bolero*.

It is in this hall the addresses are given, the advances made, and the engagements signed. The comedian, who is so fortunate as to get an engagement, returns into the coffee-house in triumph, and regards with pity those of his comrades who still solicit what he has just obtained, without thinking that the severest trial is yet to be made—that of pleasing the public before whom he is to appear.

I have somewhere read, that a father, designing to correct in his son a dangerous inclination, conducted him to the hospitals, to show him the consequences of the vices he was inclined to. Perhaps, to cure many of our young people of the theatrical mania, it would suffice to take them to the *Café Touchard*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PERKINS'S TRIANGULAR VALVE PUMP.

(*With a Plate.*)

THE triangular valve pump was invented in the year 1812, by Jacob Perkins, of Massachusetts, and it will be found to be a complete substitute for the chain pump. It has been adopted by the American navy, and it answers every expectation. The advantage which it possesses over all other ship-pumps consists in the following particulars: the length of the stroke, the ease with which it is worked, the tightness of the valves, the saving of friction, the saving of water by the manner of opening and shutting the valves, the simplicity of construction, not being liable to choke, a much freer passage for the water by the valves, the ease with which it is repaired, no loss by blowing, and, finally, its being peculiarly adapted to be worked by the pitch, roll, or way of the ship. This pump differs from all others, and is constructed in the following manner: the body is a simple square shaft, formed of plank, of a thickness suitable to its diameter and length, screwed firmly together. If the diameter is eight inches, and of a common length, the plank should be five inches thick. The column of water admitted at the bottom, and discharged at the top, is of an equal volume.

The valves, which constitute the principal part of this improvement, are constructed with four plates of iron, brass, or any suitable composition. Two of them are in the form of an isosceles triangle, the two equal sides being double the length of the base. The other two are square, and of a size which will extend diagonally across the pump. These plates are perforated with a sufficient number of holes to screw or nail leathers on their inner surface. The former fastening is preferred for the larger class of pumps. In that case, thin plates are laid upon the leather, to receive the heads of the screws. The leather extends about one inch over the two equal sides of the triangular plates, and at the base it is the size of the square plates. These plates, when screwed or nailed together, embrace the two square projections of leather, and form the joints for the valves to play. The upper and lower valves differ in one important particular, viz. the upper, or moving valves, have a check bolt attached to the centre of one of the valves, which passes freely through the centre of the other. On its end is fixed an adjusting screw and washer. With this fixture, the valves may be so regulated as not to press on the sides of the pump, thereby preventing much friction. The lower valves are placed diagonally in the pump, and immediately at the bottom, resting on a bolt passing diagonally through the pump, for that purpose. The upper, or moving valves, are suspended by a chain or rope over a single pulley, at the head of the pump, and are made to move from within a few inches of the bottom valve to the top of the pump, as described in the plate. (*See Plate, fig.* 1.)

The valves, when they shut, fall into the corners of the pump, and completely fill up the cavity, standing at an angle of about seventy degrees. The length of stroke being about twenty times that of the common atmospherical pump, and as considerable power is lost in overcoming the *vis inertiæ* of the column at every stroke, it will be readily seen, that the gain is as twenty to one in this particular. Many pumps, differently modified, have been constructed to obviate this difficulty; such as, two chambers leading to one conducting tube, two pistons working alternately in the same chamber, &c. &c. But, as there must be a short interval between each stroke, the column of water will stop, unless the conducting tube is considerably smaller than the chamber where the piston works. In that case, the water would continue to move upwards until after one of the pistons begins to rise, and the stream would be constant; but here the increase of friction would counterbalance the gain by a constant stream. A pump, to work with the least possible friction, should be of an equal calibre throughout. The common form of pistons and valves for supporting and raising the column, very much obstructs the passage of the water, and prevents its rising by the pressure of the atmosphere, as freely as it otherwise would; thereby losing much power.

The triangular valves are best calculated to admit a free passage for the water. All other forms, from their construction, necessarily impede the passage of the water. These valves, unlike any others, rest on the sides of the pump, at an angle of about seventy degrees; and when the water rises in the pump, the lower valves close towards the centre; thereby leaving a much larger portion of the aperture unobstructed than in the common pump.

The common pump-box or piston, it is well known, occupies a large portion of the calibre, it being necessary to have a rim of metal or wood, to support the valves, and prevent leakage; which is effected by leathering the periphery of the box or piston. Common valves lie horizontally in the pump; and those that do not rise horizontally to admit the water to pass, rise at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The triangular valves move about ten degrees, to admit the water to pass, and the time occupied in shutting will be as ten is to forty-five. Of course less water is lost by the closing of the valves.

The triangular valves have the singular property of growing tighter by use, and will remain so, until the leather which extends by the sides of the plate is entirely worn out. On the contrary, the stuffing or leathering of the common piston or box, soon begins, by use, to lose water, and without a quick stroke (which should always be avoided if possible), very little will be delivered.

This construction of valves answers the double purpose of valve and box. In this particular the improvement is most important,

and entirely new. Altho'.gh the square form is best adapted for this kind of valves, yet they will answer better for the round pump than the common box. The valves to fit the round pump should be of a semi-elliptical form. The base of the valve should be half the diameter of the semi-ellipsis. In other respects, they are constructed like the triangular valves; the upper valves being prevented from pressure on the sides of the pump by a check-bolt, or any other more convenient substitute which practice may point out.

All ship pumps, except the chain pump, are very liable to choke, which often renders them useless. As common pumps are constructed, the column of water in the lower part of the pump moves with more than twice the velocity of that which moves in the chamber or upper part. Consequently, gravel, sand, grain, &c. &c. might be raised by the velocity of the water in the lower part of the pump, when, in the chamber or enlarged part of it, the water would not move with sufficient velocity to discharge what entered at the bottom. The effect would be that of choking the pump, by the settling of the gravel, &c. around the boxes. The body of the triangular valve pump being of an equal diameter, excepting at the very bottom, where it is a little enlarged, will not be liable to choke; since any matter which is light enough to enter with the water at the bottom, will be discharged at the top, the velocity of all parts of the column being the same.

The manner of working these pumps has been found by experience to be less laborious than any other. All parts of the body are made to act at the same time, simply by walking fore and aft on the ship's deck, as described in the plate. (*See Plate, fig.* 1.) The usual velocity with which a man moves is found to be about the same as that with which a column of water would move most advantageously. This being the case, it will admit of a direct pull, which is the simplest and most free from friction of all others. In this mode of pumping, men can work all day without *spelling*, as at any other labour.

The blowing or admission of air below the lower box, as is common to atmospherical ship pumps, often renders them almost or entirely useless. The valves in this pump being placed quite at the bottom, no air can enter below, the water preventing it.

We shall now proceed to describe the triangular valve pump, as worked on board the American navy. (*See Plate.*)

Fig. AA are two square pumps of an equal diameter. BB are the upper or moving valves, being attached at each end of a chain or rope of such a length as to allow one pair of the valves to be at the bottom of one pump, while the others are at the top of the other. The chain or rope runs over the pulleys EE, and around the uprights FF. The men walk fore and aft, alternately raising the valves the whole length of the pump. The valves in one pump are descending, while, in the other, they are ascending. *Figs.* 2, 3 and 4 are different views of the triangular valve.

The Manner of Working a Pump by the Ship's Way or Motion.

This kind of pump is better calculated to work by the ship's way or motion than any other, as the working valve is not confined to any part of the pump, and will accommodate itself to all the variations of the roll or pitch of the ship.

The pitch of the ship is the most favourable for self-working pumps. They may also be worked by the roll or way of the ship.

The pump may be worked by the pitch of the ship, by simply suspending a hogshead of water over the stern of the vessel. This hogshead is attached to the pump-rope, which leads through a derrick over the stern. The length of the pump-rope should be so adjusted that, were the ship without motion, the upper valves should be half way down the pump. Suppose the ship to pitch six feet, the valves would work three feet below, and three above the centre of the pump. The more the ship pitches, the longer the stroke.

The hogshead is prevented from dragging when the ship is under way, by two guys. The operation will be thus: when the hogshead rises by the sinking of the stern of the ship, the rope will slack up, and the valves will sink, by their own weight, in the pump; and when the stern rises, the weight of the hogshead will draw up the valves, and discharge in proportion to the length of the stroke.

The ship may be pumped by the roll, by rigging a derrick over the side. This mode will answer in a calm only. The valves must be half way down the pump, when the ship is on an even keel.

In order to work the pump by the way of the ship, a log chip, of about two and a half feet square, is made fast by a guy from each corner of the log-chip to the pump-rope, which passes over a derrick fixed at the stern. The log-chip, when let down into the water, presents itself at right angles with the surface of it, if properly balanced by a weight at the bottom edge. To the log-chip a line is fixed at the upper edge, and as soon as it has drawn the valves to the top of the pump, it should be tripped and drawn in. This can be done by one man, if the ship does not sail too fast. As soon as the valves are down to the bottom of the pump, the trip-line must be slacked. The valves are again drawn up and the water discharged, as before.

The ancients rode their horses without bridles (Hearne in Leland's Itinerary, vol. 1. p. 128); wherefore when Misson, vol. 2. p. 414, speaks of a brazen horse, without a bridle, at Naples, as an emblem of liberty, he was certainly mistaken in that point, as was king Conrad, who had the same conception, and put a bit in the horse's mouth.

COURSE OF STUDIES PURSUED AT OXFORD.

NOTHING seems less understood, or more industriously misrepresented, than the course of studies, which this university reformed and settled some years ago, and which is now pursued even more vigorously than at the time of its first institution. I propose to explain very minutely its several parts; and to throw in occasionally such remarks as seem necessary to meet the objections, which are now and then alleged by hasty and superficial observers. A plan of studies sketched on paper is, I am aware, often very fallacious: and nothing is more easy than to mislead the public by a plausible statement of this kind. I have myself seen outlines drawn, divided into studies of the first year, of the second year, and so on, which appeared to comprehend almost all one could desire to learn, either in literature or science: but the persons who execute this plan must be more fortunate than common, if the materials on which they operate are capable of bearing it. In a university, one fourth part of which changes every year, the new comers differ so widely in age, in capacity, in disposition and turn of thought, in previous knowledge and attainments, that it seems inconceivable how they can be classified in this manner, without a sacrifice, not of extreme cases—for that must happen in all comprehensive plans—but of something worth preserving and improving in all. The books and the portions of science allotted to the first year are such as many, by the most diligent study during four years, can never go beyond; while others come so ripe and forward as to be quite fit to begin where the former end. The facility, again, of learning; the rate of advancement, varies in such wide proportions, that no fair classification can be founded on this basis. It is idle to think that any system of education can equalize the powers of different minds. The nominal rank and precedence of the student, like rank in all the liberal professions, must be determined chiefly, not by his merit, but by his standing: the habits of society, the mixed and entangled interests of life, require it: but in obtaining this rank, it may be contrived—and it is the great secret of liberal education so to contrive it—that emulation shall be an active, steady, and commanding principle. Compulsion in such cases is ridiculous. It scarcely succeeds even in a nursery; and, as we advance in years, is less to be wished for, and is in fact less practicable. Constant admonition, the consciousness of an overseeing eye, the fear of reproof, and the hope of praise, are indeed of service, are even necessary to overcome the desultory habits of youth, to check its wanderings, to fix its resolutions, and keep it to its purpose. These, however, are secondary and incidental powers: they serve to refit and keep the machinery in order; but the great spring, which moves and invigorates the whole, is emulation.

According to the last regulations, the university honours are obtained in the following manner.

When the student is about two years' standing, he is subject to a public examination, which admits him, not to the degree of bachelor of arts, but to that intermediate step, which still retains its old title of *sophista generalis*. The old exercise was a logical disputation in the public schools, on three philosophical questions, which had long dwindled into an insignificant form, before the present exercise was substituted in its room. At this previous examination, he is expected to construe accurately some one Greek and one Latin book at least: the most difficult works are not required or encouraged, as there is no competition between the candidates, and an accurate grammatical acquaintance with the

structure of the two languages is the point chiefly inquired into. Xenophon, Homer, Herodotus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes, among the Greeks; and Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Livy, and Cicero, among the Latins, are the most usual books. Besides this, he is examined in some compendium of logic (generally Aldrich's), and in Euclid's Elements of Geometry. It is not thought reputable for a candidate to have omitted either of these branches, but one of them is absolutely required; and in all cases he is made to translate a passage from some English author into Latin. All this is done in public. Eight candidates may be examined in one day, who are all present during the whole time; and there is commonly a numerous attendance of junior students. Indeed there must of necessity be an audience, because every candidate is bound to attend one examination before he is examined himself. The number, however, far exceeds what the statute requires, and the school is often quite full. The examiners are three in number, annually appointed by the university, and sworn to the faithful performance of their duty.

If the student fails on this occasion, it passes *sub silentio*. He does not receive his certificate at the close of the day; and he may present himself again the next term.

After having passed this examination, his studies are directed more steadily to the other, where the honour he acquires will depend entirely on his own exertions. He cannot present himself till after the third year is completed, and it is common to defer it till the end of the fourth year. He is then examined first in the rudiments of religion: a passage in the Greek Testament is given him to construe, and he is tried, by questions arising out of it, whether he has a proper view of the christian scheme, and of the outline of sacred history. He is expected to give some account of the evidences of christianity, and to show by his answers that he is acquainted with the thirty-nine articles, and has read attentively some commentary upon them. He is examined again in logic, the object being chiefly to see that he has just and firm conceptions of its leading principles; and on this occasion, selections from the Organon are often introduced.

The examination then proceeds to rhetoric and ethics. Upon these subjects the celebrated treatises of Aristotle are chiefly used; and whoever is master of them knows what an exercise of the mind it is to acquire a thorough insight into the argument, and what a serious discipline the student must have undergone, who has accomplished this point. The accurate method observed in each treatise renders it not a perplexing, but merely an arduous task: the precision of the language, the close connexion of the reasoning, the enlarged philosophical views, and the immense store of principles and maxims which they contain, point them out as the best calculated perhaps of any single works for bringing into play all the energies of the intellect, and for trying, not merely the diligence of the scholar, but the habit of discrimination which he has formed, the general accuracy of his thoughts, and the force and vigour of his mind. If it be at all of use to divide, to distinguish, and to define, to study clear arrangement and order, to discern connexion, and to comprehend a plan composed of many widely separated parts, hardly any works can be named, so well adapted to all these purposes. To these is often added, at the option of the student, the treatise on Politics, which is in fact a continuation and completion of the ethical system.

Besides these treatises of Aristotle, Quintilian, as belonging to rhetoric, and the philosophical works of Cicero, especially that De Officiis, as belonging to ethics, are admitted. And these last, as being of easier attainment, are of course the choice of many candidates. But neither of them are strictly indispensable.

In examining *viva voce* almost two hundred candidates every year, nearly in the same departments, much skill and care is requisite, lest a certain routine of questions be introduced, which a student may learn, and give to them some plausible answers, without having drawn his knowledge from the original source. Nothing but practice and constant vigilance, joined to a familiar acquaintance with the several books, can effectually guard against this abuse. And hence to a by-stander the examination may often seem vague and desultory, when the design only is, to probe the candidate here and there, and to ascertain that his reading has been serious, not loose or superficial, or, as might sometimes happen, none at all.

At this examination the student presents what number of classical authors he pleases, provided they be not less than three, and those of the higher order, including both languages. It is not unusual for those who aim at the highest honours to mention Homer, Pindar, one, two, or three of the Greek tragedians, and Aristophanes. Thucydides is seldom omitted. The other historians, and the orators, are also included, according as the student's line of reading has been. Of Latin authors, besides the poets of the Augustan age, Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, Juvenal, and Lucretius are the most usual. In the books that he names, he is expected to be well and accurately versed; and although great encouragement is given to an enlarged range, yet a hasty and unscholarlike manner of reading, however extensive it may be, will not obtain reward, and is in fact much discountenanced.

Besides the questions proposed *viva voce*, many others in the different branches of the examination are put, and answered on paper, while other things are going on. And in this manner also the candidate's knowledge of latinity is tried.

The mathematical examination is quite a distinct business. It is conducted indeed at the same time, but is chiefly done on paper, if the student has advanced far in those studies; although for every candidate, who presents himself in mathematics, there is an oral examination, in which, with a table of diagrams before him, he is called upon, not to give full and long demonstrations, but, as the examiner turns over a corresponding table, to answer questions relating to the properties of figures, and the mode of proving certain theorems. The soundness of his scientific studies is thus made known; and he has problems, which require time and close attention, to solve at his leisure on paper, while the examination passes on to others.

It must be well known to every one who has had experience in life, that, notwithstanding this formidable array of books and sciences, great numbers of candidates must be allowed to pass, whose attainments in both are, from various causes, very inconsiderable. Still if the system be so conducted as to encourage exertion, it would be absurd to reject those of the most moderate pretensions, who have passed through their period of residence with good conduct, and a tolerably regular attention to the prescribed studies. Nothing but extreme incapacity, extraordinary want of school education, or gross idleness at the university, will absolutely exclude a student from his degree at the regular time. Of this description some few are found every year. But even these are not finally rejected; they may appear at the following examination, and, unless the same insufficiency is again observed, generally pass. "Only six candidates can be examined in one day: and every candidate must produce a certificate of having attended two entire days of some former examination before he can be admitted."

Of those who are thought worthy of honours, there are two classes in the branch of literature, and two in that of mathematical sciences; and nothing hinders a candidate from being distinguished in each branch: indeed this double honour is very frequent. The second class of each department is divided into two parts, an upper and a lower; so that in fact there are three classes of honours in literature, and three in mathematics. The individuals of each class are arranged among themselves, not according to merit, but in alphabetical order. It has usually happened, that above one third of the whole number of candidates have been placed in the list of honour: but of these by far the greater part are in the lower division of the second class. All these names are printed: the names of those who simply pass and obtain no honour, are not printed. If any candidate is rejected, it passes *sub silentio*. His certificate is not delivered to him.

The examiners are sworn officers, appointed for two years; they are four in number, and must all be present, unless prevented by sickness or some very urgent cause. The school is in general much crowded during the examination-weeks, especially when a candidate, who enjoys any previous reputation, is to appear. In such cases a strong interest is excited among all orders, and great attention is paid.

It will be evident, from the statement here given, that the students are prepared to pass this examination, not by solemn public lectures, delivered to a numerous class from a professor's chair, but by private study in their respective colleges. This method of study is the next thing which requires to be explained; for upon this point also the world are greatly, and in some instances purposely, misinformed.

The mode of instruction by college lectures, which prevails at both the English universities, is an innovation upon the original plan, which formerly obtained among them, and which is still practised in foreign universities, and I believe in those of Scotland. Some peculiar advantages there are attending each method, and the best method perhaps would be that which should unite both more completely than is the case with any modern university. If, however, they are compared one against the other, as means of instruction, the preference seems strongly due to that of college lectures.

Under this system the pupils of one tutor are easily classed according to their capacities, and the stock of learning and science they bring with them. When formed into these subdivisions, the choice of the lecture may be adapted to their peculiar wants, and the lecturer can perceive, individually as he goes along, how his instruction is received. The heaviness of solitary reading is relieved by the number which compose a class: this number varies from three or four to ten or twelve: a sort of emulation is awakened in the pupil, and a degree of animation in the instructor, which cannot take place with a single pupil, and which approaches to the vivacity of a public speaker addressing an audience. At the same time he can address himself to individuals, satisfy their scruples, correct their errors, and in so doing, the subject being thoroughly sifted and handled, is seen in a variety of lights, and fastens more durably on the mind of those who are listeners merely. Indeed, the impression thus made by theorems of science, and by processes of reasoning on every subject, is so much more vivid, and the means are at hand of ascertaining so satisfactorily how each pupil receives what he hears, that the business of teaching is made less irksome and fatiguing to both parties; and in a few weeks the tutor is enabled to form a juster estimate of the abilities, and quickness, and mental habits, of his pupil, than any other system could to him in as many years.

In reading the principal classic authors also, which forms a great part of Oxford education, the advantages of this method are not less conspicuous. A habit of accuracy, the last habit which a young man acquires by himself, is thus created. A thousand points are remarked as he goes along, which would have escaped a solitary student. Bad school-practices are corrected. Principles of taste and criticism are conveyed in the most striking manner, because they arise out of the occasion, and are taught with the example before him. Opinions of men and books, and whatever else is connected with the topics as they occur, are easily communicated. The scheme of literature is gradually unfolded to his mind, according as he is able to bear it, and to profit by it. In fact, there is no work of the class here alluded to, which may not serve as a text-book; with which information of every sort may, as the occasion requires, be interwoven; and the mode of imparting it may be adapted to the individual who is addressed. It is thus that the stores of one mind may most effectually be transfused into another, whether concerning matters of literature, or philosophy, or religion, or the conduct of life. It is in these readings that the full merit of those ancient models is made prominent, and brought home to the feelings and apprehension of every one. They serve as specimens and exemplars, according to which private study may be formed and moulded; for in private study, after all, the great field of literature must be traversed. And hence is established that intercourse of mind, which imperceptibly gives a tincture even to the most thoughtless, and marks a lasting stamp on others, who are hardly conscious of the successive impulses, by which the impression is continually worn in.

In the more ambitious display of a public lecture, there are, beyond a doubt, advantages which private instruction cannot have. The effort of the lecturer is naturally greater, his matter more carefully prepared, his tone and diction more elevated and impressive. There are emotions which eloquence can raise, and which lead to loftier thoughts and nobler aspirings, than commonly spring up in the private intercourse of men: when the latent flame of genius has been kindled by some transient ray, shot perhaps at random, and aimed least where it took the greatest effect, but which has set all the kindred sparks that lay there, in such a heat and stir as that no torpid indolence, or low earthly-rooted cares, shall ever again smother or keep them down. From this high lineage may spring a never-failing race; few indeed, but more illustrious because they are few, through whom the royal blood of philosophy shall descend in its purest channels, but will hardly be brought down to mingle with the baser alloy of the unschooled multitude. It is not, it cannot be, the most effectual means by which instruction is to be conveyed to the minds of the great majority of students; and to do this, surely, is the prime object in any system of national education. The succession of illustrious names brought into notice by the other mode, is apt to cast a delusive splendour over the prominent masses which it illumines, and to withdraw our attention from the thousand inferior objects which are crowded in the back ground, less captivating, it is true, to the imagination, but equally entitled to the care of true philanthropy. I would not undervalue these higher doings; but we must be cautious how they lead us out of the track of plain and sober industry. A thirst for distinction may interfere with homely duties more really important to mankind. Our husbandry is truly on a large scale; but let us beware how we sacrifice, after the example of vain, ostentatious breeders, the food of some twenty or thirty, for the sake of making a proud show of one. Such produce is not the true or certain test of skilful management. If we send out into the world an annual

supply of men, whose minds are imbued with literature, according to their several measures of capacity, impressed with what we hold to be the soundest principles of policy and religion, grounded in the elements of science, and taught how they may best direct their efforts to farther attainments in that line; if, with this common stock, of which they all partake, they be encouraged afterwards to strike off into the several professions and employments of life, to engage in the public service of the state, or to watch over and manage the lesser circle of affairs, which the independent gentlemen of this country, and of this country only, conduct in their respective neighbourhoods; I think we do a greater and more solid good to the nation, than if we sought to extend over Europe the fame of a few exalted individuals; or to acquire renown by exploring untrodden regions, and by holding up to the world, ever ready to admire what is new, the fruits of our discovery.

Let not this be construed into an admission that speculation is discouraged. The fact is not so. But it is not, and it ought not to be, the business of a body. It is for us to execute an established system; to teach and to recommend what is thoroughly approved. Individuals may engage in the task of discovery; and they are better fitted for that task, if they be well informed in what is already known. In case they should be rewarded for their honourable search, "if truth shall have spoken to them before other men," let them in the name of truth not withhold the secret; it will be eagerly listened to here as elsewhere; and if, after due probation, it be found to be indeed the voice of truth which spake it, our system will thankfully receive the wholesome aliment. But to expect that every crude opinion or untried theory shall enter as soon as it demands admission, and take its place amongst us, while we rise up and make room to receive it, is against all reason and the analogy of things. Let the experiments be tried, and repeatedly tried, in some insignificant spot, some corner of the farm: but let us not risk the whole harvest of the year upon a doubtful project.

There is one province of education, indeed, in which we are slow in believing that any discoveries can be made. The scheme of revelation, we think, is closed, and we expect no new light on earth to break in upon us. The sacred volume, we know, has been abused (as what gift of the Almighty has not been abused?) for the worst and wickedest ends. It has been hidden from the world, it has been corrupted, misinterpreted, and perverted, so as to become an engine of fraud, error, and blind fanaticism. These arts and these acts of violence we hold it our especial duty to remedy and to guard against; to keep strict watch round that sacred citadel, to deliver out in due measure and season the stores it contains, to make our countrymen look to it as a tower of strength, and to defend it against open and secret enemies. It stands conspicuous in all our streets: it catches the eye in every direction, and at every turning: and we should think all our views incomplete without it.

But I have, while pursuing these topics as they pressed upon my attention, left two or three points omitted, which belong to the detail of our proceedings.

Notwithstanding the high authorities quoted against the practice of composition, it forms part of the business of education in each college. These exercises, however, are all in prose, with the few exceptions before alluded to, and they are alternately English and Latin. In some colleges a selection of the best is made every week, and read publicly before the college by the authors. In others they are collected at the end of each term, some judgment is pronounced upon them, and those who have written the best are thanked and commended.

It is also the practice of most colleges (certainly of all the larger colleges) to examine every student at the end of each term in the studies of the term. On this occasion he presents written notes and abridgments which he has formed, and gives an account of any other things he has read, connected with the main course of his studies.

There have also been for about forty years prize exercises, proposed by the chancellor, in Latin verse, and English prose; to which our present chancellor has added one, at his own suggestion, in Latin prose. These are open to the whole university; and the successful compositions are recited in the theatre, in the most public manner, at the annual commemoration. The number of exercises usually given in is fifty or sixty; and occasionally a prize in English verse is added, which has brought forth poems of no common merit.

Such is the outline of the studies of this place: an outline, which I do not say is incapable of being improved and enlarged, but which does seem to comprehend all the leading objects of liberal education. In particular, it might, without danger of interfering too much with the more efficient studies of private colleges, admit of more frequent public lecturing than is at present practised. But to suppose that there is no such lecturing, is a great mistake. Besides a course, and sometimes two courses, in divinity, I have already mentioned that lectures in this way are read by the several professors in natural philosophy, astronomy, chymistry, mineralogy, botany, anatomy, to classes drawn from different colleges, at the option of the individuals, or under the advice of their tutors. Public lectures, which are rather detached dissertations, are also read, one in each term, to the whole university, by the professor of poetry and the professor of modern history. There is likewise a course in modern history often read to a select class, in which the doctrines of political economy have by the present professor been much introduced and discussed.

That political economy therefore is unknown or discountenanced as a science, is equally wrong with many other imputations against us. The best works in that branch, as well as in the elements of law and politics, are in the hands of many students, with the full approbation of those who regulate their studies; although it is never forgotten that to lay a foundation of liberal literature, ancient and modern, before any particular pursuit absorbs the mind, is our main business. Any student also may obtain assistance from the professors of Saxon and oriental learning. But it is seldom that classes are formed in these branches. A few individuals, enough to keep up the succession unbroken, have always made them their favourite study. But no account is taken of these matters at the examinations for degrees.

Harold says, in the five pieces of Runic poetry, p. 78, "I know how to perform eight exercises: I fight with courage; I keep a firm seat on horseback; I am skilled in swimming; I glide along the ice on skates; I excel in darting the lance; I am dexterous at the oar." The editor observes on this, "In the preceding poem Harold mentions eight exercises, but enumerates only five." But there are plainly six enumerated, and in the last stanza the two others are clearly mentioned—"shooting with a bow, and navigating a ship."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON PUBLISHING PRIVATE LETTERS.

MAN is so completely surrounded by evils which sagacity cannot foresee, nor prudence avert, that there is scarcely any epithet sufficiently strong to designate the crime of enlarging the circle of infelicity. A weak judgment may be rectified by experience; industry can supply the deficiencies of idleness; irregularity may be persuaded to abandon her volatile course, and arthritic pains are soothed by patience. But how shall we guard against that species of perfidy which tears away the veil that has been wrought in the cave of secrecy, by the fingers of confidence and good faith, and exposes to the garish eye of day, letters intended for a single eye? These missives are the chosen messengers of love: they waft its sighs from remotest regions. Sympathy selects them to solace the unhappy. Through their medium friendship converses without fear of any impertinent listener. They flatter hope, they cheer adversity, they confirm the weak, they caution the unwary, dissipate doubt, relieve anxiety, and enable us to distribute the busy troops of thought throughout all the quarters of the globe, without the chain of Xerxes. Instead of being an obstacle, the waves seem proud to speed the soft intercourse from pole to pole, and the sails which waft the expected bark are

—Courted by every wind that gives them play!

If epistolary correspondence be subjected to suspicion, civil society will lose one of its most important inventions, and individuals must relinquish an incalculable blessing. The publication of private letters will produce this effect, and the person who contributes, directly or indirectly, to so flagitious an offence against good morals, ought to be regarded as *an enemy to the human race.* Such a wretch would not hesitate to drop poison into a fountain, where the traveller slakes his thirst. On the character of an eaves-dropper, or a listener at a key-hole, there is not a dissenting voice; and to acquire a knowledge of the contents of a letter in any surreptitious manner, is an act, which the vulgar as well as the polished unite in condemning. Yet by an extravagant application of a false and pernicious maxim—the end justi-

fies the means—the publisher of private letters escapes without reprehension. The patrons of a journal, who would shrink at the bare mention of such an action, will behold, with indifference, its pages devoted to these purposes, in order to gratify the malignity of an individual. At Rome, a faithless messenger who detained a letter might be prosecuted for the crimen falsi. *Bartolus, l. Titio* 36. *n.* 3. In France, the same law prevails. *Collect. de Jurisp.* 312. It is a penal offence here to print the MS. of another, without his consent. 1 *Laws U. S.* 118. The infamous *Curll*, a fit instrument for such turpitude, was prevented by lord chancellor Hardwicke from exposing the letters of Pope, though they were only *on particular subjects and inquiries about the health of friends*. 2 *Atk.* 341. A similar proceeding took place, with regard to a confidential paper, written by Burke; and in this case the injunction was granted by the chancellor, at the instance of the friends of the author, without any suggestion on his part. It is A CRIME, says a French writer, to disturb such correspondence, which all nations agree in considering as sacred. *Pigeau*, 1 *Proc. du Chat.* 225. The learned commentator, whom I have already quoted,—*Denizart*—says there are cases in which the person to whom letters are directed, cannot bring them to light without crime, especially when they are written with mystery, and contain confidential things. The crime is still greater when the secret of a letter is disclosed with no other view than to injure the author, who thought he might open his heart without apprehension of that being revealed which was intended only for the eye of a friend, and which he wished should remain concealed from the rest of the world. The court, in such cases, has uniformly ordered that the letter should be restored to the writer, whatever relation it might have to the object in dispute. *Verbo, Lettres Missives.*

In thus indignantly repelling the betrayer, the judges resembled the conduct of a certain general, who refused to hear the disclosures of a deserter, and sent him back to the camp from which he had fled.

In New Orleans, the control of the author over his own letter has been fully vindicated. The decision of judge *Martin* displays the learning of a lawyer and the feelings of a man of

honour. A knave, of the class upon which I have been animadverting, was brought before him, and he fined him fifty dollars, and sent him to jail for ten days. 1 *Orl. T. R.* 297.

One more quotation shall conclude these remarks. It is from a heathen, it is true, but the reader will perceive that he understands the laws of morality better than some pretended Christians. This man, says the orator, though skilled in rhetoric and belles-lettres, is yet ignorant of what belongs to sound morals, since he has produced letters which he alleges he received from me. Who, that has the least pretence to decency, on a misunderstanding between himself and his friend, ever published the letters that he had written to him? What is this but to destroy the life of society? How many jests may be enjoyed in a letter, which are not proper to be divulged! How many serious reflections or communications may pass in the secrecy of confidence, which are not fit for the public eye! I thought I was writing to a citizen and a good man, not to a VILLAIN and a THIEF! *Quod scribam tanquam ad civem, tanquam ad bonum virum, non tanquam ad* SCELERATUM *et* LATRONEM.

☞ CAPIT FACIT.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM PRESIDENT ADAMS

TO MR., AFTERWARDS JUDGE, CUSHING, SUPREME COURT, U. S.

To Mr. Charles Cushing, School-Master in Newbury.

Worcester, 1st April, 1756.

MY FRIEND,

I had the pleasure, a few days since, of receiving your favour of February 4th. I am obliged to you for your advice, and for the manly and rational reflections with which you inforced it. I think I have deliberately weighed the subject, and had almost determined as you advise. Upon the stage of life, we have each of us a part, a laborious and difficult part, to act; but we are all capable of acting our parts, however difficult, to the best advantage. Upon common theatres, indeed, the applause of the audience, is

of more importance to the actors than their own approbation. But upon the stage of life, while conscience claps, let the world hiss! On the contrary, if conscience disapproves, the loudest applauses of the world are of little value. While our own minds commend, we may calmly despise all the frowns, all the censure, all the malignity of man.

> Should the whole frame of nature round us break,
> In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
> We unconcern'd might hear the mighty crack,
> And stand unhurt amid a falling world.

We have indeed the liberty of choosing what character we shall sustain in this great and important drama. But to choose rightly, we should consider in what character we can do the most service to our fellow men, as well as to ourselves. The man who lives wholly to himself is of less worth than the cattle in his barn. Let us look upon a lawyer. In the beginning of life we see him fumbling and racking amidst the rubbish of writs, indictments, pleas, ejectments, enfeoffments, illatebration, and a thousand other lignum vitæ words, that have neither harmony nor meaning. When he gets into business, he often foments more quarrels than he composes, and enriches himself at the expense of impoverishing others, more honest and deserving than himself. Beside, the noise and bustle of court, and the labour of inquiring into and pleading dry and difficult cases, have very few charms in my eye. The study of the law is indeed an avenue to the more important offices of the state, and the happiness of human society is an object worth the pursuit of any man. But the acquisition of these important offices depends upon many circumstances of birth and fortune, not to mention capacity, which I have not; that I can have no hopes of being useful that way. The physician, if he has real skill and ingenuity, as things go now, will have no employment; and if he has not skill and ingenuity, he will rather kill than cure. I have not mentioned the infinite toil and labour of his occupation. The divine has a thousand obstacles to encounter: he has his own and his people's prejudices to combat—the capricious humours and fancies of the vulgar to submit to—poverty to struggle with—the charge of heresy to bear—systematical divinity,

alias systematical vexation of spirit, to study and sift: but, on the other hand, he has more leisure to inform his mind—to subdue his passions—fewer temptations to intemperance and injustice, though more to trimming and hypocrisy—an opportunity of diffusing truth and virtue among his people. Upon the whole, I think (if he reveres his own understanding more than the decrees of councils, or the sentiments of fathers—if he resolutely discharges the duties of his station, according to the dictates of his own mind—if he spends his time in the improvement of his head in knowledge, and his heart in virtue, instead of sauntering about the streets) he will be able to do more good to his fellow-men, and make better provision for his own future happiness, in this profession than in any other. However, I am as yet very contented in the place of a schoolmaster. I shall not, therefore, very suddenly become a preacher. When I do, I hope to live a year or two in the same neighbourhood with you. Had indulgent heaven thrown me into the neighbourhood of a Dalton, or some other such kind friend of my former acquaintance, I think little had been wanting to complete my satisfaction. It is late in the evening, and my candle, my pen, and more than all, my inclination, calls upon me to subscribe myself

Your sincere friend and servant,

J. A.

P. S. There is a story about town that I am an *Arminian*.

Pray write me, every opportunity, and be so kind as to omit half a dozen wafers in your next. The last was barred and barricadoed with so many seals that I was out of all patience before I could come to the treasure.

The country-wake, or feast, as matters are now carried, may properly be called the *wicked* Sunday, since the Sabbath is at no time so generally profaned. All the good wives, and their servants, stay at home in the morning to dress dinner; and in the afternoon all the men sit smoking and drinking, and but too often even to ebriety. This abuse of the festival is very ancient, and very difficult now to redress: the more the pity!

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Συμμικτα διαφορα εκ των συγγραφεων των νεωτερων Ἑλληνων ἱστορικα. Selections from Modern Greek writers, One vol. 8vo. Paris. 1813.

To those who wish to become acquainted with the modern Greek this will be found to be an agreeable collection. In the preface, the editor makes some reflections on the advantages of studying the modern, in order to acquire the ancient idiom. In the present state of the language, there are many expressions that were used by the ancients, which have not been preserved by the classical writers, but whose signification throws much light upon a great many words, in use among the primitive Greeks, because these words are the roots of others. A knowledge of Italian is certainly not without its use in learning the Latin language; but the modern Greek is infinitely more auxiliary to a familiar acquaintance with the ancient. In fact, the resemblance between the language of the Greek writers of our own time and that of their illustrious ancestors is so close, that, if we can peruse the latter, we have little difficulty in comprehending the former. It is true that these are far behind the splendid models of antiquity, but not so remote as to justify the indifference with which they are treated by the learned. The editor of this collection has particularly mentioned Meniates (Μηνιατης), a writer of the seventeenth century, as worthy of note. He speaks highly, too, of a translation of the *Metamorphoses* by *Blanté*. This volume contains specimens of a translation of the *Pleasures of Imagination* by *Kastrisios*, historical anecdotes and tales by *Syntissa*, and other articles of amusing reading.

Bertram, or the Castle of Aldobrand, a tragedy, in five acts. By the Rev. R. C. Maturin. Philadelphia, reprinted.

When we contrast the depravity of the higher circles of European society with the sober decorum which reigns at home, we feel it incumbent upon all who have any control over the American press, to keep a watchful eye upon the manner in which it is employed. Our wise legislators have imposed so heavy a tax upon English books, that an American must be blest with the ar-

mour* of the first navigator, before he can venture to lanch his bark upon the stream. That an author is always poor, is a postulate which will at once elicit the assent of all who are acquainted with the history of literature. Hence he is never brought forward *in propria persona*, without a publisher at his heels. Whether this redoubtable personage was known in ancient times is not exactly known; but his existence may be strongly inferred from the exclamation of Job. In the bitterness of his heart, that wise man wished that his enemy might write a book, well knowing that the vanity of an author would inevitably plunge him into the jaws of a bookseller:

Monstrum horrendum, cui lumen ademptum.

Our American authors are not in this perilous predicament, because booksellers here will not even promise them any reward for their labours, when the whole market of English genius is open to them, without money and without price. The foreign work has the additional advantage of having been sanctioned by the imprimatur of critics, whose approbation it is not safe to dispute. Hence the booksellers add the gains of the author to the ordinary profits of trade, and the American—no matter how great may be his merits,—according to our postulate—is excluded from a competition. Instead, therefore, of laying a tax upon imported books, which amounts almost to a prohibition, and pampers a portion of the community, while it depresses that class of society to which lord Bacon emphatically attributes its *power*, let the burthen be shifted to the shoulders of the person who republishes the book. If he will load our libraries with books, in which no opportunity is neglected to ridicule our customs and our institutions, let him pay to the government what ought to have been received by the author; and, if you please, let this constitute a fund for the reward of our own writers. The rich resources of the country would then be explored by the chymist and the statist, and our majestic streams, our dells, the variegated woods and the

* Captain Manby's life-boat was not invented in the time of Horace. Would not a cork jacket be preferable to the *æs triplex* of the poet, which really seems out of place in a frail bark, upon a tempestuous sea.

lofty mountains, would no longer remain unsung. In most of the English novels, the language is grossly indelicate, and crimes are perpetrated without reprehension from the author. Indeed it is a standing joke to introduce a puritan or a methodist—any thing but a good fat bishop, or one of his numerous retinue of starving curates—whose occupation it is to turn up his eyes at the

—Vices, gilded by the rich and great,

and thus amuse the reader, like the awkward scholar in a farce. The buttresses of public opinion, in our hemisphere, are still steadfast. The most exalted political power, the splendour of opulence, the power of persuasion, and the charms of beauty, must bow to the genius of decorum. But the reign of this *arbiter elegantiarum* in morals, will be transient, if our females do not frown upon such dramas as *Bertram*. How a delicate woman can witness the performance of this play, without a "thousand blushing apparitions starting into her face," is a problem in the science of female tactics which we shall not pretend to resolve. Ignorance may be affected, or attention apparently withdrawn for a moment: but such pleas would not avail in the present case. What *is* intelligible is too plain to be mistaken, and too offensive to be endured. It was evidently the intention of the *reverend* author to deck his heroine with the charms of untainted loveliness. But between the third and fourth act, as we are informed by the companion of her guilt, the fair fabric was destroyed.

The fable is very brief. Imogine, a love-sick lady, was compelled to marry count Aldobrand, although she had been betrothed to Bertram, who is represented as a combination of vice and absurdity, formed upon the most approved model of lord Byron. Notwithstanding her marriage, she persists in loving the wanderer, and hangs over his portrait, with such precious confessions as the following:

Yes,
The limner's art may trace the absent feature,

Not very easily, we believe.

And give the eye of *distant weeping faith*,

A pretty phrase, but not very intelligible.

> To view the form of its idolatry;
> But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted,
> The thoughts, the recollections, sweet and bitter—
> Th' Elysian dreams of *lovers*, when they *loved*—
> Who shall restore them?

The lady then goes on to wish that the picture could speak, in order that it might be a witness, *to acquit the faith of womankind.* In another place she speaks of *her hour of joy*, as that *when she weeps in her bower*,—"nor does her husband hear."

It is well for the lady that the portrait is a *dumb witness;* for if it could speak it might apprize her confiding husband of the falsehood of his wife; it might read to British maids a homily on connubial duty, and teach them the awful consequences which flow from the unrestrained indulgence of illicit passion.

As soon as the reader is sufficiently prepared, by the confessions of this miserable lady to a chamber-maid, who seems to be brought forward for no other purpose, a storm is got up, after the best fashion of the German school. The peals are so loud that a monk avers *the dead must hear them.* Another was so frightened, he says, that

> I cowered with head full low upon my pallet,
> And *deem'd* that I might sleep—till the strong light
> *Did*, clear as noon-day, show each object round me.
> Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
> *Did* rock and quaver in the bickering glare—
> Then forth I rush'd in agony of fear.

The first monk now gives a pretty good reason for his assertion respecting the effects of the war of elements upon the dead. He says

> Among the tombed tenants of the cloister
> I walk'd and told my beads;
> But by the *momently gleams* of sheeted blue
> *Did* the pale marbles glare so sternly on me,
> I almost *deem'd* they liv'd, and fled in horror.

Your "did" is an admirable versemaker, as Touchstone might say; Mr. Maturin seems to think, throughout the play,

that there is much virtue in *did!* The storm ushers in count Bertram, who, with his band of robbers have been shipwrecked, near the castle of his successful rival. His designs are soon unfolded, in his account of a dream, as far as meaning can be gathered from such confused jargon as we find in this passage:

I dream'd I stood before lord Aldobrand,
Impenetrable to his searching eyes—
And I did feel the horrid joy men feel,
Measuring the serpent's coil whose fangs have stung them;
Scanning with giddy eye the air-hung rock,
From which they leapt and live by miracle;
Following the dun skirt of the o'erpast storm,
Whose bolt did leave them prostrate—
To see that horrid spectre of my thoughts,
In all the stern reality of life—
To mark the living lineaments of hatred,
And say, this is the man whose sight should blast me;
Yet in calm dreadful triumph still gaze on.—
It is a horrid joy.

He resolves to destroy the life of the count, who is represented as a good easy soul, going to bed early, as his wife advises, when she is about to keep an appointment with Bertram. The robber succeeds in his bloody purpose, and announces the fact in the following lines, which we suppose is intended as an instance of the terribly sublime.

Wist ye whence I come?
The tomb—where dwell the dead—and I dwell with him
Till sense of life dissolv'd away within me—
I am amaz'd to see ye living men:
I *deem'd* that when I struck the final blow,
Mankind expir'd, and we were left *alone together*,
The only tenants of a blasted world,
Dispeopled for my punishment, and chang'd
Into a penal orb of desolation.

To us this appears to be in the downright fustian style of the modern philosophers, *the like whereof* may be found in ample profusion in the Robbers of Schiller or the ravings of lord Byron, *passim*. For the *penal orb*, we may find a parallel without travelling so far.

The wife having been made an adulteress, and the husband slain, one would think that the author was satisfied; but the sum of horrors is not completed until Imogine goes crazy, and Bertram, "sublime in guilt," as the author has it, kills himself, triumphing in his crimes.

That there are many good passages in this play we are not disposed to deny. The wasting effects of hidden love are finely described in the following passage:

> They said her cheek of youth was beautiful,
> Till withering sorrow blanch'd the bright rose there—
> And I have heard men swear her form was fair,
> But Grief did lay his icy finger on it,
> And chill'd it to a cold and joyless statue;
> Methought she caroll'd blithely in her youth,
> As the couch'd nestling trills his vesper lay;
> But song and smile, beauty and melody,
> And youth and happiness have gone from her.

Still, however, it is but a copy, and the author himself compels us to compare it with the Viola of Shakspeare. The address to the moon, in the second act, is eminently beautiful; though, in the line where Imogine speaks with so much tenderness of

> The lov'd, the lost, the absent and the dead,

we are reminded of the dream of Fitz-James, in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. But the author's excellencies bear a very small proportion to his blemishes. His versification is very careless, or too violently forced,—and in the style there is a verboseness of language, and pruriency of imagination, which do not belong to the productions of real genius. It has very properly been said to be strewed over with a profusion of the "daisies and dandelions" of Irish eloquence and Della Cruscan poetry; and the comparison of the Rev. Mr. Maturin with counsellor Philips appears to be singularly happy. In the one we have prose run mad, and the other furnishes very wild verse.

If it should be objected that our strictures have been unnecessarily severe, we shall remind the reader of the profession of the author, and plead the pernicious consequences which must

flow from such writings. The influence of the stage is yet a mooted point; though it is admitted, on all sides, that much moral good may be effected by the exhibition of pure dramas. But here our sympathy is awakened in behalf of an adulteress and a murderer; and our admiration is challenged by the most fierce and unruly passions. This is laying the axe at the root of moral principle, and it deserves the severest reprehension that criticism can award.

Letters written on board his majesty's ship the Northumberland, and at Saint Helena; in which the conduct and conversations of Napoleon Buonaparte, and his suite, during the voyage, and the first months of his residence in that island, are faithfully described and related. By William Warden, surgeon on board the Northumberland. 12mo. Philadelphia: reprinted, 1817.

"To descant on the misfortunes of a man,"—says Milton, in speaking of his murdered sovereign,—"fallen from so high a dignity, who hath also paid his final debt of nature, and his faults, is neither itself a thing commendable, nor the intention of this discourse." As long as the influence of the ex-emperor threatened the cause of civil liberty, it was a dereliction of duty not to watch his steps, and warn his admirers of the mischievous tendency of their delusion. Of his military talents we always thought highly, and in many of his projects we discerned ample testimony that he possessed most of the qualities of a profound statesman. Had his ambition been confined to the throne which he usurped, he might still have kept it; and by pursuing a pacific policy, his name would have been enrolled among the benefactors of mankind. But the selfishness of his views made him a curse, instead of a blessing. Under the dominion of this spirit he swept along the earth like a destructive whirlwind, or disgorged the lava of despotism from the recesses of St. Cloud. It would have betrayed great insensibility, therefore, to the happiness of the human race, not to have been deeply interested, when expectation hung in breathless silence over the field of Waterloo. Since the period when this modern Hannibal was chained to the rocks of the ocean by Wellington and Blucher, our detestation of his crimes has been mingled with those emotions which are excited by the

execution of an offender against the laws. We almost cease to think of what he was, in regretting what he might have been. We hailed the star of freedom, which promised to restore peace to the almost deserted fields of France; we followed its baleful course in anxious uncertainty, and have beheld it set in blood, with mingled feelings of exultation and regret.

Few minds can be so debased as to be utterly insensible to the judgment which the world may pronounce on their actions. Hence we can account for Bonaparte's condescension, in the conversations which are here stated to have taken place between him and the surgeon of the Northumberland. We do not mean to impeach the veracity of the doctor, though we are far from being favourably impressed by what he says of himself. His begging an eulogium on Wellington from the emperor is in the very spirit of meanness; and we take the liberty of doubting whether the duke would have felt so "proud" as our author imagines, of any testimonial so obtained.

Every knave can tell a plausible story, to keep himself out of the walls of Old Bailey. In the volume before us, a great offender against the peace of society is pleading his own defence. He confesses he recommended that his sick, who, it was supposed, could not live more than forty-eight hours, should be poisoned, in order that they might not fall into the hands of the Turks. For the murder of the duke d'Enghein he urges the old plea of *necessity*, but without entering into such particulars as might enable us to form an opinion on the validity of the excuse, supposing that there are cases in which such an apology can be made. It is admitted that he became a mussulman, from mere motives of policy; and we are assured that it was the anxious desire, both of him and the gentlemen who accompanied him, that his character should stand well with the English people. As it is one of the first principles in the rules of evidence, that every presumption shall be against a witness who testifies to his own character, we think we have said enough to shake the credibility of the emperor. We never did believe him on the throne, and we have seen nothing in his subsequent conduct to induce us to change our opinion. It would lead us too far, if we were to enter into a full discussion of the charges against him, and show how far he

has been contradicted by others, who are better entitled to credit. He denies that he ordered captain Wright to be murdered in the temple, and avers that of all men he was the person whom he should most have desired to live. This gentleman had landed conspirators on the coast of France, and Napoleon observes, with great force, that his life was forfeited to the laws, and therefore he had no inducement to commit the crime. The same consideration is suggested, in accounting for the death of *Pichegru*. In speaking of the duke d'Enghein, he concludes his defence with an *argumentum ad hominem*, to which the doctor, who frequently boasts of the spirit with which he vindicated the character of his country, does not make any reply. "And now answer me," says the emperor;—"Did I do more than adopt the principle of your government, when it ordered the capture of the Danish fleet, which was thought to threaten mischief to your country?"

The emperor says that the British smugglers offered him a Bourbon for a stated sum—40,000 francs, the doctor thinks; but at that time he felt his security, and left the Bourbons undisturbed. The time to which he alludes is not mentioned; but we presume he did not feel safe when he murdered one of the family—nor in 1803, when he made ineffectual attempts to purchase the abdication of their rights. He justifies the shooting the Turks at Jaffa, on sure grounds, provided the original cause of the war was just. They had killed an officer bearing a flag of truce. They were taken prisoners, and were released, on their promise to disperse, and return to their homes. A few days after, they were again taken in arms, and were accordingly put to death.

As we observe that these sections of the book have been very liberally quoted in the daily journals, we shall now make a few extracts, which have not yet *taken the rounds*.

At p. 141, we find a passage respecting *Ney*, whose aggravated perfidy was so deservedly punished at Paris, which casts, if possible, a deeper stain upon his memory.

"Napoleon now advanced a step nearer to me, but without the least change of countenance;—'What,' said he, 'marshal Ney has been sentenced to be shot.' I replied, 'It was even so: he addressed the ministers of the allied sovereigns, but in vain: he urged in his defence the twelfth article of the convention: he pleaded on his trial that he was de-

ceived by you: that the proclamation of which he was accused, and made a part of the charges against him, was written by major-general Bertrand; and that he was deceived by your report of Austria and England.' Count Bertrand, who was in the room, quietly observed, that marshal Ney had a right to save himself, if he could; and if fabricated stories would answer his purpose, he could not be blamed for employing them. But he added, 'respecting the proclamation, it was an assertion equally false and ridiculous: marshal Ney could write himself, and wanted not my assistance.' Napoleon made no comments on the account which had been given to him. One solitary expression, indeed, broke from him, and that was, 'marshal Ney was a brave man.' "

The abbe Pradt, one of whose numerous books we had occasion to review some time ago, is thus introduced:

"'There is, however, another work, which, from its apparent authenticity, has been received with attention. It is written by a Frenchman, the abbe Pradt.' I was now perfectly confounded by a general, and, as it appeared, an involuntary laugh; with an exclamation of 'O, the abbe!'—It appears that this personage was the very humblest of the most humble adulators of Napoleon: he had been in a low situation in the police, but possessed qualities that are favourable to advancement, in such times as those in which he lived. 'He had both cunning and humour,' said Napoleon, 'and I took him with me when I went to Spain; and, as I had to wage war with monasteries, I found the abbe a phalanx against the dominion of priests. De las Cases,' he added, 'will give you fifty entertaining anecdotes of the abbe. Can you tell me what has become of him?' 'I really have not heard. He also gives a description of your return to Warsaw, after the disasters in Russia; which, I doubt not, would amuse you. He describes a tall figure entering his hotel, wrapped in fur, more resembling a being of the other world than any thing earthly. 'It was Caulincourt.' He says, likewise, you were concealed at the English hotel, where he procured you some excellent wine. This review, however, does not spare the abbe, who declares that the subjugation of Russia was inevitable, had it not been for the sagacity of one man: 'And pray,' says the reviewer, 'who is this man?—Why no less a personage than the abbe Pradt, who would have it thought that by his roguery he outwitted his master.'' Napoleon does not often laugh; but the story, or the idea of the abbe, or perhaps both, brought his risible faculties into complete exertion."

The reception of the distinguished prisoner on board the Northumberland is thus described:

"From eleven to twelve we were prepared to receive Napoleon on board—and lord Keith, as it may be presumed, from a noble delicacy to his situation and feelings, declined receiving the usual compliments attendant on his rank, that they might, according to their settled form, devolve on the ex-emperor, whose sounding titles had passed away with the power that bestowed them. The rank of general is considered as adequate to all his claims on a government who never acknowledged him under any other. A captain's guard of marines was arranged on the poop, to wait his arrival, with orders to present arms, and the drum to beat the roll thrice: the usual salute to a general officer in the British service.

"The barge of the *Tonnant* reached the *Northumberland* in a few minutes after it left the *Bellerophon*. Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the barge contained lord Keith and sir George Cockburn, *marshal Bertrand*, who had shared in all his imperial master's fortunes, and the generals *Montholon* and *Courgon*, who had been, and still continued to retain the titles of his aides-de-camp. As the boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished, from his apparent resemblance to the various prints of him which are displayed in the windows of the shops. The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave, but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others, as well as myself, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps, to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel that all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship's company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his lordship, high as he is in naval character, admiral also of the channel fleet, to which we belonged, arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, and emblazoned with the decorations of his orders, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

"With a slow step Buonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached and saluted, with an air of the most affable politeness. He then addressed himself to sir George Cockburn, and hastily asked for the *capi-*

taine de vaisseau, who was immediately introduced; but finding that he did not speak French, he successively spoke to several others, till an officer of artillery replied to him in that language. Lord Lowther, and the honourable Mr. Lyttelton were then introduced to him; and, in a few minutes, he intimated a desire, though more by gesture than by words, to enter the cabin, where he continued for about an hour.

"His dress was that of a general of French infantry, when it formed a part of his army. The coat was green, faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe, with gold oval buckles. He was decorated with a red ribbon and a star, with three medals suspended from a button-hole. One of them represented the iron crown, and the others, different gradations of the legion of honour. His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness: what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are gray, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

"On returning upon deck, he engaged in conversation with lord Lowther, Mr. Lyttelton, and sir George Byngham, for an hour before dinner. It is understood that he complained of the severity with which he was treated, in being consigned to pass his days on the rock of St. Helena, buffeted by the winds, and amidts the waste of waters; and that he could not comprehend the policy or the apprehensions of England, in refusing him an asylum, now that his political career was terminated. He continued to repeat a succession of questions to the same effect, with some degree of impetuosity."

In a subsequent letter, we have an account of his domestic habits:

"On the first day of his arrival on board, our distinguished passenger displayed rather an eager appetite: I observed that he made a very hearty dinner, which he moistened with claret. He passed the evening on the quarter-deck, where he was amused by the band of the fifty-third regiment; when he personally required them to give the airs of "God save the king," and "Rule Britannia." At intervals he chatted in a way of easy pleasantry with the officers who were qualified to hold a conversation with him in the French language. I remarked that, on these occa-

sions, he always maintains what seems to be an invariable attitude, which has somewhat of importance in it, and probably such as he had been accustomed to display at the Thuilleries, when giving audience to his marshals or officers of state. He never moves his hands from their habitual places in his dress, but to apply them to his snuff-box; and it struck me as a particular circumstance, to which I paid an observing attention, though it might have been connected with his former dignity—that he never offered a pinch to any one with whom he was conversing.

"On the subsequent day he breakfasted at eleven. His meal consists of meat and claret, which is closed with coffee. At dinner, I observed that he selected a mutton cutlet, which he contrived to dispose of without the aid of either knife or fork.

"He passed much of the third day on deck, and appeared to have paid particular attention to his toilette. He receives no other mark of respect from the officers of the ship than would be shown to a private gentleman; nor does he seem to court or expect more than he receives.—He is probably contented with the homage of his own attendants, who always appear before him uncovered, so that if a line were drawn round him, it might be supposed that you saw an equal space in the palace of St. Cloud.

"He played at cards in the evening: the game was whist, and he was a loser. It did not appear to be played in the same way as is practised at our card-tables in England; but I am not qualified to explain the varieties."

The emperor never seems to omit any opportunity of acquiring information; and Dr. Warden observes that he always addressed his inquiries to those who were best qualified to answer him. The following very singular conversation passed between him and the chaplain of the vessel.

"How many sacraments does the church of England acknowledge?

Two—baptism and the lord's supper.

Does not the church of England consider marriage as a sacrament?

No.

What are the tenets of the church of England?

The tenets of the church of England are Lutheran or episcopal protestant.

How often is the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered?

In the churches of the metropolis, and other cities and large towns, the eucharist is observed monthly; but in country churches, where the population is not so large, quarterly: The festivals of the nativity of our Saviour, or Christmas day, of the resurrection, or Easter Sunday, the de-

scent of the Holy Ghost, or Whitsunday, and the feast of St. Michael are the quarterly observations of the eucharist.

Do all of the communicants drink out of the same cup?

They do.

Is the bread made use of in the sacrament common bread?

The bread is of wheat, and the best that can be conveniently procured.

Supposing that wine could not be procured in the administration of the sacrament, would any other liquid be allowed as its substitute?

It is not at all probable that a case of this kind ever occurred; wine being to be procured in every part of the kingdom.

Do the bishops frequently preach?

Seldom but on extraordinary occasions.

Do they wear the mitre?

I believe I may venture to say never: though I cannot affirm whether the archbishops do or do not wear the mitre, when they crown the king.

Have not the bishops a seat in the house of peers?

They have.

How long is it requisite for persons who are candidates for holy orders at the university to have resided there?

Four years: but previous to their becoming members of the university, they are generally seven or eight years at a classical school.

Of how long standing must a person be in the university, before the degree of a doctor of divinity?

Nineteen years from the time of his matriculation.

Which are the most approved places of education for the candidates for holy orders?

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Are there many puritans (meaning presbyterians) in England?

There are a great many.

What are the religious tenets of the church of Scotland?

The tenets of that church are Calvinistic. They do not allow episcopacy or the government by bishops. They are presbyterians, because they hold the government of priests, and presbyters or elders.

To whose custody are the registers of baptisms, marriages, and deaths committed?

They are generally entrusted to the care of the minister; but it is a more regular proceeding to keep them in a strong chest, which remains in the vestry-room of the parish church."

The countess of Loudon arrived at the island, and the emperor was invited to a dinner of ceremony, which was given to her, at the house of the governor.

"This, however, happened to be the first invitation which he had received; and some remarks passed, that it had rather the appearance of a wish to gratify the countess, than an act of particular civility to the person to whom it was addressed. I know that it was received in this light at Longwood. Count Bertrand delivered the governor's card, which was read and returned, without a word of observation. 'Sire,' said marshal Bertrand, "what answer is it your majesty's pleasure that I should return?" 'Say the emperor gave no answer.'

"I passed a considerable part of the afternoon of that day in Napoleon's apartment; and, as usual, was employed in answering, to the best of my information, such as it is, the various questions which he thought proper to ask me. His inquiries were particularly directed to the nature, circumstances, and state of the fleet which had just arrived: our trade to India, and the numerous English which appeared to be constantly passing to and fro, between India and Europe. In the course of this conversation I happened to mention the hope entertained by the strangers in the town of being gratified by the sight of him, as he passed to the plantation-house, to dine with the governor. This little piece of information proved to be *fort mal a propos*, as it produced the only symptom of petulance I had witnessed in my various communications with the ex-emperor; and it was displayed in tone, look, and gesture, in his very brief, but hasty reply. 'What, go to dinner, perhaps, with a file of soldiers to guard me!' In a few minutes, however, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject. 'After all,' he said, 'they could not, I think, expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable; and I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied as I must be by an officer.'

"He asked me, some days after, if I had seen the countess. I answered in the affirmative; and added, that she had honoured the Northumberland with a visit, and, as it was usual with all visitors to the ship, she was shown the cabin which he had occupied during the passage. I thought also it would amuse him to be informed that curious strangers generally chose to indulge their fancy by sitting down in his chair. 'And did the countess,' he said, 'do the chair that honour?' Unfortunately I could not speak with certainty on that item of his inquiry; not having been in the cabin at the time. He seemed, however, to enjoy the whim of sitting in his chair; and continued his questions. 'Would it, do you suppose, have appeared indecorous to the people of England, if the countess of Loudon

had visited Longwood? Could it have been thought incorrect, in any degree, if the lady, in company with madame Bertrand, had paid me a visit in this garden? Many ladies, on their return to England, have been introduced to me in that manner. Had the countess of Loudon expressed herself fatigued by the voyage, or had been indisposed from any other cause, I should have been pleased to wait on her.'

The following anecdote exhibits his character in a new light:

"I am about to vary the scene, but I follow the track of the distinguished exile, whenever I have the opportunity; and I now call you to attend him among the Arcadians of St. Helena. When he takes his exercise on horseback, he generally bends his way through a deep ravine, luxuriantly covered with vegetation, and used for pasture. The road is narrow, the place lonely; and he, in a sentimental or poetical moment, had named it *The Valley of Silence*. On ascending this contracted pass, the eye is greeted, and, on the first occasion, might probably be surprised, by the residence of the farmer. Here the confined tourist, on his first excursion, determined to snatch a probable amusement, by paying a visit. Fortunately for him, the family were taken by surprise; for the apprehension of such a guest would have emptied the house of its inhabitants. Master Legg, the tenant of the mansion, a plain honest countryman, met him at the door, when the extraordinary visitor, on the invitation which he received, dismounted from his horse, and accompanied by the count de las Cases, entered the house, familiarly took his seat, and, as usual, began his interrogatories.

Have you a wife? Yes, and please you, sir emperor. Have you any children? Six. How much land have you got? A hundred acres. All capable of being cultivated? No, not one half. What profit does it bring you? Not a great deal; but it is much improved since you, Mr. emperor, came amongst us. Aye, how do you make that out?

Why, you must know, sir emperor, we do not grow corn in this here island; and our green vegetables require a ready market. We have generally had to wait for the arrival of a fleet; and then, rat 'em, they would sometimes all spoil: but now, sir general, we have a prime sale for every article.

Where is your wife?

Dang it, and please you, I believe she is scared; for I see my children have all run out.

Send for them, and let me be introduced. Pray have you any good water?

Yes, sir, and wine too, such as to be had from the cape.

"The good woman's alarm had by this time subsided; and she was persuaded by her husband to make her appearance, and entered with every mark of respect, and some astonishment. Napoleon, De las Cases, the farmer and his wife, forming a *partie quarree*, for your philosophic and profound contemplation, sat down to four glasses of Cape wine; and when they were emptied, the visit concluded.

The good man and his family had been placed so much at their ease by the courteous demeanour of their unexpected guests, that the subsequent visits laid them under no restraint; and even the little children used frequently to express their wishes, by inquiring of their mother, 'When will Boney come and see us again?'"

In another part of the volume we find him very playful, with Madame Bertrand:

"The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English; and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, 'This is my mistress! O not mistress; yes, yes, this is my mistress!' while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count, her husband, bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, 'O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love: no, not love; my friend, my friend.' The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase, he was the life of the party."

Our limits will not allow us to dwell longer on this very entertaining volume. We cannot but admire the romantic attachment which the companions of Napoleon evince, by sharing his confinement, and feel almost convinced that, notwithstanding the odiousness of his public career, there must be something in the fallen monarch that is calculated to win hearts, as well as sceptres.

The style in which the book is written is tame enough, and the affectation of the epistolary form is carried to a ridiculous degree, after the reader has been informed that these "letters" were *got up* from the author's journal.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES, &c.

CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 7th Nov. 1816.—*Sir Everard Home* read a paper *on the circulation of the blood* in the *lumbricus marinus*. The author is of opinion that animals form a connected series from man, the most complicated, down to the simplest of all animals, scarcely distinguishable from vegetables, in its structure. He thinks, too, that the distribution of the blood constitutes one of the best means of tracing this series. In each class of animals, there is something peculiar in the circulation which belongs to all the genera of the class. This is the case with the molusca, as well as with the other classes. It was this circumstance that induced the author to endeavour to trace the circulation of the *lumbricus marinus*. The heart, consisting of only one ventricle, is very small, and situated in the back of the animal. It sends an artery towards the tail. It communicates with a vein which transmits the blood to the twenty-six branchiæ in which the blood is aerated. From these branchiæ it is transmitted back again to the heart. The teredo navalis, the lumbricus marinus, and the lumbricus terrestris, constitute three members of the series. The circulation becomes gradually more simple in each. In the last the blood-vessels themselves carry on the whole circulation.

21st Nov.—A paper by Dr. *Wilson Philip* was read *on the efficacy of Galvinism in difficult breathing*. The author thinks he has established, by his previous communications, that galvinism is of little or no service in diseases of the sensorium; but that it will be found an important remedy in all cases, when the disease is occasioned by the diminution of the nervous energy. The dyspnæa induced by cutting the eighth pair of nerves which supply the lungs, being exactly equal to asthma, induced the author to expect that it would be found an important remedy in that disease. The trials which he has made confirm the accuracy of this opinion. In about thirty cases, in which galvanism has been applied by him, every patient was relieved, and several permanently cured. His method was to apply the negative wire from the gal-

vanic battery to the pit of the stomach, and the positive wire to the nape of the neck. About sixteen pair of four-inch copper and zinc plates were as many as could, in general, be endured by the patient. At first only six or eight were all that the patient could bear, in many cases. He increased or diminished the number, by slipping one of the wires along the trough, according as the feelings of the patient required an increase or diminution of the energy. From five minutes to fifteen was the time during which the galvanism was applied. He did not find any advantage from prolonging the application beyond the time when the breathing was relieved. In various cases he deceived his patients, by pretending to apply galvanism, when, in fact, one of the wires was not in communication with the trough; but in no one case was the patient relieved by this pretended application; while the real application always alleviated the difficulty of breathing. The liquid with which the trough was charged was water-mingled with one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic acid.

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LINNEAN SOCIETY, *5th Nov.*—An account was read of a non-descript animal, thrown out of a pump-well at Hull. It was a kind of serpent, about a foot long. Its principal head was cut off before it was observed; but it was supposed at first to have had nine heads, and therefore to have resembled the hydra of the ancients. But Mr. Hayworth, who added some particulars to Mr. Harrison's account, conceives that these may have been rather connected with the lungs of the creature. Unfortunately the animal was so much injured, that even the genus to which it belonged could not be ascertained, but it was supposed to be of the genus ophis.

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BAROMETER.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—On the 20th of May, a barometer was exhibited to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, with a communication from Mr. Kennedy, suggesting a method of preventing this instrument from being damaged by the concussion of the mercury against the upper extremity of the tube, when it is transported from one place to another. This object Mr. Kennedy

proposes to accomplish, by introducing a small bell-shaped bulb of glass, fixed to a spiral spring, and attached to the top of the tube; which will greatly diminish the accidents to which this instrument is so liable.

Combinations of Oxygen and Azote.

Academy of Sciences.—M. Gay-Lussac has lately read a paper on the properties of nitrous acid, which he first succeeded in obtaining in a state of purity. He states this new acid to be composed of 100 oxygen + 400 nitrous gas. Nitrous vapour is formed of 100 oxygen + 200 nitrous gas. Gay-Lussac has also shown, that no oxynitric acid exists, and that 100 oxygen gas and 133 nitrous gas form colourless nitric acid.

The five combinations of azote and oxygen may, therefore, be represented as follows:

	Volumes. Azote. Oxygen.	Atoms.
Oxide of azote -	100+ 50 -	1+1
Nitrous gas - - -	100+100 -	1+2
Nitrous acid - -	100+150 -	1+3
Nitrous vapour -	100+200 -	1+4
Nitric acid - -	100+250 -	1+5

The distinguishing quality of this memoir is the description of the properties of nitrous acid.

Chymical Nomenclature.

M. Ampere, a French philosopher, has published a sensible dissertation on the subject of a new arrangement of the chymical bodies, which is supposed to be necessary, in consequence of the late discoveries in that important branch of human knowledge. (*i. Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.* 295. 373. *et ii.* 5. 105.) He examines the properties of all the simple bodies, with great acuteness and perspicuity, and endeavours to form them into a natural system, in which they follow in a consecutive series, according to their several properties. Our limits restrict us to a mere outline of his classification.

Class 1. Gazolytes.

Genus 1. Borides. (From *boron.*)

*Bodies forming permanent Acid Gases with Phthore.**

Sp. 1. Silicon. Sp. 2. Boron.

Genus 2. Anthracides. (From *ανθραξ.*)

Bodies combining with one of the Elements of Air, when exposed to it at a sufficient temperature, and forming permanent gases with the other element.

Sp. 1. Carbon. Sp. 2. Hydrogen.

Genus 3. Thionides. (From *θειον.*)

Bodies capable of uniting with the preceding genus, and of forming gaseous or very volatile compounds.

Sp. 1. Azote. Sp. 3. Sulphur.

2. Oxygen.

Genus 4. Chlorides. (From *Chlorine.*)

Bodies unalterable in the air, at all temperatures, forming with hydrogen acid compounds, gaseous or very volatile.

Sp. 1. Chlorine. Sp. 3. Iodine.

2. Phthorine.

Genus 5. Arsenides. (From *Arsenic.*)

Bodies oxidated in the air, when exposed to it at a sufficient temperature, forming solid compounds with oxygen, and permanent gases with hydrogen.

Sp. 1. Tellurium. Sp. 3. Arsenic.

2. Phosphorus.

Class II. Leucolytes.

Genus 1. Cassiterides. (From *κασσιτερος.*)

Bodies whose combinations with oxygen are decomposed by carbon, but not by iodine.

Sp. 1. Antimony. Sp. 3. Zinc.

2. Tin.

Genus 2. Argyrides. (From *αργυρος.*)

Bodies whose oxydes are decomposed by iodine and hydrogen.

Sp. 1. Bismuth. Sp. 3. Silver.

2. Mercury. 4. Lead.

* The hypothetical body called *fluorine* by sir H. Davy.

Genus 3. TEPHRALIDES. (From τεφρας and ἁλς.)

Bodies whose oxydes are decomposed by iodine, and not by hydrogen.

Sp. 1. Sodium. Sp. 2. Potassium.

Genus 4. CALCIDES. (From *Calcium.*)

Bodies whose oxides are not decomposed by carbon or iodine, but by chlorine.

Sp. 1. Barium. Sp. 3. Calcium.
2. Strontium. 4. Magnesium.

Genus 5. ZIRCONIDES. (From *Zirconium.*)

Bodies whose oxydes are not decomposed by chlorine, iodine, or carbon.

Sp. 1. Yttrium. Sp. 3. Aluminium.
2. Glucinium. 4. Zirconium.

CLASS III. CHROICOLYTES.

Genus 1. CERIDES. (From *Cerium.*)

Bodies brittle and infusible at the temperature at which iron melts.

Sp. 1. Cerium. Sp. 2. Manganese.

Genus 2. SYDERIDES. (From σιδηρος.)

Bodies whose oxides dissolve in acids in a state of purity, and from coloured solutions, only when concentrated, and whose peroxides have not acid properties.

Sp. 1. Uranium. Sp. 4. Nickel.
2. Cobalt. 5. Copper.
3. Iron.

Genus 3. CHRYSIDES. (From χρυσος.)

Metals unalterable in the air at all temperatures.

Sp. 1. Palladium. Sp. 4. Iridium.
2. Platinum 5. Rhodium.
3. Gold.

Genus 4. TITANIDES. (From *Titanium.*)

Infusible bodies whose pure oxides do not dissolve in acids, and do not form with the alkalies compounds which can be considered as true salts.

Sp. 1. Osmium. Sp. 2. Titanium.

Genus 5. CHROMIDES. (From *Chromium.*)

Bodies infusible at the temperature at which iron melts, acidifiable by oxygen.

Sp. 1. Tungsten. Sp. 3. Molybdenum.
2. Chromium. 4. Columbium.

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NEW BLOW-PIPE.

The new blow-pipe, acting by a steam of condensed oxygen and hydrogen, has deservedly excited much interest. Mr. J. Murray, who is engaged in a series of experiments on the subject, says that the oxygen was obtained from *oxymuriate of potassa*, and the hydrogen from water decomposed by *zinc*, &c.—the proportions such as form the constituents of water. Mr. Murray gives a detail of some of his experiments: 1. Platinum, as thick as a stocking-wire, was instantly fused, scintillated, and fell in a large globule. 2. Palladium fused instantly, and slightly scintillated. 3. A watch-spring melted with the most splendid corruscations, fused into a large globule, and even boiled violently. 4. Pure caustic alumina and magnesia burnt with indescribable brilliancy, exhibiting a splendour of light, rivalled only by the sun. 5. Part of a tobacco-pipe burnt vividly, and was fused into glass. 6. A piece of indigo exhibited a beautiful and intense flame. 7. A fine electric tourmalin grew red-hot, instantly fused and flamed. It did not forego its electric powers. 8. The diamond, in a groove of charcoal, was submitted to its influence. In a short time it became red-hot, then burst into flame; and, when dislodged from its nidus, it fell upon the table, and continued, a second or two, in actual flame. 9. A mass of percarburet of iron (plumbago) gave beautiful minute sparks, and was fused. 10. Rock crystal decrepitated violently.

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MODE OF MELLOWING WINE.

Academy of Sciences at Munich.—M. S. T. Von Soemmering has recently read a paper on a new mode of improving or mellowing wine. The improvement recommended consists in this, that wine should be kept in glass vessels, having their orifices closed with bladder, as the means of mellowing, or imparting to

it the advantages of age, in a short time. The experiment chiefly relied on is the following:—four ounces of red Rhenish wine, of the growth of 1811, on the 21st of December, 1812, were put into a tumbler of common white glass, three and a half German inches deep, and two and a half wide. This was secured by a well prepared bladder, softened by steeping, and placed on a shelf, out of the reach of the sun, in a common sitting-room. The spaces comprised by two and four inches were marked on the outside of the glass by lines. The glass was opened, upon perceiving that two ounces of the wine had escaped through the dry bladder; which was the case in the space of eighty-one days. The following observations were made on the remaining wine:—1. It was neither mouldy nor mothery, as it would have been, had it been left uncovered, or even stopped with cork for the same length of time, in the same kind of glass, in the same situation. 2. Dry crystalline crusts or pellicles were perceived floating on its surface. These were found to be ordinary cream of tartar, from their sinking to the bottom, on the wine being slightly shaken; from their being seen, through a magnifier, to consist of aggregated crystals; by their reddish colour and semi-transparent substance; by their gritting between the teeth; by the sour taste peculiar to that substance, as well as by their emitting the same smell as that, when burning, and depositing the same kind of ashes. The quantity was too small for further chemical tests. 3. A cream of tartar, precisely similar, had subsided to the bottom of the glass. 4. The wine was of a darker colour, yet brighter and finer than the same sort bottled in the customary way, and which, of course, had undergone no evaporation. 5. In smell, its flavour was stronger and more enticing than that of the same wine ordinarily bottled. 6. In taste, its flavour, though more spirituous and aromatic, was still, in another way, milder, softer, and more grateful to the palate, or, in other words, mellower than that of the other. 7. Its proportion of alcohol was one half greater than in the ordinarily bottled wine of the same growth.

Wine, concentrated in the same way, was afterwards submitted to closer tests, and experiments were repeated on some of a different kind, but still red; and these results were uniformly confirmed. It was known that water escaped through dried bladder,

but that it did not admit an equally free and ready passage to the spirituous portion of wine as to the aqueous, seems a new, and not unimportant discovery. By this treatment of wine, no extraneous alterative is used, and it is left to rid itself spontaneously of the superfluous, coarse, sharp, sour salts, by the evaporation of the water in which they are held in solution.

Wine, left standing upright in a half-emptied bottle, either open or ever so well corked, for several weeks together, will spoil, and become mothery and sour. By closing the bottle with bladder, wine (red only has been tried) may be preserved under the same circumstances, for a year together, without any such consequences. If the mouth of the bottle should not be larger than ordinary, we may be sure that, in a year's time, the quantity of half an ounce will not have been wasted, and the remainder not only be uninjured, but rather improved. The degree of improvement of mellowness, which is induced by the wine being treated in this manner for twelve months, is said to be equal to that which would be produced, in the cask, in twelve years. The shallower the glass, and the wider its orifice, the sooner the same effects are produced. Another advantage is, that in the glass vessel we can always perceive the degree of evaporation that has taken place, and regulate the process at will. It is suggested, that some interesting results might probably arise from the examination of the gas found between the surface of the wine and the bladder, at different periods, during the process of evaporation.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

1. FOREIGN.—The Private Correspondence of Dr. Franklin has just appeared in London. It comprehends a series of familiar, literary and political letters, written between the years 1753 and 1790, now first published from the originals in the possession of his grandson, William T. Franklin. One vol. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* bds. Among the characters of high name, in the literary and political world, whose letters and sentiments are here recorded, may be mentioned Washington, Burke, Fox, Priestley, Price, Banks, Brand Hollis, Granville Sharp, Baron Masseres, Buffon, Becca-

ria, David Hartley, bishop Shipley, earl of Buchan, lord Shelburne, lord Grantham, &c. We saw a part of this work some time ago, and have waited with the most eager impatience to see its republication announced in this country.——Purity of Heart, or the Ancient Costume, a tale addressed to the author of Glenarvon, by *an old wife of twenty years*.—The London booksellers announce the publication of a journal in 4to, entitled the PORT FOLIO, political and literary; being a general miscellany and collection of original and fugitive productions, &c. We have, at home, a *Juvenile Port Folio*, in this city, and another in some part of Ohio.—The Rev. Dr. CHALMERS, of Glasgow, is printing a volume of Discourses, in which he combats, at some length, the argument, derived from astronomy, against the truth of the Christian religion; and, in the process of his reasoning, he attempts to elucidate the harmony that subsists between the doctrines of scripture and the discoveries of modern science.—Part III. of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA EDINENSIS, by Dr. Miller, is out.—The learned Mr. Valpy has in the press, a new edition of the Greek SEPTUAGINT, *without* contractions.—Homer, from Heyne's text, with English notes, is also promised by the same indefatigable scholar. The second number of Stephens' Greek THESAURUS, was to appear in January.—Dr. Taylor announces a translation of the first six books of PROCLUS, on the theology of Plato; to which a seventh book is added, in order to supply the deficiency of another book on this subject, which has been lost, also the Elements of Theology, On Providence and Fate, Ten Doubts concerning Providence, and on the Existence of Evil, by the same writer, and other works of unintelligible mysticism.—We notice further, among the new publications, a new edition, with additions, of lord Holland's life of Lopez de Vega, Dr. Watkins's life of R. B. Sheridan, the life of Raphael of Urbino, of Edward Pocock, the celebrated orientalist, Dr. Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester, and of Dr. Newton, bishop of Bristol, by themselves.—A map of Scriptural and Classical Geography, with an explanatory treatise, wherein the documents of sacred and ancient civil history, relative to the origin of nations, are discussed.—The History of the Island of Ceylon, from the earliest period to the year 1815; with characteristic details of the religion, laws and manners of the

people; and a collection of their moral maxims and ancient proverbs.—A translation of Pascal's Letters on the Reasoning and Morals of the Jesuits. [On the merits of this writer we formerly gave a very able paper, by the honourable JOHN Q. ADAMS.]—Donovan's Prize Essay on the Origin, Progress and Present State of Galvanism.—A complete edition of Cowper's writings, in 10 vols. 8vo.—*A Plea for Catholic Communion in the Church of God.* By J. M. Mason, D. D. The second edition, with corrections, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—A History of the Administration of Neckar, by Madame de Stael, was expected to appear, in Paris, in January last.—Dr. Price's Sermons, now first published from the author's MSS.—A splendid edition of Buffon's *Natural History*, in 34 vols. 8vo, with upwards of 1000 plates, has lately appeared in Paris.—The Modern Greek Journal, published during three years by the Archmandrite Anthimos Gaza, at Vienna, under the title of *Hermes Logios*, has suffered an interruption of two years, and is about to be resumed. It will be published monthly, under the direction of M. Theoklitos, chaplain to the Greek chapel of St. George, at Vienna, and Constantin Kakkinaki, of the island of Chio, who translated the Tartuffe of Moliere into Modern Greek. At Milan, sig. Monti, Breislak, Giordani, and Acerbi, have united to institute a literary journal, under the title of *Bibliotheca Italiani.* Price, in Milan, a guinea a-year.—The reverend Mr. Morrison, from whose new Chinese Dictionary we gave several extracts last year, has published a Grammar for the use of students in that tongue.—A translation of the *New Testament* into Arabic, has been published by the British Bible Society.—It is stated that Madame d'Arblay received 1500*l.* for her last novel. Mr. Coleridge's Caprice of Christabel produced 100*l.* for the author. The copyright of the Rejected Addresses, and the Parodies of Horace, worth whole cart-loads of the two last works, was sold for 1000*l.* Lord Byron's and Scott's Poems have made fortunes for the publishers. Southey, we are very glad to learn, has amassed a large and most valuable library, and lives in comfort and great respectability, solely for his literary exertions. The sale of the Edinburgh Review is nearly 12,000 copies, four times a year; it is represented to be a splendid property to its editor and its publishers, while from 40*l.* to 100*l.* are given for some of the

essays of which it is composed. The mere courtesy-right which was vested in the persons who projected and commenced the republication of this work in the United States, was sold last summer for several thousand dollars.

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II. DOMESTIC.—There are few studies more useful, and at the same time more pleasing, than that of geography. It is intimately connected with the details of history, from which we derive the most important lessons of experience, and with the study of the heavens, the most exalting and sublime of all the speculative sciences—and it must give pleasure to every well informed mind to observe that a sense of its importance is daily increasing with the American public. History would become little more interesting than the tales of Arabia, if we were unacquainted with the localities of its great events; with the land of Egypt, the scite of Jerusalem, the march of Alexander, or of Hannibal,—with Greece, Rome and Constantinople. In modern times the voyages of Columbus and of Cooke, and the maps and disquisitions of Rennell and of D'Anville, have served to amuse and instruct mankind, in every quarter of the world. The present advanced state of general knowledge has made us acquainted with almost every navigable ocean and sea, and we know that no more extensive continents remain to excite the ambition of future navigators: the discovery of a few solitary islands is all our curiosity can expect from this source of geographical information. The pursuits, therefore, of future geographers must be principally confined to exploring the interior of three of the four great quarters into which the habitable parts of the earth are divided, and in settling the exact position of places with respect to each other, by astronomical observations, and trigonometrical surveys, in order to the construction of accurate maps and charts—a department in which there is ample employment for the American geographer.

Among the various persons who have devoted themselves to these important pursuits, none are entitled to more praise for correctness, for industry, and for information, than Mr. John H. Eddy, of New York.

This gentleman has already published maps of the route of the great canal from lake Erie to Hudson's river, of the straits of Niagara, and of the country thirty miles round the city of New York.

He is now engaged in preparing a map of North America, and maps of each of the United States, which will form a complete American atlas. The materials are, in many cases, drawn from original sources of information; and in no instance has he servilely copied European publications. The engravings will be executed by two eminent artists of Philadelphia.

Although Mr. Eddy's engagements, in preparing for publication a map of the state of New York, will prevent him from completing immediately this great national work, yet we are gratified, from a personal inspection of his delineation of that great state, to learn that it will be superior, in accuracy and style, to any map heretofore published, that it embraces a considerable part of the neighbouring states, and of Canada, and that it is in so advanced a state that it will be published early in the summer.

We are much pleased to learn that a poem, from the press at Baltimore, may soon be expected. It will be entitled NOAH, a poem in four cantos; together with a number of miscellaneous effusions, by Paul Allen, esq. The readers of the Port Folio have had so many proofs, in the last series of this journal, of the rich fancy, the correct taste, and the sound principles of this gentleman that we hazard nothing in predicting that he will not soar on waxen wings.—David Hoffman, esq. of the same city, has published "A Course of Legal Studies, respectfully addressed to the students of law in the United States. This work has received the most unqualified approbation of those whose official stations entitle their opinions to great respect—George M. Dallas, esq. proposes to publish the life and writings of his deceased parent, in 3 vols. 8vo. $9. The office of this gentleman is a high and honourable one; his materials, we should presume, are uncommonly rich, and we augur well from a specimen of his abilities, which we witnessed not long since in a July oration;—si quid loquar audiendum, vocis accedet bona pars.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

We notice the recent establishment of a manufactory of gold leaf in this city, by Mr. Bull, who is the first American that has attempted, successfully, this very difficult and delicate process. The fine arts in this country have a valuable addition in this and similar establishments, as it adds an article to the list of those for which we shall no longer be dependent upon other nations for a supply. Mr. Bull has also succeeded in the manufacture of his *moulds*, which are prohibited exportation under severe penalties, both by Great Britain and France.

Curious Fact—During the reign of Charles II. for the encouragement of the colony of Virginia, an act passed the British legislature, prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in the mother country. The act imposed a duty of forty shillings a rod on all grounds cultivated with tobacco. This being insufficient, the penalty was increased to twenty pounds a rod. This also was ineffectual, and another act passed, directing constables to enter the grounds, and root up the tobacco plants; for, notwithstanding the former acts, the culture of tobacco was increasing. This statute put an end to the cultivation of tobacco in England. Towards the close of the American war, the act not being deemed to affect Scotland, a considerable cultivation of tobacco took place there. To prevent this the 22d George III. c. 73. was passed, extending the penalty to Scotland, and with decisive effect. It seems somewhat singular that, at the close of the American war, when the colonies had become virtually a foreign state, the British parliament should be so very tender of their interests. But it is still more singular that this penalty for the cultivation of tobacco is in force in Great Britain to this day, and that one of the measures proposed for the relief of the distresses of the country is to repeal the law, and encourage the cultivation.

Kingdom of Hayti, Court, &c.—The Royal Almanac of Hayti, for 1816, contains one hundred and twenty-seven pages. Its court lists may vie with those of any empire, of whatever standing or complexion. The king, who has attained the sixth year of his reign, will be forty-nine years of age on the 6th of October. The queen is in her thirty-ninth year. The prince royal, James Victor Henry, entered his teens on the 3d of March. He has two sisters, princesses. There are five princes of the blood. The ministers and grand officers of the crown amount to twenty. In the peerage are eight dukes, nineteen counts, thirty-four barons, and nine knights. The king's household consists of about one hundred and forty chamberlains, pages, professors, almoners, secretaries, &c. The queen has fourteen ladies of the bedchamber, besides her male attendants. There are six regiments of guards. The order of Henry boasts upwards of a hundred and thirty members. In the army we find six marshals, nine

lieutenant-generals, and twenty-one generals; of artillery two regiments; of engineers one corps; of infantry twenty-four regiments filled up, and eight others named; of cavalry two regiments: of naval officers, including the grand admiral, twenty-nine, besides cadets. Long lists are also given of the fiscal and judicial departments. The queen holds her court on Thursday, at five o'clock. The king receives petitions at ten o'clock on the court-days, and returns an answer on the Thursday following. Such is the progress of this interesting settlement. The Code Henri, which has been published, is a thick volume. The laws are of course on the French model.

West Point.—From the mean of sixty-nine observations, made on ten different stars, by professor Ellicott, the latitude of the Military Academy comes out 41° 23′ 32.7″, which, it is believed may be relied on within one hundred feet.

It is somewhat curious that the latitude deduced from the observations on the star Capella, exceeds the mean latitude, from the other observations, by 6,8″, which professor Ellicott attributes to the motion of that star. From observations made by the same gentleman, in the years 1786, 1787, and 1795, that motion appears to be about three-quarters of a second per annum. The same motion has been recognised in that star, by European astronomers, who calculate it at about half a second per annum.

Private Munificence.—Dr. Johnson, in answer to reproaches which are not unfrequently cast upon the rich, somewhere observes, that it is indeed astonishing how much is done by the rich in acts of charity. Never, we believe, could the remark be more apposite than at the present day, and munificent subscriptions, now going on among individuals of fortune, for the hospitals, for the sick and insane, most amply justify it. The Boston subscriptions, for this noble object, in a few days, amounted to no less than one hundred and eleven thousand dollars. The subscriptions in Salem are also begun, in a manner highly auspicious to the cause of humanity; and it may be rationally anticipated that that illustrious monument of philanthropy, which has long been the glory of Philadelphia, will soon be rivalled in the capital of Massachusetts.

Indian Names.—Various treaties have lately been concluded at Washington with different tribes of Indians. Among other Indian signatures are the following:—Buffalo, Little Eyes, Negro Legs, Long Body, Big Man, Little Duck, Drunkard's Son, White Sky, Green Feather, Main Chance, Sturgeon Man, Jumping Sturgeon, Bad Axe, Young Eagle, Lion coming out of the water, Black Sparrow, the Cloud that don't stop, Bad Weather, Sharp-faced Bear, the Thunder that frightens, the Swan that flies in the rain, the Swan whose wings crack when he flies, He who shoots in the pine-tops, the Man who marches quick, the Man with a strong voice, the Man who is sick when he walks, He that walks with a cane, the Fluttering Eagle, the Bad Hail, the Shifting Shadow,

White Nails, Turning Iron, White Wolf, Rumbling Thunder, the Dancer, the Big Tree, the Big-eared Dog, the Buffalo with one horn, the Iron Cloud, the White Face, the Negro, the Thief, the Belly-Ache, the Doctor!

Anecdote of Washington.—In debate, in the house of delegates of Virginia, 1817, on the bill relative to a map of the state, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer, (L) related and applied an anecdote of general Washington, which he had received from a member of the convention that formed the constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the new congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand*, at any one time. General Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States, at any one time, with more than *three thousand troops*.

Burning Springs.—About three quarters of a mile east of Portland, on lake Erie, is a small stream, which, in the lapse of time, has worn an irregular trough, of ten or fifteen feet in depth, and of greater width, into a body of soft, argillaceous slate. At the bottom of this trough, in a situation of romantic scenery, about sixty rods from the lake, there are several apertures, from which continually issues an inflammable gas. The writer of this article lately visited this spot, at a time when there was but little water in the brook. He found one of the apertures covered with a flame eighteen inches high; and by putting a blaze to three other apertures, the gas immediately caught, and flashed like spirits of wine. The heat is sufficient to make water boil. The stones placed about the spring, found on fire, were nearly red hot. At one of these apertures, a circular hole of about a quarter of an inch in diameter, a current of air, like that from the nose of a bellows, was constantly emitted. A strong scent is perceived, in approaching these gaseous springs, not unlike that which issues from foaming pit-coal.

New Musical Instrument.—Mr. Peasley, an ingenious mechanician, in Middle-street, Boston, has lately invented a musical instrument, of a different construction, we believe, from any which has been produced among all the novel curiosities of the musical artificers. It resembles the organ, so far as it is supplied with wind from a bellows, and is played upon by a regular set of keys; but the sound is produced upon the principle of the vibration of the spring, and, in this respect, differs from all other musical instruments, except the humble Jews harp. The interior construction is extremely simple:—a long brass plate is perforated with a gradation of orifices, of a rectangular form, which extend from one end to the other. Immediately over each of these holes, an elastic or vibrating tongue is firmly placed, by means of a screw

at one end, like the spring of the Jews harp. The bellows below creates a wind, which, rushing through these cavities, produces the vibration upon the spring. The principles which govern the vibration, in this case, are the same as those which apply to the pendulum; so that the quickness of vibration, in the present instance, is in the inverse proportion of the length of the spring. A spring, therefore, which is an octave higher than another, will necessarily vibrate with twice its rapidity. This simple principle being pursued, the inventor has produced an instrument of much value to the musical professor.

Statement of monies collected for the relief of sick and disabled seamen, and the amount expended in relation thereto, from the year 1802 to 1815, inclusive, as per report on that subject to the house of representatives,

In the year	Money collected.	Money Expended.
1802	109,954 56	250 00
1803	54,933 21	21,087 36
1804	58,210 98	84,027 50
1805	58,005 98	59,828 41
1806	66,820 01	53,281 93
1807	61,474 47	65,571 51
1808	36,515 44	60,883 14
1809	74,192 42	70,901 75
1810	54,309 31	36,793 60
1811	54,586 34	57,109 08
1812	52,421 46	57,723 11
1813	21,789 57	53,376 87
1814	10,280 73	45,236 50
1815	28,306 16	43,651 55
Total	$731,300 65	$719,212 38

There is now living, in the town of Guilderland, in New York, a venerable farmer, by the name of George Rheelman, who was born in Germany, on the 8th of March, 1707. He married in 1740, and came to this country in 1748. He has been a soldier in his time, having served in two campaigns in Germany, and two in America. His campaigns in America were in the war of 1756, and the American revolution. He has had seven children, two of whom survive, a son and a daughter: the latter is married. The son is a bachelor, living with his father, and is seventy-six years of age. He appears to be older than his father. We have these facts from a gentleman of this city, of the strictest veracity, who visited Mr. Rheelman last week, and saw him and his son together; and saw, at the same time, the inscription of their names and births in an old German family bible, printed in the seventeenth century. The old man is cheerful, and possesses all his faculties. Reader, would you know the secret of this man's longevity? It lies in two words—temperance—industry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MORE "TOUCHES AT THE TIMES."

MANKIND ('tis said) have one decided aim;
Th' attractive magnet is the "court of *fame!*"
Tho' all thro' life a diff'rent course pursue,
The light-wing'd goddess still they keep in view!
The modern hero makes his grand eclat,
In all the dazzling panoply of war;
"Arm'd at all points," with strut "*la militaire,*"
He makes his hourly tour through Cornhill square.
With *seven* cornelian seals his watch is grac'd,
His glitt'ring dirk suspended at his waist,
By *golden chains* festoon'd and interlac'd,
He looks complacent at *himself* and *you,*
To claim the glance of admiration *due.*
To Fancy's eye he seems some truant *ape,*
With joy exulting at his late *escape,*
Who runs at large, tho' *fetter'd in his chain,*
And grins and looks, grins and looks, and grins again!
Next mark, in yonder solitary room,
Where one dim taper cheers the silent gloom,
The pensive student sits, profound in thought,
How Ossian sung, and how great Cæsar fought,
Recites a page—now proudly turns his eye,
Where, in huge piles, his *mental labours* lie.
Oh! for that envied bliss—an *author's* name,
Emblazon'd on the ample lists of *fame!*
His sanguine bosom heaves an ardent sigh;
Not old "Timotheus, elevated high,"
Look'd more transported, as he swept his lyre,
Than our young poet, with his *eye of fire!*
His high-born fancy seeks the sacred shades,
And fondly woos the Heliconian maids!
First, a soft sonnet on some Delia's charms,
Then sends a *sighing hero* forth in arms!
Next with his pastorals—oh! ye rhyming powers!
Hills, dales, white cottages, and shady bowers,

With peace, and happiness, and calm content,
And forty other goods, the gods have sent!
Transplants *Arcadia* to our *Yankee* shores,
And *gratis* all the *golden age* restores!
He gives his shepherds all the—ball-room graces!
And blooming milk-maids charm in—silks and laces!
A CRITIC too! behold his long "reviews,"
Which editors (he knows not why) *refuse;*
For who would dare with *him* a war to wage?
This Homer, this Longinus of the age!
But mark th' improvement—what a change appears,
Within the course of two revolving years,
See! o'er that fragile form and youthful face,
Maturer manhood sheds a riper grace,
Engrafts a *smile* where Nature stampt a *frown*,
And *Affectation* calls him all "her own!"
Fled are the roses from his cheeks (I ween,)
Or else beneath his *whiskers* "blush unseen.'
Observe him now, reclin'd with studied ease,
Skill'd in the Chesterfieldian "art to please."
Fain would he seem the simple child of nature,
Altho' at heart a most designing creature;
He, like the spider, spreads his silken snare,
To lure the simple or unguarded fair;
And worse—for Nature *prompts* the spider's plan;
But nature *blushes* at the arts of man.
No more immur'd in Harvard's ancient halls,
He flies where'er the syren Pleasure calls;
No more with toil he thumbs the wonted page,
The classic lore of many a former age.
Oh! no—'tis his to "*cultivate the graces!*"
To be a connoisseur of—pretty faces;
To fix his whole attention on the fair,
Unless, indeed, a looking-glass is near;
He, like the parrot, learns one splendid speech,
Which, in heroics, he repeats to each,
With air theatric, in address polite,
With gesture *Francais*—for his hands are *white!*

All, all his study is to charm the eye,
To smile with *art*, and breathe the *mimic* sigh!
The simple rustic, and the arch brunette,
The sentimental fair, or gay coquette,
To each, by turns, he owns her *killing power!*
And Caprice crowns her "goddess of an hour,"
Marks ev'ry item of the female dress;
One wants more jewels, and another less;
Commends this lady's form and graceful air,
And tells the origin of—*curling hair!*
From where old South* displays its ancient spire,
To the resort of justice, judge and 'squire,
Mark when you will, with Fashion's *prettiest* beaux,
This walking "*critical review*" of—ladies' clothes!
Whether the atmosphere be cold or warm,
No outer garb conceals *his* graceful form!
Like *garden statue* ever to be view'd:
A hail-storm cannot *hurt* a head of *wood!*
Thrice happy "TIMES," long may "creation's lord,"
Their bright examples ever *thus* afford,
As sons of *science*, skill'd in classic lore,
May they impart, from their exhaustless store,
To us, weak creatures, all the good they *can*,
To *fit* us for th' associates of man! AUGUSTA.

TO A LADY WHO THREATENED TO MAKE THE AUTHOR AN APRIL FOOL.

WHY strive, dear girl, to make a fool
Of one not wise before;
Yet, having 'scap'd from Folly's school,
Would fain go there no more?

Ah! if I must to school again,
Wilt thou my teacher be?
I'm sure no lesson will be vain,
Which thou canst give to me.

* Old South Church, Boston.

One of thy kind and gentle looks,
Thy smiles, devoid of art,
Avail beyond all crabbed books,
To regulate my heart.

Thou need'st not call some fairy elf,
On any April day,
To make thy bard forget himself,
Or wander from his way.

One thing he never can forget,
Whatever change may be,—
The sacred hour when first he met,
And fondly gaz'd on thee.

A seed then fell into his breast;
Thy spirit plac'd it there:
Need I, my JULIA, tell the rest?
Thou seest the blossoms here.

TO A LADY WHO ASKED FOR HER SHOE-STRING, WHICH WAS ACCIDENTALLY BROKEN OFF IN DANCING, AND TAKEN BY THE WRITER.

THE string! the string! come, give it back, she cries,
While o'er her face the varying colour flies;
Come, will you? No; it ne'er again shall bind
Thy slipper'd foot, the mazy dance to wind;
But near my heart, by day, the prize I'll keep,
And place it on my pillow when I sleep.
Give back, indeed! when aught that touches thee,
Can boast a charm ineffable for me!
Oh! would thy heart were thus within my pow'r,
And thou with pray'r beguiledst thus the hour!
For ah! how sweet, how passing sweet, to hear
The pray'r that beauty pours into the ear;
To see the pallid cheek, the tearful eye,
And Hope, half dubious, breathe the fearful sigh.

Sweet only to relieve, and soothly chase
The clouds and tears that hang on Beauty's face,
And where pale Sorrow holds her mournful reign,
To plant the blushing rose of Joy again.
But for thy heart, no tears should soften me,
No pray'rs prevail, to give it back to thee;
I'd lodge it safe within my breast, and there
Would watch and keep it with a miser's care;
From all would guard it; none should dare essay
To steal from me the treasur'd prize away. A.

—

MIDNIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

By thy dusky mantle streaming,
By the stars that there are gleaming,
By thy lone and solemn sky,
Darkening on the pensive eye,
By thy wild waves, as they sweep
Constant thro' the gloomy deep,
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Swiftly gliding o'er the ocean,
Rides the bark, with rapid motion,
Waves are foaming at the prow,
Trembling waters round her flow;
Midnight hears the lonely sound,
Thro' her ocean caves profound:
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Sailor, on thy restless pillow,
Why so tranquil on the billow?
Sailor, when thy vessels roam,
Think'st thou not of native home?
—But, when midnight shuts the scene,
Hark! he sings with heart serene,
Night, we hail thy solemn noon,
Sky without or cloud or moon!

Weary wand'rer, sadly roving,
Far from home, and all that's loving,
Midnight lulls thy soul to peace,
Then thy grief and sorrows cease;
Join us then in that wild strain,
Sighing o'er the heaving main,
Night! we hail thy solemn noon,
Sky without or cloud or moon! E.

New York, 20th Sept. 1816.

STANZAS TO A LADY ON HER SINGING A SONG, WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

When with thy harp's enchanting swell,
My lay you thus combine,
Wrapt in the sweet, melodious spell,
I deem it ne'er was mine.

As the rude blast to blandness dies,
O'er strings Eolian blown,
So my crude numbers melodize,
In thy mellifluent tone.

At critics' laud, or laureat bays
Let other bards rejoice,
Be mine the higher meed of praise,
To wake thy dulcet voice.

Chain'd, lady, in its magic sway,
The night unheeded wanes:
Oh! ehas'd is every care away,
By thy sweet varied strains.

EPIGRAM.

CONNUBIAL RECKONING.

I took you, deceiver, "for better for worse,"
Submitting to wedlock's hard fetter;
While your worse part has daily grown worse than perverse,
I have not discover'd your better.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on the 20th ult. Miss SARAH GRATZ; a young lady who was eminently distinguished for benevolence of heart and suavity of manners.

THE late GEORGE A. BAKER, esq. was born in Germantown, county of Philadelphia, on the 27th July, 1756. He was brought up to the mercantile business, in the counting-house of Messrs. James and Drinker, one of the most respectable houses in this city. When the war of the revolution took place, he, like many other high spirited young men of the time, glowing with ardour in the cause of their country, was impatient to avenge her wrongs. Accordingly, at the early age of twenty years, he joined the revolutionary army (in which he afterwards received a commission) under general Washington, as a volunteer. He was present, and had a share in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth; and his letters from the army to his brother, the late Hilary Baker, esq. several of which the writer of this has perused, bespeak the intrepidity and zeal of the young soldier, anxious to serve, and ready, if necessary, to die in the cause of his country.

But the talents of Mr. Baker were such as soon to designate him as fit for more important and arduous duties. At the urgent request of his friends, he was induced to enter the quartermaster-general's department, and in the same year (1776) he was appointed assistant deputy-quartermaster-general to colonel Biddle, and was stationed with colonel commandant Edward Hand's brigade. After filling this station for a considerable time, with great credit, he was removed to the commissary-general's department. At the time the British threatened Philadelphia, he marched to Princeton as lieutenant of a rifle company, of which his future father-in-law was then captain, to await their approach.

Mr. Baker served as a member of the common council of Philadelphia, and was elected by successive councils to the office of city treasurer, for a period of thirteen years. Since the death of general Muhlenburgh, he has been annually elected president of the Incorporated German Society, for the relief and assistance of Germans in distress. During twenty years he has filled the important office of grand secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; and for three years past he was also grand recorder of the Pennsylvania Grand Encampment of Knight Templars.

DIED lately at Paris, at an advanced age, sir HERBERT CROFT, an English author of some celebrity, and one of the few remaining friends of Dr. Johnson. He had resided for the last fifteen years in France. Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, acknowledges himself to be indebted to sir Herbert for the life of Young. All the biographers of Dr. Johnson speak in high terms of the literary and social talents of his friend Croft.

ALI BEY EL ABBASSI

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

MAY, 1817.

Embellished with a portrait of Ali Bey.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence, - - - 361
Life of Sheridan, - - - 365
the Princess of Wolfenbuttle - - - 378
REVIEW OF LITERATURE.
Ali Bey's Travels - - - 382
Lord Byron's Poems - - 392
Mason on Sacramental Communion - - - - 396
Cooper's Lecture on Chemistry, 405
Hare's Blow Pipe, - - - 417
Mitchill on American Antiquities, - - - - 422
Napoleon and Wieland, - - 423
Rural Economy, - - - 425
PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED INSTITUTIONS.
The New York Historical Society, 428
The Philadelphia Medical Society, 431
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
On boiled and roast meats - 431
Gooseberry Wine, - - - 432
Mode of stiffening muslins, - 433
Marking Ink, - - - - ib.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
Domestic—The Connecticut Asylum, —Carita's American Bibliography, 434
Carrigain's map of New Hampshire—Newspapers in New York—Vaux's life of Benezet—Eastburn's and Bigelow's magazines. - - 435
Foreign—Russian and German Literature - - - ib.
POETRY.
On the prospects of America, by Bishop Berkeley. - - 440
To Mr. A. H, by Mary - - 441
Othello, by Orlando. - - 442
To Matilda, by L. - - - 444
Ode to Egypt, by R. - - 445
On a lady having her hand wounded by a needle by A. - 446
Love, by Frederick, - - 447
Lucy, by Lothario, - - 448
MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
Proportion of Males to Females—Universality of love—Law case—English Budget—Dutch Budget. 450

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 138, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And to be had of all the booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLOMON Gundy is no doubt a very good angler—*in catching gulls!* his dream is admirably described by Bottom in the play:

I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of a play.

So much for Bully Bottom's dream.

"The Fair Inscrutable" is still incomprehensible.

The zeal which "*Amicus*" evinces is very flattering: but a contest with petty and harmless malice offers no ovation:

Bid me for honour plunge into a war;
Then thou shalt see that Marcus is not slow.

In her rural retreat, we hope that "Victoire" will be usefully employed in the vernal months:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest,
Oftentimes double gain of happiness.

We have not forgotten a promise which was made to our "lake poet;" he is one who knows how to live, for he has studied Shakspeare. He can

Keep house and ply his book, *welcome his friends*,
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them.

Mr. Gummere's reply to the review of his book is under consideration. It was too late for insertion in the present number.

"Silvio's" timidity is natural, but he must not be dismayed by scornful looks.

Prick thy face and over-red thy fear
Thou lily-liver'd boy—

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

BOOKS are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as to the posterity that are yet unborn. SPECTATOR.

VOL. III. MAY, 1817. NO. V.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the third son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, an eminent actor, a lecturer on elocution, and one who has left behind him, if not any productions of a very high order of excellence, at least some very useful and creditable works. His mother, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, was a lady of considerable talent, and all accounts agree in stating her to have been a very interesting and amiable woman. Her maiden name was Chamberlaine, and she was a granddaughter of sir Thomas Chamberlaine. She wrote the well-known and admired novel, called, "Sydney Biddulph,"* and two comedies, "The Discovery," and "The Dupe." Thus it appears that Mr. Sheridan was sprung from a truly literary stock, which he was destined to adorn and

* From an incident in this novel it is probable that Mr. Sheridan took the hint of sir Oliver's return in the "School for Scandal."

distinguish by his own superior genius. Richard Brinsley was born in Dorset Street, Dublin, in October 1751. Having been placed first of all in private tuition with his elder brother Charles Francis, late secretary at war, in Ireland, under the care of Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin; they were sent by that gentleman, after a residence of eighteen months, to their parents at Windsor, and Richard Brinsley was placed in his eleventh or twelfth year, at Harrow School. He does not appear to have evinced any extraordinary talents or early ambition at school; and it was not till within a short time of his leaving Harrow, that a retentive memory, a sound judgment, and a powerful comprehension, began to display themselves with any effect, and to conquer that unaccountable propensity to indolence, which characterized his youthful days, and which was never completely surmounted. To recount all the facetious and witty sayings of Mr. Sheridan, would exceed the limits of this article;—to enumerate all that are attributed to him would fill the press;—but there is an anecdote of his boyish days, which the writer knows to be true, and which shows at once his readiness and his good nature. The boys were joking each other, as was common enough among them, upon the subject of their fathers, and their various situations in life. One of them whose father was a physician, taunted young Sheridan with the circumstance of his father being a player. "Ah!" replied he, "your father kills people, mine amuses them."

He was a classical scholar for the purposes of enlarging his knowledge, and improving his taste, the only true end and aim of classical acquirements; but he did not feel that pedantic attachment to the learned languages which too often distracts the attention from better pursuits, and gives to a comparatively useless and cumbersome branch of education, the monopoly of time, talents, and attention. Upon leaving Harrow, he was entered of the Middle Temple. The next step of importance in the life of Mr. Sheridan, was his marriage with miss Linley; and to some it appears strange, that from the period of his entry at the Middle Temple, till his marriage, nothing should have occurred in his life worthy of remark, for he certainly was not at this time the votary of fashion or dissipation. But retirement is not always obscurity, and of the lives of those who are destined to enlighten

the world by the effects of their literary attainments, it is necessary that a certain portion should be spent in study and meditation, to entitle themselves to the bright reward that is to follow. If the facts were not so established, the nature of the case proves that it cannot be otherwise. Mr. Sheridan was employed in extending his acquaintance among men of learning, improving his powers of argument, and enriching his mind with the stores of English literature, his favourite and most successful study. This period was in him the dawn of eloquence, wit, and taste, and perhaps there never was any man who drew such vast supplies of themall from such narrow sources, and in so short a time. In fact, he exhausted all that came within his reach, his mind received them with avidity, and digested them with alacrity, and he was only twenty-four years of age, when the world began to reap the harvest of his labours and acquirements. But just at the period when he was commencing his literary labours, Mr. Sheridan became acquainted with miss Linley, then a performer in the Oratorios, and so admirable at once for the charms of her person and voice, and the sweetness and simplicity of her manners, that she was called the SYREN. He had at this time, it is believed, began to feel the pressure of want, and the importance of exertion, for his father's emoluments were not considerable, and his expenses left him without the means of providing sufficiently for his son. Mr. Sheridan was alarmed by necessity as well as impelled by ambition. Thus summoned, he was preparing to call forth the powers of his mind in his own defence, when his introduction to miss L. inspired him with a generous attachment, worthy of an ardent and enthusiastic mind, and fixed him in the determination to disregard all sacrifices, and to oppose all difficulties that might occur towards making her his wife. Charles, the younger brother of Mr. Sheridan had made a declaration of his passion for miss Linley, before this, but without the approbation of his own father or the encouragement of the parents of the lady. The appearance of a wealthy suitor had extinguished his hopes. As soon, however, as the new lover was discarded, vanity suggested a reason which induced him to renew his addresses. But at the moment when hope was rekindled, a more formidable rival appeared and gained complete possession of a heart for which rank,

wealth, and wit had sighed in vain. The eyes of lovers are generally quick and penetrating into all the movements and connections of those to whom they are attached; yet, in the present instance, it was remarkable enough that Charles witnessed the lively freedoms which passed between his brother and miss Linley, without forming the least suspicion of the real cause. So far, indeed, was he from being jealous on account of their repeated interviews, that he seemed to take a pleasure in them, most probably from a confidence that his interest was strengthened and secured by this friendship and familiarity. It would be carrying moral reflection a little too far, to pass any severe animadversion upon the duplicity with which the young lovers acted; although it is impossible to justify their conduct from the charge of insincerity and want of candour. While Charles continued his addresses, and his brother was made his confidant, the latter having occasion to remonstrate with miss Linley, in a graver manner than she seemed to approve, he wrote the well-known verses, beginning with

Uncouth is this moss-covered motto of stone,

which he left in a retired part of the garden where they were accustomed to meet.

He was soon called upon to manifest his affection in a more substantial manner. Mr. Mathews, a well-known character at that time in Bath, had inserted a paragraph in a public paper, at that place, tending to asperse the character of miss L. Mr. Sheridan applied to the printer, and from him had intelligence of the author's name, who by this time had set out for London, in order to avoid punishment, and was pursued thither by Mr. Sheridan. Two duels were the consequence; one in Henrietta street, Covent Garden, on the challenge of Mr. Sheridan: the other on Kingsdown, upon the challenge of Mr. Mathews. In the first, Mr. Sheridan was victorious, and Mathews signed a confession of the falsehoods which he had caused to be circulated. This declaration was immediately published in the journal where the slander appeared. Stung by the sarcasms of his old companions, and irritated by being thrown out of the gay circle where he had been

a leader, Mathews became almost frantic with rage; and demanded another meeting. It was in vain that Sheridan's friends remonstrated with him against an acquiescence in this invitation. They met again, and a desperate combat with pistols and swords ensued, which terminated in something like our *gouging* affrays, which are so shocking to the delicacy of English reviewers. After struggling in the dust and mangling each other with their broken swords, Sheridan fainted from loss of blood and their seconds interfered. The world at that time felt only such partial interest and temporary anxiety concerning the event of these duels, as would be always excited in issue of this nature, when gallantry and courage are engaged in the cause of beauty; nor could any one anticipate how much excellence was at stake, or how great a loss they had nearly sustained; but miss L. suffered not a long time to elapse before she rewarded her champion for his exertions in her behalf. They travelled together to the continent, where they were married, and the ceremony was again performed upon their return to this country, after which the lady never again appeared as a public performer. This was in April 1773, when Sheridan was in his twenty-second and miss L. in her nineteenth year.

The few following years of Mr. Sheridan's life, were devoted to the prosecution of his powers as a dramatic writer, impelled, as it should seem by necessity: for it is generally believed, that dissatisfied with some early comic sketches he had drawn, he laid them aside in disgust, and renounced for the time all hopes of success in this department of literature. The utmost efforts of Mr. Sheridan's pen hitherto amounted only to some light effusions in poetry, which would not of themselves have acquired for him the reputation he has since deservedly attained, and some trivial share in the fleeting productions of the day. But his altered mode of life demanded an increased establishment, and the cares of a family which were now commencing, impelled him forcibly to further exertion, and he was too sensible of the important duties of life to allow the powers of his mind, to remain any longer in inactivity, they being his only refuge against poverty and distress. Pecuniary distress is too often the portion of genius. This it was that roused the nervous and prolific genius of Dry-

den, and kept it continually in action. This it was that called forth the rugged but forcible powers of Savage; and to this we are partially indebted for the exertions of the great man whose life we are now contemplating. Had Sheridan enjoyed a competency, it is possible, considering the characteristic indolence of his mind, that he might have contented himself with the occasional sallies of a poetical fancy, suggested by the occurrences of the moment, and recommending themselves by the ease and beauty which would be natural to him in such attempts. He might have been a writer without system, without arrangement, and a servant of the muses only for the purposes of amusement, and the diversions of fancy. But the powers of Mr. Sheridan were not doomed to languish for want of excitement. He had a young wife to support, and the wants of a family to prepare for. Actuated by such views, he commenced his dramatic career. Many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics, he observed, with reference to this period of his life, that if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine, "but," he continued "I had no time for such studies. Mrs. Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton, otherwise we should have had no dinner." The friend to whom he made this confession, remarked, "then, I perceive, it was a *joint* concern." The comedy of "The Rivals" the outlines of which will be found to correspond with the history of his marriage was performed at Covent Garden Theatre on the 17th of January, 1775, and in the same year "St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant," a piece of less importance, though fully answering the end it had in view, the excitement of broad laughter and humorous diversion. The following year appeared, "The Duenna," which had a run of seventy-five nights during the season, being ten more than the *run* of the celebrated opera of Gay. It is not new in the plot, which is an exact copy of Wycherly's "Country Wife."

To this play may be ascribed his introduction, in the same year, to the "Literary Club," on motion of the great moralist himself, who was very much pleased with the brilliancy of his conversation. Sheridan had an opportunity afterwards of paying an elegant compliment to his friend, in the prologue to the altered

play of sir Thomas Overbury, by Savage, at the close of which, in allusion to Johnson's inimitable life of the unfortunate author, he says—

> So pleads the tale, that gives to future times,
> The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
> There shall his fame, if own'd to night, survive,
> FIX'D BY THE HAND THAT BIDS OUR LANGUAGE LIVE.

The "School for Scandal," appeared on the 8th of May, 1777, preceded a short time before by the "Trip to Scarborough, altered from Vanburgh's witty and licentious comedy of "The Relapse." "The Camp" was performed in the following season, and his next principal dramatic work, "The Critic," did not appear till the 30th of October, 1778. His last dramatic work, "Pizarro," translated, or rather paraphrased from Kotzebue, did not make its appearance till the year 1799. These are his dramatic works, whose excellencies speak for themselves, and are so well known, and so generally admired as to make any commentary upon them unnecessary—so may they long remain—and so they probably will, till the genius of our language is so far forgotten as to be spoiled with impunity. The best testimony that can be given in favour of their superior excellence is, that they almost all of them keep their run upon the stage. They are fresh in the memory of us all. The public, the arbitrary judges of dramatic merit, who are allowed to change their minds whenever, and as often as they please, have never exerted their privilege with regard to this author; and the actor after his nightly labours, feels it a refreshment and a delight to repose upon the beauties of "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal." To this latter comedy, it has been objected, and perhaps with reason, that the improvement of the heart, and the advancement of morality have not been sufficiently attended to by the author, that the audience are ever too much amused with the ludicrous situations in which vice and hypocrisy are placed, severely to appreciate and condemn the consequences that arise from them. This is certainly an objection, and it must ever be regretted, that in the very best comedy the nation can boast, the force of the satire is lost by being linked with unseasonable drollery. Mr. Sheridan was 26 years old, when

he produced this comedy, too early an age, it must be confessed, for the exercise, much less for the inculcation, of severe moral discipline. This is some excuse for the author; it is none, however, for the piece, which, as a national work must ever carry with it, among innumerable beauties, the evidence of one great imperfection. While some critics analyzed it with great severity as being rather an effusion of imagination than a picture of life and manners, others had no scruple in hazarding an opinion that it was not the performance of his pen. By some it was attributed to Mrs. Sheridan, and others asserted that it was written by a young lady, who, being in a state of decline, died at Bristol shortly after she put the MS. into his hands. Such was the rumour, which so far obtained credit, that Isaac Reed, a man extremely cautious of giving publicity to loose reports, thought it proper to insert this story in the account which he gave of this play in his edition of the Biographia Dramatica. This assertion was not contradicted by Mr. Sheridan, and he never took any pains to establish his right to the brightest performance that bears his name. This could not have arisen from any reluctance to appear in print, for advantage was taken of the extreme popularity of the Critic and Pizarro, to profit by the sale of the copies. Thus while other dramatic pieces of Mr. Sheridan have been committed to the press by his authority, and for his emolument, that which has brought most honour to his name, still remains unpublished except in surreptitious editions. That a manuscript of this play, in the rough and original state in which it came from the author, with interlineations and corrections by another hand, is in existence, is asserted with confidence by Dr. Watkins, in his life of Sheridan. The silence of Mr. Sheridan on a subject that so nearly affected his credit, as a dramatist,—his moral character out of the question—cannot be justified either on the plea of ignorance or of conscious dignity. It is true, he made some broad allusions to the subject in the celebrated farce which he brought out, avowedly, to make his detractors ridiculous; but contempt is no answer, and ridicule is not a test of truth.

To return to the order of Mr. Sheridan's life. In 1779, the year after he brought out the Critic, his Monody to the memory of Mr. Garrick was recited at Drury Lane thea-

tre. It is a poem containing fine thoughts and harmonious numbers, though not worthy of the author or the subject. It is bare of imagery, even where the subject most strongly calls for the aid of illustration, but its radical defect is a phlegmatical coldness. The author does not seem to feel any sense of that loss which he describes, and what is equally strange, he has preserved a total silence upon the private virtues of Garrick: though here he had an ample field for praise, without being liable to the charge of flattery. That great actor did more to elevate the character of his profession than ever had been done before his time. He was correct in his own conduct, and by his example, he contributed much to reform the manners of his brethren, not only in their professional character, but in their general deportment. His great ambition, observed Dr. Johnson, was to make truth diffuse her radiance from the stage, and he succeeded beyond what might have been expected in expelling the buffoonery, rant, and immorality, which had so long prevailed, to the injury of the drama and the public. Notwithstanding this was well known, the brightest part of Garrick's character is wholly omitted in the monody, where nothing is said of his qualifications that would lead to any idea of his combining a zeal for the cause of virtue with the laudable ambition of fame.

In the same year he produced a very lively and characteristic epilogue to the tragedy of Fatal Falsehood, written by Hannah Moore.

The following lines, descriptive of the toilet of a learned lady, would have done credit to Swift:

What motley cares Corinna's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit:
At once invoking, though for diff'rent views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner and muse.
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise.
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass
Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass.

Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua maker's bill unpaid,
Three new-born plays, foretaste the town's applause,
Three dormant patterns pine for future gauze,
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next, and then a bill of fare.
A scene she now projects, and now a dish,
Here's act the first, and here—"remove with fish."
Now, while this eye in a fine phrenzy rolls
That solely casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears and thread, and bowls and thimbles mix.

When Garrick retired from the management of Drury Lane, he was succeeded by Sheridan, who was also a proprietor. This office was not suited to his mind. He was fond of company, and his own pleasant manners and fascinating conversation very naturally occasioned a continual increase of acquaintance, among whom he numbered some of the first characters in the kingdom. Thus expenses were incurred which it was not easy to discharge and loud complaints were made against him both in public and private. Many authors, and particularly Cumberland, appealed to the public, and the daily papers teemed with severe criticisms upon the direction of the theatre. To counteract these attempts upon his official character, Sheridan took "The Rehearsal," as a model for an attack upon his adversaries; but in this he was assisted by his brother-in-law, Tickell, who had a caustic severity of style, and whose share in this piece may be very easily traced by any one that will take the trouble to compare the "Critic," with his pamphlet entitled "Anticipation."

Whatever were his faults it seems that he had some redeeming qualities, as we may learn from the grateful language of Tom Davies, who, in 1780 dedicated his life of Garrick to Sheridan. It is also related of him that when a poor author called to learn the fate of a play which he had put into the manager's hands, by whom it had been thrown aside and forgotten until the season was over, he atoned for his neglect, by accompanying the manuscript with a handsome letter of apology and a bank note of an hundred pounds.

At length (1799) Mr. Sheridan felt an anxious desire to make the house of commons the theatre of his eloquence, and had been endeavouring to qualify himself for a public speaker by all the means in his power. It is believed, that an application was made without success to the duke of *Portland*, then a leader in opposition, to give Mr. Sheridan a seat in parliament for one of his boroughs. However that may be, a general election took place in 1780, and Mr. Sheridan determined to canvass for himself, and directed his views towards the town of Stafford. Some difficulties occurred, not arising from any interested conduct or illiberal treatment on the part of the people of Stafford, for he was received by them with open arms, and the most promising assurances of success. But the usage of elections has long made a certain degree of expense necessary to the success of a candidate for any county or town of consequence. This was the only requisite in which Mr. Sheridan was deficient. The sanguine expectations, however, and ardent liberality of his friends, would not permit this obstacle to remain in his way. He began, as he afterwards continued, through a long political life, by supporting the views and arguments of opposition; and though his eloquence did not immediately burst forth, but rather reserved itself for the present, to shine with more conspicuous lustre hereafter, he was by no means an idle, or ineffective assistant of his party. He might have been heard at that time as a declaimer in popular societies, and his pen was certainly employed in several publications of the day.* Upon the Rockingham party coming into power, Mr. Fox was secretary of state for the foreign department, and Mr. Sheridan received his first political appointment as under-secretary to that gentleman. The marquis of Rockingham's death, and the appointment of lord Shelburne to be first lord of the treasury, threw out Mr. Sheridan's party, and with them his talents, the most formidable enemies of ministers, into the scale of opposition.

In 1783, his party coming again into power, Mr. Sheridan was appointed secretary to the treasury, in conjunction with Mr.

* He took considerable part in "The Englishman." A paper conducted with great violence against lord North and his party.

Richard Burke. The duke of Norfolk was the nominal prime minister, though, in reality, that dignity as to every effective purpose, rested in the famous coalition of lord North and Mr. Fox, which occasioned such sensations of indignation and astonishment throughout the kingdom. Even Dr. Parr stumbles in striving to vindicate his friend, who stooped to court an alliance with the very man whose head he had threatened to bring to the block. It is a very common and a very true remark, that nothing so thoroughly sifts the character of any man, as the possession of power and authority; for they awaken every passion, discover every propensity, and sometimes lead the way to desires and inclinations never before experienced. This is particularly the case in places abounding with patronage and emolument. Mr. Sheridan had very little opportunity for any trials of this kind. He had little power and no patronage, and he continued in office for a very short time. It must be observed, however, that, while in place, he conducted himself, if not with the accuracy and close attention of a man trained to habits of business, at least with integrity and honour. He paid so little attention to the duties of his office that a pasquinade was placed on the door of the treasury to this effect, that no applications were received on Sundays, and no business done there the rest of the week. The duke of Portland being afterwards succeeded as first lord of the treasury by Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Sheridan's party seldom in power, it has been his lot almost uniformly to be the defender of unsuccessful men and measures, and in later times it is well known, that he has ever continued attached to the same party, and which has never been in power except for the short space of one year, when Mr. Sheridan was again appointed secretary to the treasury. The transition in Mr. Fox's situation, who fell from the height of power to a state of comparative insignificance in one year, was so remarkable, and almost ludicrous, that some of the wits of his own party could not resist the impulse of treating it in a burlesque strain of ridicule. Before we give a specimen of one of the most ingenious of these effusions, we must remind the American reader that in England it does not seem to be any offence against good morals or good taste to be witty at the expense of religion, provided the *establish-*

ed church is not touched. The author of this epistle to Mr. Fox, advised the patriot to open a tabernacle in the confidence that,

> "Proud of a Methodist like thee,
> The vulgar shall not there resort;
> But lords and dames of high degree,
> The splendid sinners of a court."

After a whimsical description of the effects naturally resulting from the eloquence of the orator, his facetious friend proceeded to allot to each of the distinguished members of the coalition their respective departments in the new conventicle:

> How spruce will North beneath thee sit!
> With joy officiate as thy clerk:
> Attune the hymn, renounce his wit,
> And carol like the morning lark.
>
> Or if thy potent length of pray'r,
> By chance induce a kindly doze,
> Wake in the nick, with accent clear,
> To cry "Amen!" and bless the close.

The destination of Sheridan was equally characteristic:

> To comic Richard, ever true,
> Be it assign'd the curs to lash;
> With ready hand to ope the pew,
> With ready hand to take the cash.

(*To be continued.*)

Thoughtful and reflecting men may conceive many a good notion and idea, during their occasional rides, which ought not always to be lost; I would call them *equitations;* Robert Stephens did not

> "Whistle as he went for want of thought,"

but divided the chapters of the Bible into verses as he rode; and St. Ignatius wrote his Epistles in his journey from Ephesus to Rome. Blackwell's Sacred Classics, II. p. 233.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Charlotte Christina Sophia of Wolfenbuttle.

Charlotte Christina Sophia of Wolfenbuttle, wife of the czarowitz Alexis, son of Peter, the first czar of Muscovy, and sister-in-law of the emperor Charles VI, was born on the 25th of August, 1694. Against this princess, who was a woman of great beauty, virtue, and sprightliness, her husband, the most brutal of men, conceived an inveterate aversion. He attempted several times to poison her, but she always prevented the accomplishment of his villanous design by taking powerful antidotes.

His brutality was carried to such a length, that he one day gave her a violent kick when she was in that state which should have excited his utmost tenderness. She fell senseless on the floor, bathed in blood. Peter the first was then on his travels. His son, persuaded that his unhappy princess could not recover, immediately set out for his country seat.

The countess of Conismark, mother of marshal Saxe, attended this princess during the confinement which this outrage produced. She was delivered of a dead child, and the countess took every possible care of her; but as she foresaw that if she recovered, she would fall a sacrifice sooner or later to the ferocity of the czarowitz, she formed a plan to save her, by gaining over her female attendants, and afterwards informing the husband that his wife and child were both dead. When the czarowitz received this news, he sent word that they should both be interred immediately without any ceremony. Couriers were despatched to the czar, and the different courts of Europe appeared in mourning—for a block of wood, which was deposited in the earth instead of the princess.

The princess however being conveyed to a private apartment, soon recovered her health and strength. Having collected what jewels and money she could, with the assistance of the countess, she dressed herself like a woman of ordinary rank and accompanied by an old German domestic, in whom she could confide, and who passed for her father, she set out for Paris. Her stay there was very short; she hired a female servant to attend her, and embarked at one of the seaports of France for New Orleans.

Her figure soon attracted the attention of the inhabitants of that place, one of whom, an officer of the colony, named Dauband, who had been in Russia, knew her. He could, however, with difficulty be convinced, that a woman in her situation was the daughter-in-law of the czar Peter. In order that he might be certain, he offered his services to the pretended father; a more intimate connexion was gradually formed; and they at length agreed to build a house at their common expense in which they resided together.

The death of the czarowitz was announced in the colony some time after by the public papers. Dauband then told the princess that he knew her, and offered to abandon his connexions in Louisiana in order to conduct her to Russia.

The widow of the czarowitz finding herself, however, much happier than she had been when near the throne, refused to sacrifice the tranquillity of her obscure situation to any thing that ambition could offer. She only required from Dauband, the most inviolable secrecy; and that he would act with the same prudence and caution as he had done until that period. Dauband took a solemn oath that he would obey her orders with the most rigid attention, and his own interest was sufficient to engage him to keep his promise. The beauty, wit, and virtues of the princess had made the most lively impression on his heart, and the habit of living together, had given it additional force. He was amiable and still in the flower of youth; and as she had always till then supposed him ignorant of her rank and condition, his respectful attention had been so much the more flattering; on that account she had not been insensible to it. They continued, however, to live in their usual manner, but their mutual affection increased every day.

The old domestic, who passed for her father at length died. The princess and Dauband being both young, could no longer decently live together with the same familiarity as they did when authorized by the presence of a father. Dauband mentioned this to the princess, and embraced that opportunity to declare his passion, and to represent to her, that having once renounced every idea of grandeur, she might, if he was not disagreeable to her, accept him for her husband, and by these means, conceal much better her former condition. To this proposal she consented; and she, who had

once been destined to reign over Russia, and whose sister reigned at Vienna became the wife of a plain officer of infantry. Their first year of union was cemented by the birth of a daughter, whom she nursed and educated herself; and to whom she taught the German and French languages.

Dauband and his wife had lived ten years in that happy mediocrity in which the reciprocal fondness of two hearts, supplies the want of wealth and riches, when the husband was attacked by disease. The wife alarmed at the dangers of an operation, wished that it might be performed at Paris. They sold their habitation, and embarked in the first vessel that was ready to sail. When they arrived at Paris, Dauband put himself under the care of an eminent surgeon. His spouse discharged every necessary duty with the tenderest affection, and never quitted him a moment until the cure was effected.

Being desirous of pursuing some course that might augment their little fortune, Dauband solicited employment from the East India company in the island of Bourbon, and obtained a major's commission.

Whilst the husband was engaged in settling his affairs, the wife sometimes went to take the air on the Thuilleries with her little daughter. As they were sitting one day upon a bench, conversing in German, that they might not be understood by those who were near them, marshal Saxe happened to pass, and hearing two ladies speak his native language, he stopt short to look at them. The mother raising her eyes, and immediately casting them downwards as soon as she knew the marshal, discovered so much embarrassment, that he cried out, "What madam! is it possible?"—The wife of Dauband did not suffer him to proceed further; she rose up and taking him aside, confessed who she was, requested him to observe the most inviolable secrecy, to quit her at that time, and to call upon her at her lodgings, where she would inform him of every particular respecting her situation. The marshal went according to appointment the following morning. The princess related her adventures, and did not fail to inform the marshal what part his mother had in them. At the same time she entreated him not to reveal any part of them to the king, until she had concluded a negotiation then begun, and which would be finished in the course

of three months. The marshal promised to be silent; and from time to time visited her and her husband privately.

The period mentioned was nearly expired when the marshal going one morning to pay his visit to her as usual, was informed that she had departed a few days before with her husband, who had been appointed to a majority in the island of Bourbon.

The marshal immediately waited on the king, to acquaint him with every thing he knew respecting the princess. The king sent for the minister of the marine, and without letting him know the reason, ordered him to write to the governor of the island of Bourbon, to treat Mr. Dauband with the greatest attention and respect. His majesty at the same time despatched a letter to the queen of Hungary, with whom the French were then at war, and informed her of the situation of her aunt.

The queen thanked Lewis XV, and sent him a letter addressed to the princess, in which she invited her to come and reside near her, but upon this condition, that she should quit her husband and daughter, of whom the king would take care. The princess refused to accede to this proposal, and she remained with her husband till the year 1747, at which time he died. Her daughter having died also, the princess, who had nothing longer to detain her, returned to Paris, and lodged at the hotel de Perou. Her design was to retire to a convent; but the queen of Hungary offered her a pension of twenty thousand florins, if she would take up her residence at Brussels.

The writer of this account informs us, that he is ignorant whether she accepted the invitation; but about the year 1766, she lived at Vitri, a league from Paris, in a very retired situation, with three domestics, one of whom was a negro. She was there known by the name of madame De Moldac. It is not known who M. De Moldac was, nor at what time she married him; but in the year 1768, she was a widow, and appeared often on the public walks.

It is a custom to bind a thread on one's finger for the sake of remembering any thing—A very ancient practice; for we read Deut. vi. 8. "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Travels of Ali Bey, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria and Turkey, between the years 1803 and 1807. Written by himself, and illustrated by numerous maps and plates. 2d Am. Edit. J. Conrad. Philadelphia. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 390 and 428; and one 4to vol. of plates.

THESE travels are said to be written by a Spanish gentleman, named Badia, who seems from the publisher's advertisement, to have been well known in the literary circles of London and Paris. He assumed the character and manners of a Turk, and performed all the ceremonies of a musselman with a degree of punctuality which might make a christian blush; but there is such a comical gravity in his language when he speaks of the fasts and ablutions to which his curiosity subjected him,—for he pretends to keep on the disguise in his book—that it is impossible not to laugh. Descended, as he announced himself, from the ancient race of the Abassides, and familiar with the idiom and the customs of the countries that he visited, he was received without suspicion: the wandering Arab invited him to join in his caravan, and the doors of the jealous Turk were thrown wide to admit him. The sultan of Morocco received him with great cordiality,—praised God for having enabled so learned a man to return from the land of infidels, and presented him with an elegant villa.

In 1802 Ali Bey was in London; in 1803 he sailed from Spain to Morocco, where he remained till October 1805, and then embarked at Larisch for Tripoli. In January, 1806, he sailed for Cyprus, where he continued two months, and arrived at Alexandria the ensuing May. In October he went to Cairo, in December to Suez, and from that place sailed to Jeddo. He proceeded on the mahomedan pilgrimage to Mecca. He returned to Cairo in June; and thence to Acre, Mount Carmel, Nazareth, the sea of Gallilee, the river Jordan, Damascus and Aleppo. At the end of October 1807, he visited Constantinople; whence he made his way through Adrianople; then over Mount Hæmus, and across the Danube to Bucharest in Wallachia, where he takes his leave of the reader.

In four hours he landed at *Tanja* or *Tangier*. His sensations during his rapid transition from Tariffa to Tangier he says, can only be compared with a dream. In all other parts of the world some relation subsists between the inhabitants of neighbouring countries, and travellers can discern something like a community of manners and customs; but between Spain and the opposite shores, the change is abrupt, and after passing over a few leagues, we find ourselves, as it were, in another planet. The comparison is not in favour of this new world. Nothing exhibits an aspect more wretched, than the empire of Morocco, considered in a political point of view. It is governed by a despotism so stupid and gross, that its influence affects the despot himself. Those who possess wealth are obliged to submit to the appearance and even the wants of poverty, in order to avoid the rapacity of authority. The number of these persons, however, is very small, the great mass of the people being miserably poor. Ali Bey says that the sultan of Constantinople is but a slave compared with the emperor of Morocco; a tyrant who has carried the regal sway to its utmost limits. The douars or villages of this impoverished kingdom appear more like the lairs of savage animals, than the abodes of man. The great city of Fez, which once contained upward of 200,000 souls, cannot enumerate more than a moiety of that number: and the depopulation has been more rapid in Morocco itself, where, instead of 700,000 inhabitants, who were formerly there in prosperity, the modern traveller finds but 200,000 in the greatest poverty. The soil of this country only requires cultivation; but while a wise economy has compelled nature to quadruple her productions, in other parts of the world, the ingenious hand of despotism has discovered the secret of producing sterility in a climate disposed to produce in abundance without the aid of art.

If the lot of the Moroccoans be in general so miserable, what shall we say of the Jews, whose servitude is so base, that the very beasts of burden are objects of their envy? We need scarcely add that the arts and sciences partake of the general degradation. It is with governments as it is in nature; if a good government promote the prosperity, even of arts for which it has no

employment, a stupid and blind despotism will destroy those which would be agreeable and useful.

The mere passages of Ali Bey from one place to another, &c. &c. do not excite a very lively interest; there is a great deal of sameness in them, and the reader feels no wish to be at the side of his author. It must be admitted, however, that readers of itineraries, are rather unreasonable. They expect to be charmed with the narrative, while the poor traveller is contending with tediousness and monotony. We look for catastrophes, perilous crises and tragical events. If none of these can be had, we expect at least once in each chapter to hear of a man being nearly swallowed by the waves, or cast upon a desert island, among some horrible anthropophagi. In a word, we look with eagerness, for bumps and bruises, and even though it is evident that the traveller's license is liberally used, yet we are not displeased if our feelings are highly excited. Of moving accidents by sea and land, our traveller has not much to say, in his first volume. He had nearly died of thirst in crossing the desert, it is true, but there is nothing very moving in that. This gentleman, however, travelled for other purposes than the gratification of such readers. He procured some important information on subjects heretofore but imperfectly understood. He has ascertained the longitudes and latitudes of many places, and has rectified various errors in the common maps of Morocco. The river Luccos, for instance, flows to the south and not the north of Alcassor, and the city of Fez, according to Ali Bey, is situated in 34° 6′ 3″ north latitude, and 7° 8′ 30″ west from Paris; and not as laid down in the maps of Arrowsmith, Maj. Rennel, Delille, Golberri, &c.

The observations of Ali Bey, in some respects, have not led to that certainty which might have been expected. We find many of the customs of China here, although that country is separated from Morocco by many thousand leagues. The shaved heads, on the tops of which a single lock is suffered to remain, the large cloaks thrown over the rest of their attire, the yellow slippers, chambers whose floors and walls are covered with mats, small windows with jealousies or blinds, houses ornamented in relief with various colours, even with gold and silver, eating without knives or forks, and many other things, remind the reader of the Chinese.

Although these coincidences may have arisen entirely from accident, yet many system-mongers would not hesitate to build a theory upon them and ascribe to the two nations, a common origin.

The prevailing notion respecting the colour of the females in this country is that they are black, but we learn from our traveller that their complexion is a dead white, resembling marble. Beauty is common among the Jews, who possess this advantage in an eminent degree. Hence he infers, that distress and servitude are more favourable to elegance than opulence.

If we could succeed in persuading the ladies of the truth of this, we should confer a vast obligation, not only upon young bachelors, who want money, but upon married men who want liberty, since the fair would no longer look for wealth in a suitor or contend for power with him, to whom they have been commanded to be obedient.

Nothing is more simple or expeditious than the manner of distributing justice among these musselmen. The caid is seated on cushions in the middle of a hall and the parties are placed by the door on their knees, with a line of soldiers behind them. When the signal is given, the suitors bawl out their complaints, at the same time, until they are stopped by blows from the guards. The sentence is then pronounced: the guards cry out "*run, run,*" and beat the suitors out of the court. We have another proof of similarity of manners, in the strange customs of two nations, without being able to deduce a common origin. At a funeral in Morocco, our traveller saw a number of women, divided into two choruses, who alternately cried *Ah! Ah!* and who at each exclamation struck themselves so violently as to draw blood. The dead are honoured in the same manner in the Society Islands, when the women, on these occasions, lacerate their persons with the tooth of a fish and cry *Ah! Ah!* in a most touching manner. After this they bathe and appear without any signs of grief, as if they considered that an hour or two devoted to lamentation was sufficient for the loss which they had sustained. When we consider the mode in which they express their regret, we cannot but think that the time is quite long enough. It may not be amiss to add here that at the funerals of the ancient Greeks the funereal cry was *i i i.*

The first volume concludes with a curious dissertation on the Atlantis, which the author thinks he has discovered, and by a very ingenious conjecture, upon an interior sea, which he places in Africa on the south of Saha and Fezzan, and to the north of the mountains of Tong. Here he *finds* the Niger flowing, and the proofs upon which he forms this opinion, for he did not visit the spot, are very strong.

At length our mysterious traveller arrives at Tripoli, where he was received with great pomp and splendour, and refreshed with essences and perfumes. Thence he proceeded to Cyprus. This part of his travels is particularly interesting, because we know little of this famous island. Those who have gone thither have given very superficial descriptions of the ruins, or, which is worse, have only repeated what they heard from the modern Greeks. Ali Bey examined every thing with his own eyes, guided by his own taste and knowledge; and he depicts, with a mournful pencil, the remains of the famous Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos. But, amidst these ruins, despised by those who dwell among them, he found many objects which are fitted to excite the warmest enthusiasm of those whose studies have been directed to the ancients. The *palace of the Queen*, of which the vestiges yet remain, is on the summit of a mountain, cut out of a rock; and its origin seems to baffle the researches of history. The ancient Paphos is hewn out of the rock. Each house is formed by excavating a block of marble, and there are still to be seen portions of entablatures and capitals which remain fixed to the architrave, because they form one body with the cornice. From what our author says of the modern inhabitants of this island, we conclude that the mother of Love does not retain her abode among them.

But we must hasten with our traveller to Mecca, where every thing is new to most of our readers. No christian having ever been permitted to penetrate the famous temple in this city, and to visit the holy Kaaba, it is gratifying that a musselman, who speaks and writes in a christian tongue, has undertaken to remove the veil which has concealed for upwards of 200 years, the mysteries of Islamism. The conscientious traveller would regard any omission as a profanation; he therefore describes in full detail, the *Holy City*, the *house of God*, the *Kaaba*, and the famous black

stone, which is no doubt a counter-part of that of Phenicia, called Elagabal, to which the inhabitants of Emesus, rendered divine honours.

The advantage of possessing the house of God has no very edifying effect upon the people of the city; the women not being ashamed to show their faces, and the number of believers decreasing every year. The environs of the city exhibit a frightful picture of sterility: a flower or a plant is extremely rare. The greatest heat which they experience in the middle of winter is at 16 degrees; from February the thermometer (*Reaumur*) rises to 23. Very few Arabian horses are seen in the Holy City: the celebrated balm of Mecca is scarcely known here, and the people do not know the tree which produces it.

As a specimen of his manner we shall select his account of the ceremony of the "Purification of the house of God."

"On Thursday the 29th of January, and on the 20th of the month Doulkaada, the kaaba was washed and purified with the following ceremonials.

"Two hours after sun-rise the sultan scherif went to the temple, accompanied by about thirty persons, and twelve negro and Arabian guards. The door of the kaaba was already open and surrounded with an immense number of people. The staircase was not placed. The sultan scherif got upon the shoulders and heads of the multitude, and entered with the principal scheiks of the tribes. Those below wished to do the same; but the guards prevented them, by beating them with their sticks. I staid at a distance from the door, to avoid the crowd, and in a short time received an order from the scherif of the well, to advance to the door, where he stood making signs to me. But how could I get through the crowd that stood between us?

"All the water-carriers in Mecca were advancing with their vessels full of water, which they passed from hand to hand, until they reached the guards at the door. They also passed a great number of very small brooms made of the leaves of palm-trees, in the same manner. The negroes began to throw the water upon the marble pavement of the kaaba; they also cast rose-water upon it, which, flowing out at a hole under the door, was caught with great avidity by the faithful. But, as it did not run out fast enough to satisfy the wants of those at a distance, who were desirous to obtain it, they cried out for some of it to drink, and to wash themselves with. The negroes with cups, and with their hands, threw it in quantities

over them. They were civil enough to pass a small pitcher and a cup full of it to me, of which I drank as much as possible, and poured the rest out myself; for although this water is very dirty, it is a benediction of God, and is, besides, much perfumed with rose-water.

"I at last made an effort to approach: several persons raised me up, and after walking upon the heads of several others, I arrived at the door, where the negro-guards helped me to get in.

"I was prepared for the operation, for I had on only my shirt, a caschaba, or a shirt of white wool without sleeves, my turban, and the hhaik that covered me.

"The sultan scherif swept the hall himself. Immediately after I entered, the guards took off my hhaik, and presented me a bundle of small brooms, some of which I took in each hand, and at the instant they threw a great deal of water upon the pavement; I began my duty, by sweeping with both hands, with an ardent faith, although the floor was quite clean, and polished like glass. During this operation, the scherif, who had finished, began to pray.

"They gave me afterwards a silver cup, filled with a paste made of the saw-dust of sandal-wood, kneaded with the essence of roses; and I spread it upon the lower part of the wall that was encrusted with marble, under the tapestry which covered the walls and the roof, and also a large piece of aloe-wood, which I burned in a large chafing-dish, to perfume the hall.

"After I had finished all these things, the sultan scherif proclaimed me Khaddem Beit Allahel Harem, or Servant of the Forbidden House of God, and I received the congratulations of all the assistants.

"I recited my prayers in the three first corners, as upon my first entering, and thus entirely completed my duties, whilst I attended to this pious work. The sultan withdrew a short time after."—Vol. II. p. 59.

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"On Tuesday, the 3d of February,—25th of the month Doulhaada, they cut that part of the black cloth that surrounded the door and the bottom of the building, which completed the ceremony which is called Inharmoel Beit Allah, or the Purification of the house of God.

"During the operation, all the assistants of the temple tried to obtain some bits of this cloth, which they divided into smaller ones to make a sort of relic, to give to the pilgrims as a present, who are expected to return the favour by some gratification. I received so much of it that—God be thanked!"—Vol. II. p. 60.

The pilgrimage to Mount Arafat, or the mountain of light, where Mahomet is supposed by his followers to have received the first chapter of the koran from the angel Gabriel, is well

described; as are the meeting of the pilgrims, and the ceremonies of their sanctification. Yet which of our readers will not detect the sly inuendo of the author in the following assertion:

"Mount Arafat is the principal object of the pilgrimage of the Musselmen; and several doctors assert that, if the house of God ceased to exist, the pilgrimage to the former would be completely meritorious, and would produce the same degree of satisfaction. This is my opinion likewise."—Vol. II. p. 68.

Our author is sufficiently happy in his delineation of manners; and his means of access to the Mahometans afford him many opportunities of exhibiting the private life of the Moors, Turks, and Arabians. The following picture of a party of pleasure at the country residence of a Moorish minister of state may reconcile some of our own great people to the occasional languor of their parties of a similar nature.

"The following day, we made a party of pleasure to one of Hadj Edri's gardens in the country. As we dared not to play at any game, or drink any liquor, and as music and dancing did not suit the gravity of our characters; and as they had not a sufficient knowledge of sciences to make them the topics of our conversation, and as there was no political news, on account of the want of correspondence, couriers, and public papers, we were at a loss how to pass our time, and were reduced to the necessity of eating five or six times a day, like Heliogabali, and to fill up the remainder of our time with drinking tea, saying prayers, playing like children, electing among us pashas, khaliphes, and kaids, charged with the command of every dinner, tea, collation, or walk.

"The only game which contained some interest, consisted of placing on a large dish, about a dozen of cups, upside down. The company then divides into two bands, and after one of them had put a ring on a piece of coin under one of the cups, the other band is to discover in it the first or last of the cups which they may lift up. If the ring should happen to be in one of the intermediate cups, he that has lifted up the wrong cup is punished with receiving from every member of the opposite band some blows on his hands with a knotted handkerchief. But, if the ring be found in the first or last cup lifted up, the party takes the same revenge. This game is, for want of a better, amusing enough, as it gives rise to many curious scenes in the disputes about lifting up the cups, and the struggle between the weak and the strong produced some droll exhibitions.

"Such were the amusements that occupied us for three days and two nights, which we spent in the garden."—Vol. I. p. 110.

We are obliged to pass over the very interesting account of the Wehhabis; the revolution which they have produced, their religious opinions, manners, mode of carrying on war, their dress, arms, &c. form a considerable part of this volume.

Our traveller next visited Egypt, and traversed the whole country of Syria. His description of the temple of Jerusalem is not less ample and minute than that of the temple at Mecca. The Musselmen's temple at Jerusalem, is built, he says, on the ruins of that which was constructed by Solomon. But how can he venture upon this assertion, when it is recollected that this edifice was destroyed by Titus, and that sixty years afterwards, the emperor Adrian rased its very foundations, and dragged a plough-share over the ground? Our good musselman afterwards visited the tomb of Abraham, Bethlehem, Mount Calvary, the tomb of Christ, mount Carmel, Nazareth, &c. We are not to attribute these visits to curiosity alone, for the Mahometans profess great respect for our Saviour, who, they admit, had the power of working miracles, though it was denied to their prophet.

We cannot dismiss this entertaining traveller without laying before our readers his conjectures on the probability of a sea in the interior of Africa. He demonstrates by rigorous calculation that evaporation alone cannot exhaust the waters of the Niger; that this stream cannot wholly lose itself in the marshes of Wangara, and that such immense masses of water as are produced by the African rivers cannot find their way out by the Guinea coast, as has been pretended by a learned German. Hence he infers the existence of a large lake or interior sea, into which, as the streams of Africa tend towards the centre, the surplus of all the waters, left by vegetation and other decompositions of this fluid, roll and unite. A Morocco merchant who accompanied Ali Bey from Larish to Tripoli, confirmed this opinion, and informed him that *Nil-Abid* (the Nile) flowed to the centre of Africa where it formed a large sea, without communication with any other ocean that in this sea the barks of the negroes were forty-eight days

navigating from one shore to the other, during which they lost sight of land. This informant had lived at Tombuctoo many years.

The various conjectures respecting the western source of the Nile may be reduced to these points: 1. It may lose itself in the Nigritian sea, as Ali Bey contends. 2. After flowing to the east it may make a bend to the south or south-west and reach the Atlantic below Cape Formosa, according to *Reichard*. 3. It is possible that after arriving at the interior lake it has a communication with the Nile. According to *Malte-Brun*, this idea is the least probable, and yet it deserves some attention, since the information of Mr. Jackson, the English consul at Mogadore, who says that seventeen negroes left Tombuctoo, embarked on the Nile, and went *by water* to Cairo. Hence it is inferred by *Malte-Brun*, who discusses the subject with great sagacity, that, 1. there is one or more rivers which connect the Nile and the Niger, which are probably to the south-west of Darfour. He has, in fact, dotted on the map the course of the *Bahr Koulla*, and that of the *Misselad*, which they might take in order to reach the Niger, the one by the interior sea, the other by the immediate agency of two other lakes. 2. The existence of three great lakes in the south of Ouangarah, may induce a belief that it is not absolutely necessary that the rivers of the central level should empty in the Guinea sea.

Hence it appears that the mouth of the sea is yet unknown, notwithstanding the boast of Bruce, that the Bahar-Soudan of Ali Bey is not a discovery, and that if the Nile and the Niger do unite, it is by some intermediate means with which we are not acquainted.

We ought not to conclude without remarking that Miss Williams has been rather careless in her translation. As our booksellers pay nothing for copy-money, ought they not to have books revised before they are re-published? The translations printed in London are generally, to use the expression of Walter Scott, done shop-way.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and other poems. London, 1816. J. Johnson. Philadelphia, reprinted. M. Thomas. 37 1-2 cts. Reviewed by the lord chancellor, assisted by sir Samuel Romilly and other solicitors in chancery.

COURT of Chancery, London, Nov. 28. Byron v. Johnson.—Sir Samuel Romilly stated, that this was a bill filed by the plaintiff, lord Byron, against the defendant, a bookseller in Cheapside and Oxford street; and it prayed that the lord chancellor would grant an injunction to restrain the defendant from publishing certain poems which he had advertised as the works of the plaintiff, but to which the plaintiff was as much a stranger as any person in that court. On the 13th of November instant, the defendant caused the following advertisement to be inserted in the Times journal.—"Lord Byron. A short time ago we little anticipated the pleasure of announcing a new work from the pen of this noble and justly admired author, which is this day published, uniform with his other works, price 5s 6d. entitled, The Right Hon. Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. To which is added, the poem of The Tempest. Printed for J. Johnson, 98 Cheapside, and 435 Oxford street." On the same day, the defendant published another advertisement in the morning paper, in these words: "Lord Byron. On the 18th instant will be published, uniform with the noble author's former works, the Right Hon. Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land. To which is added, the Tempest. Printed for J. Johnson, Cheapside, and 335 Oxford street; and sold by all booksellers. Of whom may be had, by the same author, a new edition (the third) price 2s. 6d. Farewell to England; with three other poems, viz. Ode to St. Helena, to my Daughter on the morning of her Birth, and to the Lily of France." As soon as these advertisements appeared, Mr. Murray of Albemarle street, convinced that they were no less impositions on the public than injurious to himself, drew up the following statement, which appeared in a morning paper of the 16th inst.—"Lord Byron. The public are respectfully informed, that the poems lately advertised under the titles of Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, &c. are not written by Lord Byron. The only bookseller at present authorized to print Lord Byron's poems is Mr. Murray, to whom lord Byron has lately sent, from the continent, two new works, entitled, 1, a Third Canto of Childe Harold: and 2, The Prisoner of Chillon, &c. both of which will be published (price 5s. 6d. each) on Sunday, 23d inst." On the same day, however, the defendant, either apprised of Mr. Murray's intention, naturally concluding that some such measure would be adopted, caused the following advertisement to be published in the same paper:—"Lord Byron. The publisher of the right Hon. Lord Byron's Pilgrimage to the Holy land, together with the Tempest, begs to say that it will be ready for delivery on Wednesday next, price 5s. 6d. uniform with the noble author's former works. He likewise takes this opportunity of informing the pub-

lic, lest they may be misled, that the copyright of this work was consigned to him exclusively by the noble author himself, and for which he gives five hundred guineas.—96 Cheapside, and 335 Oxford street."

Now (said the learned counsel) lord Byron not being here, it is impossible for me to produce an affidavit of his lordship, that he is not the author of these poems; but I can produce another affidavit to that effect, which, at least, must place the defendant under the necessity of showing, by his own affidavit, that lord Byron is the author, and that he gave his lordship five hundred guineas for them——Mr. Scroope Davis, an intimate friend of lord Byron, and who was with him abroad, has lately returned to this country with three poems, for which Mr. Murray gave his lordship 3000*l.* and Mr. Davis is quite satisfied that lord Byron never wrote any of the poems which the defendant has thought proper to advertise. Mr. Davis has been in the habit of conversing with his lordship in the most confidential manner; he has frequently conversed with him on the subject of money received for the copy-right of his works, and never heard that the noble lord had written any such poems. Mr. Murray's affidavit stated, that lord Byron had often proposed several poems to him, and that he had, at several times, paid his lordship 5000*l.* for copy-right; but he never heard his lordship speak of such subject as the Pilgrimage, or The Tempest, and he verily believed that the defendant's advertisements were published without the consent or knowledge of the plaintiff, that the plaintiff is not the author of those works, and that the publication thereof is an injury to him, as he gave 2000*l.* to his lordship for the two poems which he has recently published, in full faith that he was to be the only publisher of his lordship's productions. The learned council then stated that an *ex parte* application had been made to the vice chancellor to restrain the defendant from publishing those poems, but his honour thinking that there was no person who could swear positively that his lordship was not the author, notice ought to be given to the defendant. Accordingly notice had been given, and therefore if the defendant had thought proper to advertise to all the world that he had paid the money mentioned in his advertisement, and now refuse to swear to that fact, it was to be hoped that his lordship would see sufficient grounds to grant the injunction.

Mr. Shadwell followed on the same side. He observed that whatever might be thought of the reputation of lord Byron as a poet (though, he believed, no adequate judge would venture to question his merits) it was undeniable that his lordship was at least a correct and elegant scholar. But what was the character of the poem which the defendant had been insolent enough to publish to the world in his lordship's name? They manifested, indeed, a total ignorance of the English language, as must be evident from the following excerpts: In the Pilgrimage to the

Holy Land, canto 1, stanza 3, the poet, whoever he might be, introduced this *grammatical* line—

"And lives there *him*—on continent or isle," which correct and elegant diction was strongly confirmed by another line in canto 2, stanza 1—"Oh! sails there *him* down life's unfaithful deep." So much for the poet's knowledge of his vernacular tongue. But then, lord Byron was well acquainted with the Latin language, and of course could not mistake its poetical quantities; yet, what said the author of the Pilgrimage, on this head? In canto 2, stanza 22, he tells his readers, that—

"The joyous schooner bounds before the wind,
"And leaves old Nile and *Canopus* behind."

This, no doubt, was admirable enough, but it was still surpassed by another line where he sings of "The *Lethean* stream;" and, certainly if any person could produce an authority in any Latin composition, where *Lethæus* was used as a dactyle, there could exist no doubt that lord Byron was the author of this poem

But after all, what is this compared to the enchanting lines in *The Tempest*, where the burthen of the song is "*a friendly Leech.*"

"The wandering Greeks had left the spot,
All, save that leech—why went he not!
Did pious pity hold him there
To sooth the parting soul with prayer!
No; 'twas that deep, that stifled sigh,
And the side glance from that wild eye,
Which held with more than Pity's chain,
And made that friendly leech remain.
But oft upon the index-stone
That friendly leech would sit alone,
And though the storm would buffet him,
And drenching rains soak every limb,
He recked not. On his dying couch
He told strange tales, which some can vouch,
Which made the started eyeballs glare,
And petrify the stiffening hair,
Of deeds of hell—but they have sped—
God rest the soul of all the dead!"

A noble line, and worthy of the conclusion of such a poem! But, to speak seriously, will any one of these poems exhibit such a want of scholarship that it would be most injurious to lord Byron if they were suffered to go into the world as his productions? After that thundering advertisement of the defendant, that lord Byron was the author, and that he had paid his lordship 500 guineas for the copy-right, it was to be expected that the defendant would swear positively to those facts, but what had he done? He had taken a technical objection to the bill, that no place of residence was assigned to lord Byron, and he believed that lord Byron was abroad. If the defendant, however, had any doubt that this bill was filed by his lordship, most ample security would be immediately given for the costs.

Mr. Leech, on the part of the defendant, contended, that he was not called upon to answer to the allegations of this bill. It would require some authority to satisfy his lordship that the court of chancery sat there to vindicate the political or literary character of any man. The court, no doubt, would protect his pecuniary interest; but all that the bill said, was, that the poems were published without lord Byron's knowledge, and that his reputation as a poet would be injured by such publication. It was evident, indeed, that lord Byron's reputation could not be injured by these poems, since Mr. Shadwell had told the court they were so contemptible, that no one could believe them to be his lordship's works. Upon the merits too, it was necessary to look at the form of this motion. Upon what ground could his lordship be called upon to restrain the publication of works which were declared not to be the works of lord Byron? But this bill was not the bill of lord Byron; it was the bill of some friend here, and had that friend satisfied the court, that there was sufficient ground to call for any answer at all? Could a bill be filed in the name of an absent person, and was it enough to call upon the defendant to answer it in a court of justice, because an individual said, I had some conversation with lord Byron, four months ago, and he never told me that he intended to publish such poems? Nothing would be more absurd; for any one acquainted with the literary world must know, that nothing was more common than for an author to conceal his name until he saw what success attended his works. The defendant, indeed, had not gone into the merits, but had filed an affidavit that lord Byron was abroad for the purpose of calling on the court to protect him against the costs.

Sir Samuel Romilly, in reply, observed, that a person abroad might certainly file a bill, and the residence of lord Byron was immaterial, as there could be but one person in the world who was entitled to that appellation. As to the objection that this was not a matter of pecuniary interest, suppose all the pecuniary interest were out of the question, (which was not the case,) the court would interfere to prevent any person from injuring the reputation of another. To cite examples to his lordship was almost unnecessary, but did not Mr. Pope procure an injunction to restrain Curl the book-seller from publishing his letters? Did not Dr. Paley's executors obtain an injunction to prevent the publishing of some of his sermons? Yet what pecuniary interest could they have? Another instance was that of the executors of the great lord Chesterfield, who obtained an injunction to restrain the publication of certain letters to his son, which he never intended for the public eye; but the injunction was obtained too late to prevent the publication. There could be no doubt that the court would protect the character of an individual against works which he never published. Mr. Leech had said, these poems were so contemptible, that they could not injure the reputation of lord

Byron; but the defendant was the only person who could not use that argument, as he had assured the public that he received them from his lordship, and that he paid him a valuable consideration for them. The silence of the defendant was conclusive that they were not lord Byron's work; the defendant had had the opportunity of proving the truth of his assertions, and he had not availed himself of it. It was argued, indeed, that lord Byron himself did not file this bill; but an affidavit could be procured to show, that his lordship had given a general authority to file a bill in his name, in case such spurious productions should be published as his works.

THE CHANCELLOR. "I think the vice chancellor was very right in not granting an injunction without notice to the defendant. The question now is, whether an injunction should be granted, after such notice has been given. I suppose Mr. Shadwell meant his speech should operate as an injunction, and so it may, but I have nothing to do with that. One objection to the injunction is, that it is put on the loss of character: but I must suppose there is a pecuniary interest also, since Mr. Johnson himself has said, that he gave 500 guineas for these poems. Mr. Johnson, however, has had an opportunity of proving the truth of his assertions, and he has not made use of it. Lord Byron must, therefore, give security for the costs of this bill, and I think that an injunction must be granted. Mr. Leech has certainly done every thing he could for his client, but he has not satisfied the court that the injunction ought not to be granted. Let the defendant, therefore, be restrained from publishing these poems.

A Plea for Sacramental Communion on Catholic Principles. By J. M. Mason, D.D. New York. Whiting and Fanshaw. pp. 400. 1816. London reprinted.

IT is a singular coincidence, that while the controversy respecting Terms of Communion originated and has been so ably investigated in this country, it should, without any previous concert between the writers, be contemporaneously entered on in the United States of America, and if not with equal, yet with distinguished ability. There is, however, a material difference in the plan and method which the skilful controvertists have respectively adopted, as well as in the peculiar circumstances by which their feelings were excited, and their immediate objects determined. It would be interesting to enter somewhat largely into a comparative examination of the different works, did we not fear that we should become almost unawares too deeply entangled in a controversy we have determined to decline. We shall therefore limit our present remarks to a general analysis of Dr. Mason's book. The copy which has reached us, is highly creditable to the American press; it will not be long, we imagine, before it issues from our own.*

* This expectation has been fulfilled. *Ed. P. F.*

'In August, 1810, a combination of circumstances wholly providential, being unsought and unexpected by all concerned, led the third Associate Reformed Church in the city of New York, then recently formed under the ministry of Dr. John M. Mason, to hold their assemblies in the house belonging to the church under the care of Dr. John B. Romeyn, a minister of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in North America.'

The effects of this arrangement are very strikingly described by Dr. Mason, in their gradual progress. The interchange of good wishes and offices of love, the partial blendings of the congregations, increasing esteem and affection, went on to acquire strength, until 'the bulk of the members of both churches, as well as some belonging to correlate churches, mingled their affections and their testimony in the holy ordinance' of the Supper of the Lord. This event excited considerable interest in the public mind; and, as might have been anticipated, was variously received. The stiffness and alienation respectively maintained by the established and the seceding churches in Scotland, are well known, and it appears that they had not abated of their mutual jealousy even in a foreign land.

'All things, therefore, considered, we are not to wonder that the report of what happened at New York was received, by very many, with dislike and alarm. This effect is so perfectly anagolous to the laws which govern feeling in masses of men, that it could not have been hindered but by a miracle, or something very like a miracle. They are startled by nothing so soon as by encroachment upon their habits; and will rather permit their understanding to be unfruitful, than the routine of their thoughts and conduct to be broken up. Let us not complain of this propensity, although it may be, and often is, indulged too far. It is a wise provision in the economy of human nature, without which there would be neither stability, order, nor comfort. Remove it, and the past would furnish no lessons for the future. Intellect would be wasted on premises without conclusions, and life on experiments without results. Therefore no principle is more firmly established in the minds of all who think correctly and act discreetly, than this—that *wanton invasion of social habits is of the essence of folly.* Yet there is an extreme of caution as reprehensible and hurtful as the extreme of rashness—It is settled by common consent, and for the best of reasons, that whatever be the courtesy due to public habit, we are not to bow before it with superstitious reverence.—At no time and upon no pretence, must it be allowed to usurp the right of controlling conscience in matters of *scriptural principle;* nor to exert the pestilent prerogative of abetting the cause of error by arresting the progress of inquiry after truth. Unless we accede to this proposition, the rock is swept away from under our feet. The doctrine of Reformation is the worst of heresies; and every attempt to enforce it a profligate insurrection against human peace.'

Dr. Mason describes himself as having been long under the impression that the restrictive principle was erroneous; and with manly ingenuousness he expresses his apprehension that he may 'be found to have lent himself to mere party passions, when

he ought to have immolated them on the altar of love to Jesus Christ, in expressions of love which he was compelled to deny even to those who bore the image of Christ.' An instance is related in a note, of a young woman thus repelled, and the painful emotions which the sight of her grief awakened in Dr. M.'s breast, are strongly expressed.

'How did his heart smite him! He went home exclaiming to himself—"Can this be right! Is it possible that such is the law of the Redeemer's House!"'

Part the First is occupied with a clear and forcible statement of the scripture doctrine, deduced from this first and undeniable principle—'*The Church of God is* ONE.' Without collecting a large number of texts which might tend rather to encumber his argument than to elucidate its distinctness, Dr. Mason takes his stand at once upon the ground assumed by St. Paul in the 12th chapter, of the 1st Corinthians, and argues from it directly to his point. His exposition of the Apostle's illustration from the constitution of the human body, is as follows:—

'1st. That the multitude of its members does not destroy its unity, nor their solution to it as a whole—*all the members of that one body being* MANY, *are* ONE *body.*' v. 12.

'2. That their union with the body is the foundation of all the value, beauty and excellence, of the members in their respective places.' v. 15—21.

'3. That the efficiency of the members consists in their mutual co-operation as parts of a common whole—*that there should be no* SCHISM *in the body.*' v. 25.

'4. That from their union with the body, there results, by a divine constitution, a communion of interests, a sympathy of feeling, and a reciprocation of benefits—*that the members should have the same care one for another, and whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it.*' v. 25, 26.

'The use of this similitude Paul declares to be an illustration of the unity of the Church, and of the intimate communion of believers. *Now are ye the body of Christ, and members in particular.*'

'It is true that the Apostle turns his argument directly against the contentions in the Corinthian church about the superiority, or inferiority, of public offices and spiritual gifts. *And God hath set some in the church; first Apostles, secondarily Prophets,* &c. v. 28—30. But it is also true that the *principles* of his arguments are general, are equally applicable to every thing which tends to cherish among christians a *party feeling*, at the expense of weakening the sense of their union, or of interrupting their communion as members of the body of Christ, and were intended to be so applied; for they are part of the Apostle's remonstrance against the schismatic spirit which had split up the church of Corinth into a number of factions—scandalous, however, as their schisms were, they had not proceeded to separation, nor did they dream of breaking communion—Moreover, the Apostle has himself extended his argument to matters which, without affecting the substance of our faith, hope, or duty, do yet produce great diversity of opinion and habit; and has shown that they ought not to infringe upon christian union; nor, consequently, upon the expression of it in christian communion—Finally, the Apostle opposes the spirit of eccles-

attical faction to the spirit of christian love. This heavenly grace he exalts above prophecies, tongues, knowledge, the faith of miracles, the most magnificent alms, the very zeal of martyrdom! Now this love, the only cure for the gangrene of party strife—the most characteristic feature of Christ's image in a renewed man,—the most precious fruit of his grace; and yet the fruit which the bulk of his professed followers seem to think themselves under hardly any obligations to cultivate—this love is declared to originate in the love of God shed abroad in the heart; and to be drawn out toward the brethren precisely on this account, that they are the *children of God*.'

From the various reasonings on this point, Dr. M. infers, 1st. That the body of Christ, is *one*. 2. That as by the constitution of the natural body, the various members form one complete whole, and as such sympathize with each other; so, by the Divine constitution of Christ's spiritual body, the different members are united with each other in inseparable union and communion.' 3. That 'the members of this body of Christ have a common and unalienable interest in all the provision which God has made for its nutriment, growth, and consolation.' And, therefore, 4. That they are under a common and sacred obligation not to withhold from each other the privileges of their union to Christ, and the symbols of their mutual fraternity. The Dr. then proceeds to strengthen his conclusion by the consideration of the common tenure by which 'all christian churches and people hold their christian privilege;' *i. e.* by grant from the Lord Jesus Christ. Hence, he inquires by what authority any body of christians presume to invalidate a universal right.

'The sacramental table is spread. I approach and ask for a seat. You say, "No." "Do you dispute my christian character and standing?" "Not in the least." "Why then am I refused?" "You do not belong to *our* church." "*Your* church! what do you mean by *your* church? Is it any thing more than a branch of *Christ's* church? Whose table is this? Is it the *Lord's* table, or *yours*? If yours, and not his, I have done. But if it is the *Lord's*, where did you acquire the power of shutting out from its mercies any one of his people? I claim my seat under my master's grant. Show me your warrant for interfering with it.'"

This is a general view of Dr. Mason's statement of the scripture doctrine, and he reduces it to these two 'results.'

'1. That they who have a right to sacramental communion any where, have a right to it every where.'

'2. That no qualification for such communion may, by the law of Christ, be exacted from any individual, other than VISIBLE christianity.'

Part the Second, entitled 'Facts,' is more complicated and extended; but it is quite impossible for us to devote sufficient space for a complete view of its interesting but various contents. It displays considerable acquaintance with the stores of ecclesiastical antiquity, and is wholly free from affectation or parade. While it is made perfectly intelligible to the common reader, it appeals

also to the man of learning and investigation. We shall endeavour to give a general idea of its scope, but for a full detail of its facts and reasonings we must refer our readers to the original.

Dr. Mason distributes his illustrative parts into three classes. 1. Those which are derived from the *Apostolic* times. 2. Those which refer to the *Primitive* church immediately succeeding. 3. Those dependent on the History of the Reformation. The illustrations thus obtained he considers as decisive in favour of '*Catholic*,' as opposed to *sectional* communion. Under the first of these heads he investigates the circumstances connected with the reception of the first converts 'after the full introduction of the New Testament economy'—'the case of the Ethiopean Eunuch'—'the history of Saul of Tarsus'—'the case of Cornelius'—'the history of the reference from Antioch, and of the proceedings thereon by the synod of Jerusalem.'

The second class of facts, leads him into a wider range of inquiry, in which he expatiates with a perfect knowledge of his subject. In this section the writer pursues his discussion under three heads, and inquires, '1. In what the primitive church viewed her Unity as consisting. 2. By what it was liable to be broken, and 3. How it was to be maintained.' Her Unity he represents as consisting in her common faith—her common institutions—and brotherly love. There is great energy in his language in reference to the latter principle.

'With all her imperfections,' he remarks, 'on this point; with all the wranglings and schisms which sprung up in her bosom, the primitive church, *as a whole*, presented a family picture which should make us blush; and *would* make us blush, if we had not, by inveterate habits of collision, and by the artifice of bestowig hallowed names upon unhallowed things, rid ourselves, in a great degree, of christian shame. That which was the *exception* among the 'elders,' seems to be the *rule* among the moderns. Their concord was the rule, their disagreements the exception; our concord is the exception, our disagreements the rule. We should feel it to be a cruel satire, were any one to say of us, as the Pagans did of the early believers, "Behold how these christians love one another?"'

The second point of inquiry—'By what the primitive church considered her unity as liable to be broken,—the Dr. considers first, 'after the good old way, negatively,' and then, positively. It was not liable to violation, 'by a difference in '*rites and customs in worship*, nor by *imperfections in moral discipline*,—nor by diversities in the *form of government*—nor by dissonant views on *subordindte points of doctrine*.'

We could willingly extract the glowing and eloquent description of the different conduct of St. Paul when mere customs or when substantial principles were subjects of inquiry, but we find ourselves necessitated to pass on to an admirable passage on the 'moral description of the church.'

'Christ has himself informed us that the complete prevention or cure of abuses and scandals, is beyond their (the governors of the church's) reach—that tares will be so mingled with the wheat as to render their separation, by human hands, impracticable without the hazard of rooting up the wheat also—and that while in the *wise* performance of their duty, they are to do the best which their circumstances permit, they must wait for the entire purgation of the church till the second coming of the SON of MAN, who shall then send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them who do iniquity. Nevertheless, there have not been wanting in the church of God, attempts to effect what his word pronounces to be impossible. Zeal without knowledge—the generous but untrained ardour of juvenile reformers, who can be taught by experience alone that "old Adam is too hard for young Melancthon,"—the well meant but visionary projects of recluse devotion estranged from real life, and from the world, even the christian world, as it actually exists—and, not unfrequently, that pragmatical officiousness which proclaims with JEHU, "Come and see my zeal for the Lord!" and offers piles of incense on the altar of its own vanity, for every shred which it strews on the altar of God—all these things have set men at work to find or to erect an immaculate church. The success of the experiment has been worthy of its wit. But though it always has failed, and will for ever fail, of accomplishing its professed aim; it never has failed, and never will fail, of producing one deplorable consequence. It engenders and nourishes a morbid humour, an unhappy fastidiousness, which makes the religious temperament extremely irritable; fill the mind with disgust and the mouth with complaint; and finally break up, or forbid, christian fellowship under the pretence of superior purity; but in very deed, for faults, if not trivial in themselves, yet too often trivial in comparison with the faults of the complainers.'

It is not, however, to be inferred from this reproof of the sourness and affectation which have been the injurious peculiarities of so many sectarians, and especially of many among those whom we imagine Dr. Mason to have here more closely in view, the conscientious but stern and rigorous separatists from the Scottish kirk, that he is in any degree an advocate for relaxation of discipline or depravation of moral sentiment. His language upon these points, is uniformly that of the moral teacher, and the firm maintainer of ecclesiastical order.

Under his third negation, Dr. M. for a moment quits his defensive position and attacks Episcopalianism. On this subject he is admirable and unanswerable, and we regret exceedingly our inability to give free scope to his arguments and references. Having ascertained 'what the primitive church did not view as inconsistent with her visible unity,' he goes on to examine the opposite and affirmative side, and to show that her unity was only violated 'by *schisms* within her bosom—by the renunciation of *fundamental* truth—and by *withdrawing from her communion.*'

In his third inquiry into the means by which the unity of the church was 'preserved and proclaimed,' he concludes that it was thus maintained:

'1. By an inflexible adherence to the great truths of the Gospel as summed up in her creed.'—2. 'By her members' conformity to the customs

and usages of any particular church which they might happen to visit.'—3. 'By respecting and supporting *discipline* wheresoever and by whomsoever, within her pale, inflicted.'—4. 'By holding ministerial, and christian communion with all true churches, as opportunity offered.'

Under this head, the Dr. brings forth a quotation from the 'Constitutions' commonly called 'Apostolic,' which we think makes rather against him. In the event of a stranger making application to any church for admission to a participation in its privileges, the deacon is directed to ascertain not only that he is 'sound in the faith,' but also that he is one '*of accord with the church in the things of the Lord.*' It would seem very clear that this last phrase must mean something more than being 'sound in the faith;' and many will be apt to suspect that it may bear the very meaning against which Dr. Mason is contending. It is rather strange that it should have escaped his quick and penetrating mind, that this passage may be fairly understood to imply a more perfect and minute agreement than one which should include merely the few and simple fundamentals of the christian faith. This portion of the volume closes with the following expressive language.

'Here then we take leave of the *primitive* church. Even in the fourth century many grievous abuses had sprung up, grown rank, and brought forth their poisonous fruit, especially in her worship and government. The policy of CONSTANTINE which secularized her form; his profusion, which corrupted her virtue; and the meretricious attire which banished her modesty, prepared her for rapid infidelities to her LORD, and for her final prostitution to the MAN OF SIN. From the fifth century may be dated that career of shame which, particularly in the Western empire, she ran, with wild incontinence, through the night of the "dark ages," until she was branded from above as the "MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATION OF THE EARTH."

We cannot follow Dr. Mason through his Third Class of facts, which are too interesting, as well as too voluminous for abridgment. He refers to the confessions of the various reformed churches, in proof of his positions, and mingles with this dry detail, many shrewd reasonings and eloquent appeals. He terms Knox, the Scottish Elijah, and Calvin

'the PAUL of the reformation. Had any thing been wanting in his own writings, in the opinion of his contemporaries, in his influence with the political and ecclesiastical cabinets of protestant Europe, and in the dread and terror of the papists, to evince the greatness of this extraordinary man, it would have been supplied by the rancorous malignity which assailed him during his life; and which has been hardly, if at all, abated by his death. His very name seems at this day to blister the tribes of error in all it gradations, and to form a solitary exception to the reverence which the world entertains for departed genius. More than two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since he went to join the Apostle whom he so much resembled, in the kingdom of God; and there is hardly an enemy to the truth, of whatever size, who does not think it incumbent on him to derive importance from "a gird" at the memory of Calvin.'

A most interesting narrative is given of the proceedings connected with the Polish *Consensus*, and of the persevering efforts of the French Protestant Churches, to effect a general harmony of Christians upon such broad grounds, as to include even Arminians; at least the project expressly reckons among the 'points to be omitted,' the 'subtle opinions broached by VAN ARMIN about free will, the saints' perseverance and predestination.' And our excellent bishop Hall, in the very synod of Dort, exclaimed—'What have we to do with the disgraceful titles of Remonstrants, Contra-remonstrants, Calvinists, Arminians? We are Christians, let us also be of one soul.' In a note upon this passage, Dr. M. very justly remarks, that these epithets then bore a very different sense from their present acceptation; they were then used as terms of rancour and rejection; they have now become technical terms, and 'convey very complex ideas with more brevity and precision than could easily be done by a periphrasis.' The history of the renunciation of the great Protestant principle of communion by the Established Churches of England and Scotland, and of its maintenance by the Westminster Assembly, is written with a masterly hand. Referring to the first of these, Dr. Mason gives way to the indignant feeling occasioned by the remembrance of her oppressions.

'To those who are acquainted with the history of this disasterous period, it would be superfluous to detail the mercies of *Laud*, and the mysteries of the *Star-Chamber*. Suffice to observe, that the contests in the church of England between the high-handed conformists and their demurring brethren, furnished proof, and not refutation, of the doctrine here advanced in favour of Catholic communion. No whim, nor abuse, nor corruption, which they were not required to *approve*, severed the Puritans from the Established Church. They grieved, they mourned, they expostulated, about things which afflicted their consciences, but they thought not of separation. Had they been allowed to exonerate themselves from the charge of countenancing what, in all sincerity, they disallowed; or had they not been commanded to belie their conviction by an explicit approbation of what they abhorred, the name of dissenters from the Church of England had never been known. Un-episcopal in their judgment they certainly were, as were all the continental Protestants, and all the fathers of the British Reformation. They disliked, they loathed, certain exterior observances; but still, had they been permitted to dislike and to loathe without exhibiting public disturbance—had they not been required to deny what they believed to be truth, and to profess what they believed to be falsehood—had not the price of their peace in the Establishment been rated so high as the perjury of their souls before God, they had never been separated from the Church of England. As it was, they did not *retire*, they were *driven* from her bosom; and they have thus left upon record their testimony of martyrdom to the sacredness of that communion which belongs to the church of God, and to the criminality of dividing it upon slight pretences.'

Into the dispute respecting the meaning of the phrase 'Communion of saints,' it would be impossible for us to enter, without

mutilating the clear and distinct, yet brief and weighty statements of Dr. M. This we feel no disposition to do; and shall therefore satisfy ourselves with remarking, that here at least we generally agree with him, and that he has successfully opposed hard arguments to *Aquinatic* distinctions. We subjoin the doctor's own summary of this important section.

'The preceding pages are believed to have shown, that the communion for which they plead is enjoined in the word of God—was understood to be so enjoined by the Apostolic and primitive church—was acted upon under that persuasion—was contended for in opposition to every sort of sectaries—was asserted, and the doctrine of it inserted, in the briefest summary of faith ever current in the churches, the apostles' creed—was maintained at the revival of the cause of God and truth at the Reformation —was practised to the greatest extent in the best of churches in the best of times—was cordially received by that venerable representation of evangelical interests, the assembly of divines at Westminster—is in perfect unison with the known convictions and conduct of the most glorious champions of the cross whom England ever saw—was not only received, but is formally, explicitly, and fully maintained in their profession of faith—has been re-asserted and vindicated by the church of *Scotland* thirty years before the *Secession*—and stands, at this hour, a conspicuous part of the solemn, public profession of churches, which, on both sides of the Atlantic, have originated from her.'

Part the Third—'A review of objections'—does not fall short of the ability displayed in the former sections of the work; it is, however, even less susceptible of compression, and we must here content ourselves, with a simple reference to the original, the republication of which we have been given to understand, since we began this article, may be shortly expected.

Part the Fourth—'The *consequences* of sectarian, as opposed to catholic communion'—is the concluding chapter. Dr. Mason points out these consequences, 'in relation to ourselves—to the church of God at large—and to the surrounding world.' Whatever may be thought of his arguments, the force of eloquence with which he urges them will be denied by none. There is a powerful energy, an overwhelming vehemence in his reproofs and expostulations, that seem to bear down his antagonist. It might be easy, perhaps, to detect minor faults in the style and manner of this able work, but we have no disposition to apply this inferior sort of criticism to powers of such richness and magnitude. Dr. Mason's mind is of a bold, determined, and elevated cast; he possesses the eloquence both of words and argument, though not in equal perfection, yet in powerful combination; and with these rare excellences it is perhaps a natural defect that his strength is sometimes injurious to just refinement, and that his language is sometimes forced.' We shall conclude this article with the peroration of his work.

'In very deed, sectarians are christians in disguise. Sectarian distinctions are masks; sectarian champions, ecclesiastical knights covered with their armour, themselves unseen. The masks are of all hues and all features. They must be removed before you can perceive that the combatants are of one species. Sectarianism stripped off, you see the christians. You discover the indentity of race—the family features—those beautiful features in which they resemble their Father who is in heaven, and are "conformed to the image of the first-born among many brethren."

'Blessed likeness! enchanting loveliness! Are the painted earth-made vizors which conceal the "human face divine," and substitute in its room their own deformed and forbidding visiges, worth the price they cost us? worth the conflicts which have all the pains of military warfare without its recompense, and all the hardihood of chivilry without its generosity? worth the broken unity, the blighted peace, the tarnished beauty, the prostrate energy, the humbled honour, of the church of God? Ah no! Our hearts *feel* that they are not. What then remains but to lay aside our petty contests? to strike our hands in a covenant of love—a 'holy league,' offensive and defensive, for the common christianity—to present our consolidated front to the legions of error and death, and march on, under the command and conduct of the captain of our salvation, till the nations mingle their shouts in that thundering *Allelulia*—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

We now take our leave of this able and impressive writer. Whatever may be thought of his general arguments, there can be no question concerning the skill with which he has conducted it; and whatever may be the fate of his main positions, all sincere christians will join with him in deprecating that mutual jealousy and alienation of spirit, which have so long subsisted among men formed to admire and love one another. 'Sectarian fires,' says Dr. Mason, 'put out christian light:' it is however some consolation, that the day will come when christian light shall for ever extinguish sectarian fires.

Ecclectic Review.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY.

BY PROFESSOR COOPER.

By the politeness of our able and indefatigable friend, we are enabled to present another Lecture on chemistry to the readers of the Port Folio. This science mingles itself so closely with the sources of all our pleasures, our comforts and our wants, that every opportunity should be embraced which promises to extend its usefulness. Mr. Cooper's acquisitions are so various and profound, that he seems to be peculiarly fitted for the undertaking in which he is now engaged—a task in which the aridity of science must often be relieved by the felicity of description or the sallies of wit.

To the citizens of Philadelphia, it is suggested, by one who feels not only a personal regard for the individual, but an interest in the welfare of the community, that his claims are not to be slighted who combines amusement with instruction, and teaches us how to please and how to live.

If the lectures of sir Humphrey Davy can attract not only the science, but the fashion and the beauty of London to the Royal Institution, may we not hope that the wonted good sense of our city will display itself by securing among us the residence of so valuable an addition to our society!

The course of Chemistry to which this lecture is introductory, will be different, in some degree, from those I have already given. As it will be offered to a miscellaneous audience of both sexes, it will be incumbent upon me to show what inducements of amusement or instruction such a course of Chemistry can present to those who are invited to attend: in what way it can interest those who are disposed to acquire knowledge, and why it ought to enter into the studies of the present day. If in forming a reply to these inquiries, I should run into a panegyric on the science I profess to teach, it will not be surprising. Those who contemplate most nearly a subject that interests them, will naturally be apt to dwell on its importance; and to see, or to fancy, beauties in the pursuit of it, that escape the eyes of common observers. Of this tendency to panegyric in the Lecturer, the good sense of his audience will be sufficiently aware: still, he feels persuaded that after all the deductions which may be made from this consideration, sufficient motives will remain to recommend these studies.

Chemistry is the art of investigating and ascertaining the peculiar properties of the individual substances which nature presents to our observation—those properties that each possesses in exclusion of every other substance—those properties by which each substance is characterised.—It is the art of taking to pieces, of decomposing substances, into their constituent and elementary parts—of recomposing them—of ascertaining their various modes of acting upon each other—of discovering to what useful purpose each of them may be applied, by thus tracing the properties that each possesses.

This is the *art* of Chemistry. As a *science*, it teaches the general laws to which the properties of substances may be referred, and which serves to guide the processes of the chemist in his investigations. From these investigations, no substance in nature within our reach, is excluded.

If this be, as those who are competent to judge, well know it is, a fair account of the objects and pretensions of chemical science, is it any wonder that it lays strong claims to public attention, or that I should

offer a course of lectures on a branch of knowledge thus extensive, as an object on which a few leisure hours may be usefully employed?

More than half the scientific men in Europe, are engaged in chemical pursuits. Hardly a book is published, that does not contain, in some part or other, allusions to this branch of knowledge: not one among the numerous periodical publications of the old world, the reviews, the magazines, the selections, but dedicates a part of its contents to intelligence from the chemical world. All who hear me must have observed, that of late it has forced its way into the similar publications of our own country. Every newspaper is anxious to give us an account of the discoveries and improvements daily making in chemical science. Even our imported novels, and repositories of female dress and fasions, allude, without fear of being reproached with pedantry, to chemical information which they presuppose their readers to possess. I may venture therefore to take it for granted, that the well educated among us, will consider a branch of knowledge so much cultivated in European society, as forming a very useful, if not a necessary part of good education here.

It is so seldom that utility gives the tone to fashion, that we cannot err in assuming the usefulness of chemistry, as a fact established in the public mind; since it has contributed so largely to force this science upon the notice of the fashionable world, and imperiously commanded the attention of the gay and the wealthy as well as of the wise.

It is not always, however, that what is most useful is most interesting, nor is it this quality alone, that has filled the lecture rooms of Europe, or enabled the attractions of the Royal Institute to vie with those of the opera, and to divide the attentions, even of the votaries of fashion. Chemistry is interesting from the brilliancy of many of its processes; from the unexpected and surprising changes that take place in experiments; from the novelty of the effects produced; from the sudden changes of all the properties of a substance in colour, taste, and smell; from the apparent transmutation of one substance into another; of solids, into fluids, of fluids into solids, and of both into gases; from the detection of substances that escape all common observation; and generally from the new world which it displays to the observation of the beholder. These striking circumstances that attend chemical investigation, give force and effect to its doctrines; expectation is kept alive, till real knowledge is acquired, and curiosity willingly performs her usual office and serves as the handmaid of utility.

In thus stating the usefulness of chemical knowledge, and the propriety of introducing it among the elementary branches of instruction, I do not mean to contend that it is exclusively necessary: but it has been so

long neglected among us, that it is high time to insist on its reasonable pretensions, and to show that it is not an obscure study, confined to the closet and the laboratory, and unconnected with the pursuits of common life, but that it is worthy of being introduced into the best society.

The usual course of education has been bent towards the classics and mathematics, as the most important method of exercising and improving the intellect between youth and manhood. We peruse the classic writers of antiquity for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the theory of grammar, and acquiring a taste for the beauties of composition, in the works of those writers who led the way to elegance in composition and justness in conception: the praise of having done this, cannot be denied to the poets and historians of antiquity.

By perusing these authors, by studying their beauties and observing their defects, we gradually acquire a taste as it is called—a tact or feeling of what is beautiful or deformed in modern composition. They lead us moreover into the history of the rise and progress of art and science and of every branch of human improvement and civilization. They furnish also numerous instances of defect in judgment, in knowledge, in composition, which their own beauties furnish also the means of detecting; and they enable us at this day, to compare and decide in their original language, on those ideas and combinations of thought that have given the earliest impulse to human intellect and propelled it in its subsequent progress. Still we gain from these works little or no information of the natural objects that surround us, of their properties or their uses.

The science of numbers, is of such perpetual and daily use, that the common transactions of life cannot proceed without it: nor without the application of mathematical knowledge, can machines be constructed for the use, or edifices erected for the habitation of civilized man: nor can rivers be passed, or seas navigated, or masses of matter by means of the laws of motion, be subjected to human effort, or made subservient to human convenience. To the well doing of all this, mathematics are greatly conducive, if not absolutely necessary. But it has at length been found that there are other laws than those of mechanical philosophy, and other motions that take place in bodies, by which homogenity is destroyed, and the mass of matter transmuted into another: laws, upon which almost all the arts and trades of civilized life because all the most important properties of matter depend. The laws of motion relating to homogeneous bodies, will explain how alkali and sand form glass, alkali and oil form soap, alkali and acid a powerful medicine. It has been found therefore, that chemistry, which teaches the laws of composition and decomposition, by which the homogenity of bodies is changed, is necessary to the

true understanding of the present state, and future improvement of every art and trade by which the comforts of civilized life are created and promoted: that we can hardly turn our eyes around us in a modern mansion or a modern city, or look out at the windows, which admit the light and exclude the storm, without feeling the want of explanations, which the science of numbers and mathematical philosophy are unable to furnish.

Let us dwell for a moment on the peculiar features of that knowledge which is comprehended under chemistry; the knowledge of individual substances founded on the separate investigation of their characteristic properties.

Knowledge of every kind seems to follow the same general laws; equally applicable to the exact sciences, and the belles lettres—to chemistry, to painting, and to poetry. The more we study objects, in detail—the less we deal in general propositions—the more useful and effective our knowledge is likely to become. In instances innumerable, substances acquire a value by means of properties that elude general observation, that require accurate and distinguishing observation, and that escape the philosophical classification of classes, orders, genera, and species. These properties, are discovered only by trial and experiment. For instance: among loams, the kind of loam that will best answer for certain plants to the gardener, the kind of loam, that will best answer for castings, the kind of loam which is proper for the welding of iron, and the kind of loam which answers best as a cement to the fire bricks of a furnace, can be known only by means of experiments made for the specific purpose. Useful knowledge no longer deals in abstract propositions, or the dextrous application of learned terms. The days of metaphysical philosophy, when the learned argued from generals to particulars—when they laid down hypotheses a priori and forced, or fabricated facts to fit them, are gone by. It is thus with poetry and with painting: general description, and allegorical representation, however laboured, or however skilfully designed, affect us but little: they come not home to the feelings: it is the faithful picture of individual circumstance which all know and all can feel, that produces the desired effect, that strikes upon the heart, and sets in motion the best of our associations. We read of ten thousand slain in battle, without emotion, as an article of news; but the picture of individual distress in a simple narrative, or the scenery of a well written tragedy seldom fails to affect us; they exite our sympathy for the misfortunes of others, by calling up associations distinct and intelligible, that harmonize with the picture presented by the poet to the mind's eye.

In like manner, all knowledge really useful, and practically applicable, is the knowledge of individual beings. The general laws of attraction and repulsion, of extension, elasticity, ductility, &c. may be learned by rote, with little opportunity of practical application, but the knowledge of peculiar properties that characterise objects of hourly intercourse, the food on our tables, the wine we drink, the clothes we wear, the furniture we purchase, or the ornaments in which we indulge—this kind of knowledge enters into our every day comforts and conveniences: and such is chemistry: a science whose object is, to investigate the peculiar properties of each individual substance, and thus to discover the useful purposes to which it can be applied. Hence it forms the indispensible foundation of every art, trade, and manufacture whether of use or ornament, that does not consist in the mere use of tools and machinery, or mechanical labour: hence it is by chemistry alone, that processes can be well understood, difficulties obviated, and improvements suggested. It is moreover, a science whereon, not only our comforts but our health depends, because it furnishes the most important among the medicines which a physician employs. For instance, all the metallic remedies, all the alkaline, all the acid, all the neutral salts, all the tinctures, extracts, confections, conserves, electuaries, elixirs, waters, &c. are the creatures of chemistry. It is hardly in our power to point out a single substance exhibited as a medicine in its natural state, unaltered by chemical art.

But to come nearer home, though at the expense of a little repetition.

Is there an article of dress, to which in some way or other chemistry has not contributed? Every colour on cotton, linen, silk, or woolen, from the purest white, through every shade and variety of hue, to the deepest black, is the produce of chemical skill.

Is there a room in our dwellings which chemistry has not furnished? Are not our apartments lighted by the chemist, by means of gas, with oil, or with wax. Is there an ornament for our persons for which we are not indebted to this science?

Our table equipage, our tea service, our plate, our china, our glass, our carpets, our curtains, do we not owe to the chemist? Is there an utensil in our kitchens which chemistry has not supplied?

Is there an article of food which it cannot ameliorate, a beverage which we do not owe to it, from the wines of Madeira to the water of our hydrants? The rivers indeed contain the water, but the chemist brings it to our own dwellings; it is the steam engine that distributes it. It is worth remarking also, that chemistry is little indebted to other branches of science; while every other is indebted to the chemist.

Mathematics are useful, but useful only to the calculator: mechanics are useful to the engineer: astronomy is useful to the navigator: medicine is useful to the physician: jurisprudence to the lawyer: technical theology to the divine: politics and political economy to the statesman; and so of other departments of science; they form the knowledge of particular classes in society: knowledge wherein the generality of persons, who do not belong to the classes in question, are little interested: they form the lines of distinction between professions, and the intercourse between them is but remote. When is it that the physician and the astronomer require the aid of each other? The mathematician and the lawyer—the politician and the engineer? They may need each other in their individual and personal capacities, but they do not approximate in their technical characters, they require no mutual assistance for professional improvement. But independent of each other, they are all dependent on the chemist, who has taught us the manufacture of ink and of paper, and of philosophical instruments, who furnishes the metallic part of all machinery, and the preparation and conservation of all medicine. Chemistry is not thus confined: it is not a science constituting a calling or profession, in which those who do not follow it are not interested. It enters every workshop—it intermingles in all our domestic concerns,—it enables us to judge and decide with accuracy on innumerable objects, and substances of common life, with which all of us have something to do.

I have already observed that our dress, and decorations, our fuel, our furniture, our food—all and every article around us, we owe either in its substance or in its improvement, in its use or in its ornament, to chemical science. The more we know of this, the more skilful judges of articles of utility, and the more accurate connoisseurs in articles of taste, we are likely to become. It is not overstrained panegyric therefore to say that chemistry is the only domestic science, that which approximates nearest to universal application.

If therefore it has not hitherto formed a regular branch of instruction, among the institutions of our country appointed for the education of youth, the reason has been, that its recent and rapid improvement, has not been sufficiently known among us. Time is required to enable science to travel from the east to the west; and when it has arrived here, it is long before it locates itself. Indeed it is only of late years that chemistry has been *generally* introduced in Europe; but it is now considered on the continent of that portion of the world, as an indispensable part of knowledge among those who aspire to superior education. In England it is carried farther; and as the manufacturers of that country are incomparably more wealthy than those of any other part of Europe, and commence with what is

there deemed a humble and moderate establishment very often with capitals that exceed the fortunes of nobility elsewere, their education is proportionably more attended to; and some of the best chemists of Europe are to be sought among the manufacturers of Great Britain. This circumstance, however, which has not yet rendered chemistry unfashionable in that, will seem to be a substantial recommendation of it in this country of industry and good sense; where sooner or later, whatever is useful, is sure of being fashionable.

It is for this reason I venture to presume, that what ought to have formed an advantageous part of our youthful education, will not be neglected now, because it was pretermitted then; and that a branch of knowledge of such very general application, will meet with that attention and encouragement which its importance so fairly claims. Indispensable as it is, to so many situations, and applicable as it is, to so many objects without doors and within, it must gradually force its way to general interest and public approbation.

If this be a fair statement of the claims of chemical knowledge, is it any wonder that well educated females should be desirous of knowing something of those pursuits which are so attractive to men of sense and information? Is it strange that the novelty, the brilliancy, the utility of chemical investigations, should induce beauty and fashion to make this science an object of attention, and to bestow on it some of their leisure hours? Indeed, in the present improved state of female education in civilized countries, where woman is regarded not merely as the mistress of the servants of the family, but the equal and companion of the master, much more is expected than in the days of the Spectator, when it was an accomplishment by no means universal among young ladies to pen a billet doux without frequent and puzzling mistakes of orthography. That was a time, when to work a fire screen or a chair cover, and to bear an active part in pickling, preserving and pudding making, ranked among the first accomplishments of female education; when the mind of the mother and the limbs of the infant were alike swathed and pinioned by the absurd prejudices of the day.

But in polished society, females are invited to join in the conversation of men of sense, and of science, and expected to have knowledge sufficient to render such conversation neither unpolite nor obtrusive. It is a change in the habits of society greatly to the advantage of both sexes; we may rest assured, that the better the education of females the more fashionable will solid attainment become among the men; and a greater portion of mutual respect will fall to the share of each sex.

It is for these reasons I have ventured to propose a course of chemistry which ladies may attend.

Not that the mistress of a family should be daily engaged in chemical experiments—that her tables should be blackened by alcalies, or her carpets burnt by acids, or her skin discoloured and deformed by the stains of chemical solutions—this is not necessary; it is not seemly. A professor would be ignorant of good society who should recommend such devotion even to his favourite pursuit. But a lady may see experiments performed by others and comprehend them: she may observe enough to enable her to read with profit the written description of processes which she need not repeat—to understand their bearings upon chemical doctrine, and to peruse with pleasure and instruction the most useful books on chemical subjects.

In fact, however, experiments strongly partaking of a chemical character, and those of a very complicated description too, form a great part of the business which a mistress of a family among us, must occasionally superintend. All the processes of marinating, and salting and pickling—the making of jellies, of jams, of marmalades, of ices—all the preparations employed to give flavour, whether to animal food, or patisserie—the inspissated juices of anchovies, of mushrooms, of walnuts, of tomatoes—the vinous infusions of spices for pastry—the rose water, the orange flower water, the orgeat, are all strictly chemical preparations and processes, which will be better understood and performed or directed by those who are acquainted with chemical principles than by those who are not.

But it will perhaps be deemed by many, a sufficient recommendation that in Europe, where good society has such a commanding influence over the modes of fashionable acquirement, Chemistry is a fashionable study among females of superior education. In the modern novels of the day, it is absolutely necessary that the prominent points and features of what is called good company should be faithfully delineated: the vulgar honesty of Parson Adams, the brocaded manners of sir Charles Grandison, and the simpering simplicity of Pamela, will serve to amuse no longer. If the fashionable world would be delineated, there must be some likeness in the picture, or the painter will fail in his design; we may therefore take the descriptions and allusions of modern novels of tolerable repute, as some evidence of customs and manners in what is usually called good society. Thus, in a novel re-published here last winter called Rhoda, (v. 1. p. 191.) lord William describing the young lady observes "Rhoda is all intelligence, but it is genuine unsophisticated intelligence; we trace not the governess, nor the professor, the Royal Institution, nor the reader of lectures. Thank heaven she knows nothing of any stars but those which lighten from her eyes, she has no measure for time, but the pleasure which she gives and receives." This is the silly rant of a man who is afraid lest his mistress should be wiser than himself, and in panegyrising her want of edu-

cation, he indirectly excuses his own. The passage however shows that the chemical lectures of the Royal Institution, and some knowledge of the elements of astronomy, enter as parts of modern female education. So in another publication that came out here last winter—a satire against the outre morals and manners of the heroines of romance, Cherubina is introduced to lady Gwynn, a person of fashion, whom she finds occupied in arranging and classifying her cabinet of minerals. Look into a very beautiful and expensive publication, Ackermann's repository of Literature and Fashion, intended exclusively for the ladies, and you will find a portion of it exclusively dedicated to chemical receipts and processes applicable to the Arts. Chemistry then, and its dependent branches, is cultivated by the female part of what is usually considered as good society, in England at least.

Nor is it of difficult attainment: for the most easy, the best written, and most useful elementary work on the subject—the Conversations on Chemistry,—is the production of a lady, Mrs. Bryan.

But I do not put the propriety of female attention to chemical knowledge on its being useful, or its being fashionable. It is certainly some recommendation that sir Humphrey Davy's lectures have been crowded by beauty and fashion; and that science has entered among the brilliant amusements of polished society of both sexes. It is well for science, and well for such votaries, that each is benefitted and embellished by the other. Chemistry however has higher claims.

It is a common place remark, but it is true also, that the condition of women in society, is a sure test of the grade of civilization. Among savage nations, women are laborious slaves: even in the second or third stage of society, they are kept in degrading subjection however exemplary their conduct. Penelope, one of the favourite characters of antiquity, is ordered up stairs by her son Telemachus and required to superintend the business of the looms, and to take care that the servants so employed do not waste their time. Among the half civilized nations of the east, they are regarded merely as objects of gross indulgence, and qualified only to amuse their purchaser and master. They have no rights and few privileges. The system which rejects them as companions, and reserves them as playthings, will of course lead to that kind of education which will best promote their end and purpose in such society. Kept solely for amusement, they are instructed in those accomplishments which tend only to amuse—they are taught to sing, to play, to dance, to allure. They are taught to address the passions only, and to consider them, as the sole avenues to the heart. Too much of this system still remains, even in the most polished nations of Europe; and the ornamental part of female education, occupies far too much of that leisure which might be more pro-

fitably employed, for their good and for ours. The destiny of every woman is, or ought to be, that of a wife and a mother: when those duties are to be fulfilled, the merely ornamental and showy parts of education lose their value, and are for the most part laid aside. Then comes the time, when woman longs for those attainments that will make her not merely the mother of her husband's children, and the manager of his household, but the respected companion also of him and of his friends, able to enjoy, qualified to participate in, and willing to improve by the society of his table. All pleasureable society, all friendly intercourse, whether between persons of the same or of different sexes, is universally founded on similarity of taste and of pursuit: the more interest a woman is qualified to take in the pursuits of a man of sense, the more solid will be the foundation of mutual attachment and permanent esteem. Whatever study or pursuit therefore is fashionable among the best company, always meaning by that term, persons of good education, good sense, and easy circumstances, ought to be an object of acquirement to those who are desirous of ranking themselves in that class of society. Chemistry is rapidly gaining ground as an object of attention in Europe, and is daily becoming so here. It is therefore highly desirable, that a well educated female on this side, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic, should be qualified to understand *this*, among other subjects of allusion and discussion current with those, who ultimately, in every part of the world, give the tone to society in its best acceptation. Nor does knowledge necessarily lead to pedantry; a female may show that she can enjoy the conversation of men of sense and information, and bear a reasonable part in it, without disgusting by a needless display of acquirement, which those only are tempted to display, whose acquirement is superficial. In short, there and there only will the perfection of civilized society be found, there and there only will females enjoy their full share of consideration and respect, where they are so educated, as to be in the language of scripture, a help meet for man, that is, his friend and companion. To become so, must depend not upon the ornamental but substantial parts of education—upon acquirements that will last, when the attractions of youth are flown away, and which are calculated to command respect, when the wish to command admiration is indulged no more.

There are other motives why females should attend to such objects of science, as the improved good sense of modern times, is daily bringing into vogue. They have as much *need* of exercise, but more disinclination to it, than men have. Their habits and pursuits are more sedentary; generally too much so for their health. This being the case, the arts of ornamental needlework, of drawing, of painting, and even of music, are generally cultivated with more assiduity than they merit. Nor does it seem to me to comport with the ideas of good education, that a lady

should acquire the very last perfection in these arts. I do not think it desirable to draw with the skill of a professed artist, or to play with the execution of a public performer. It takes from the accomplishment itself, when the skill displayed in it suggests the idea of a profession rather than of an amusement. At any rate, so much application as is usually bestowed on these branches of education, is objectionable from its encroachment on the hours of exercise, so necessary to the full enjoyment of all our faculties. Fine drawing and fine music, are good; fine health is better. No accomplishments can compensate for that which is so essentially necessary to our own comfort, to the comfort of all around us, and to the well being of our offspring. The time is gone by when the delicacy and languor of sedentary confinement, and the debility of a weak frame, were reckoned among the attractions of the sex: good sense is regaining her empire, and the folly of such sentiments is now confined to the silly rhymers of the day. Hence, those amusements and those accomplishments are desirable that can be enjoyed and attained consistently with exercise in the open air; and which most conduce to the *mens sana in corpore sano*, the healthy mind in a healthy body. Such, pre-eminently, are mineralogy and botany: the first of these being strictly a branch of chemistry. I am unacquainted with any studies so enticing, so pleasureable, so conducive to good spirits and good health, so calculated to make every journey interesting in whatever country it be taken, and to smooth every road however rugged in appearance. Nor are they of such difficult attainment as at first sight a stranger to them would be apt to imagine. A sufficient knowledge of them to excite permanent unwearied interest, may be attained, with half the application usually bestowed upon music in the present fashionable stile of teaching it; nor is it a trifling recommendation to mineralogy and botany, that they are conversant with objects pleasing to the eye. What can be more so than the flower garden? Nor would it be easy to find any ornament of a lady's toilet however expensive more beautiful than a collection of minerals, well chosen and well arranged.

If these views of the subject be correct, it is worth while for those of either sex who have leisure, to attend a course of chemical lectures. Not with a design or expectation of becoming by a few hour's application expert chemists, or qualified to apply it to the almost innumerable objects of interest with which it mingles, but to be able to comprehend allusions to the science, and conversations concerning it—to pursue with profit, because with understanding, the books that treat of it, which are almost unintelligible to those who make no experiments themselves, nor have seen

them made by others. After such a course, the time is not wholly misemployed that has been applied in attending it, even if the study should be pursued no further; and it is well employed, by every one who means to know something more of a branch of knowledge, whose importance is becoming daily more obvious, and its votaries daily more numerous. I shall commence these lectures, and continue them, in full confidence and hope, that they will excite that interest in the science, which is so well calculated to repay the attention bestowed upon it.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE NEW BLOW PIPE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your last number you gave an abridged account of the experiments of Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, with Mr. Newman's blow-pipe, which acts by means of air condensed by a forcing pump adapted to a copper box in which the air is confined. Dr. Clarke, instead of common air, pumped into the box, out of a bladder connected with the condenser, a mixture of one third oxygen with two thirds hydrogen gas, being very nearly the proportions by volume in which these two gases unite to form water; and in which they mutually saturate each other. By this means, many substances deemed heretofore infusible in England, were readily fused, and effects produced by means of this degree of heat, which the English chemists had not before experienced.

In the account of these experiments made by Dr. Clarke given in the fourth number of Mr. Brande's Journal of the Institute, it appears, that in England, it is taken for granted that all this is new; for the experiments of Mr. Robert Hare, though published in the *Port Folio* and the *American Philosophical Transactions*, Volume 6, and also in the *Annales de Chimie*, Volume 45, p. 113 are hardly noticed.

If there be any thing new in this blow-pipe of Mr. Newman and Dr. Clarke, the novelty consists in two things; 1st, the invention of exciting heat by burning the two gases abovementioned in saturating proportions instead of common fuel: and 2dly, the increase of the heat so produced by previously condensing these two gases, so as to have a greater quantity of combustible fuel in the same compass, than formerly.

Discoveries in science are sources of national honour, and the great merit of the French and English chemists is properly appreciated by the rest of the world; but in the present instance, an American may well be permitted to doubt whether Dr. Clarke and Mr. Newman have not been anticipated by the chemists of this country.

Mr. Robert Hare, of this city, was undoubtedly the first person who conceived and executed the idea of exciting intense heat by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen gasses, in such proportions as would best answer the purpose; proportions which the operator could regulate at will, by turning the stop-cocks out of which each gas issued previous to their junction at the point of illumination. With this blow-pipe, in the year 1801—though his memoir was first read in June 1803—Mr. Hare melted almost instantaneously, gold, silver, and platina, and brought these metals not merely into fusion, but made them boil. He melted also with ease for the first time, Alumine, Lime, Silex, Magnesia, and several stones hitherto deemed infusible. After his paper was read, a committee of the Chemical Society, was appointed to witness these experiments which were again performed before them. What Dr. Clarke's blow-pipe has melted, or can melt that has not been or cannot be performed by Mr. Hare's, I do not know. The books referred to already contain the accounts of these experiments, with plates and descriptions of his machine. The merit therefore of exciting violent heat by means of the combustion of oxygen gas with hydrogen gas in such proportions as the operator may chuse, belongs exclusively to Mr. Robert Hare, both in the first conception, and the complete execution. Mr Hare's experiments were also repeated by professor Silliman of New Haven. Mr. Hare's machine, however, was manifestly far too complicated and expensive for common use. Mr. Joseph Cloud of the mint of the United States, conceived the idea of simplifying this apparatus, or rather of using one similar in principle, but different in construction. Mr. Cloud's machine is very similar to a figure in the late editions of Henry's Chemistry, which if not taken from Mr. Cloud's published account, I cannot trace.

A common gas holder is divided in the middle by a partition preventing all communication between the two parts thus divided;

the partition is well and carefully soldered within-side for that purpose. A tube also divided by a partition, branches off at the bottom, and thus communicates with both sides of the gas holder. Each side is furnished also with a short tube at the bottom to receive the nose of a retort, when both sides are full of water, so that, one side may be filled with oxygen, the other with hydrogen gas. When thus filled, the gases can be forced out by pouring water into the tube by means of a funnel inserted in the top of it, and which admits the water to flow into each side of the machine. As the water flows in, the air flows out. The two gases thus forced out by the entrance of a column of water on each side, are permitted to pass through two stop-cocks to which the blow-pipe is connected. The gases intermix in a circular aperture made for the purpose before they are permitted to issue out at the common aperture of the blow-pipe. The proper proportion is ascertained with great accuracy by the intensity of the light produced, and is as easily adjusted by turning each stop-cock until the flame acquires its greatest and most vivid brilliancy; this is the affair of half a minute. Before this blow-pipe no substance can stand without almost instant fusion or decomposition. Purified platinum was melted into a globule in three seconds, the globule weighed 3 grains and was of specific gravity 23,5. It remains for examination by any one desirous of seeing the purest specimen of that metal yet known. Palladium and the other metals fused almost instantaneously; on this occasion rhodium also was fused by Mr. Cloud, perhaps for the first time. Perhaps other gentlemen, might have had the same ideas as Mr. Cloud, but he has given the only published account of this machine with a plate and description, in the second edition of the Conversations on Chemistry published by Humphreys of Philadelphia in December 1808, and I know of nobody who has contested with him the improvement in question. It has long been known and used by the chemists of this country as Cloud's blow-pipe, and I greatly doubt if any better has yet been discovered elsewhere.

Mr. Cloud's machine above described was made by Mr. Keigler, a worker in tin and copper ware of this city. Mr. Cloud, in the summer of 1808 conceived the idea of condensing these

airs, by means of pouring the water into a *lengthened tube*, instead of merely using a common sized funnel. A lengthened tube for thus condensing the gases, *immediately previous to their exit*, was made for him by Mr. Keigler, who was paid for it the 2d of September 1808. The longer the column of water in this lengthened tube the greater the condensation, which may be carried to any required extent, and Bramah's process applied to it. The power of this blow-pipe however, on its common construction, is so great, that the condensing tube has seldom been applied in practice by those who are in the habit of using these machines; simply, because it is unnecessary.

In Mr. Hare's blow-pipe the condensation was confined to the depth of water in the tube: in Mr. Cloud's it can be carried as far as any experiment can possibly require.

Here then it should seem, that the inventions of Mr. Newman and Dr. Clarke have been in use in this country and known ever since the years 1801 and 1808 as above stated: all the difference being, that in Mr. Newman's blow pipe, the condensation is effected by a condensing pump screwed on the machine, and in Mr. Cloud's by a column of water; a method at least as simple, and probably as efficacious. All this is not stated to detract from the merit of Mr. Newman and Dr. Clarke, but simply to claim for Mr. Hare and Mr. Cloud the share of merit due to them.

It seems there was much apprehension at first in using Mr. Newman's and Dr. Clarke's blow-pipe, lest the gases should explode when the condensation became diminished. To Mr. Cloud's it cannot happen, if common care be taken in making and using the machine. The water in the tube, and the stop cock are effectual securities. The mode of operation of sir H. Davy's safety lamp also, seems to be not well understood in England, but, Mr. Cloud's explanation appears to me satisfactory; as there can be no explosion in the blow-pipe while there is a current of air rushing *out*, so there can be no explosion of the air on the outside of the safety lamp, while there is a current of air rushing to the inside; a current occasioned by the rarefaction of the internal air, by means of the lamp within. All explosion and combustion must be at the place *to which* the air rushes. Should the current be reverted, the gases in a state of inflammation will pass in a reverted course also.

While I am upon these subjects, I might as well add another statement. Sir H. Davy seems to be of opinion that there is oxygen in the diamond. That oxygen is a necessary component part of charcoal, was long suspected here by Mr. O. Evans from the well known fact that charcoal once used to make steel, would not answer the same purpose, till after fresh exposure to air. Mr. Perkins also has repeatedly mentioned to me this supposition as a conclusion he has frequently drawn in his processes of decarbonating steel, and cast iron. Mr. Cloud from the same and similar facts, long ago mentioned to me that the diamond must contain oxygen because it would convert iron into steel, which deoxygenated carbon would not; but that steel was a combination, not of iron and carbon, but of iron and diamond. These are opinions only at present; we want more facts.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

T. C.

P.S. Mr. Patterson, director of the mint, has lately adopted what appears to me a much more simple modification of the process for charging the gasometer, and condensing the gases, than that described by Dr. Clarke: instead of collecting the mixed gases in a bladder, and thence transferring them into a gasometer, by means of a forcing pump, he first fills his gasometer with water, noting the contents; then throws in as much oxygen gas, immediately from the retort, when it is generated, as will displace one third part of the water; and afterwards, hydrogen gas in the same manner, till the whole of the water, above the aperture through which the gas was introduced, is displaced—and then carefully stopping up this aperture.

In order to give this mixed gas any requisite degree of condensation, he injects water, by means of a syringe or small forcing pump, with a solid piston; opening and closing the passage, alternately by means of a small brass stop cock. In the same manner, the condensation may, at any time, be renewed or increased at pleasure.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY DR. MITCHILL.

THE pieces of goods prepared by the American Tartars, and presented to Dr. Mitchill by captain Richard Whiley, late of the United States' army, are full of instruction.

They consist wholly of animal materials, and do not contain a single vegetable thread or filament. They are worked with curious art; and the ability displayed both in the design and in the execution, are admirable. They were received by that distinguished officer, while he held the military command at Michillimakinak, as an offering of friendship on the part of an aged and venerable chief from the remote regions of the Northwest, with an intimation at the time, that they were gifts of an extraordinary value.

Their Tartar origin is evinced by the fabricks themselves, and by the scenes they intend to represent.

The principal article is a tawed, or soft dressed skin, probably of the wapit deer, of about three feet square, or of an extent almost sufficient to cover a common breakfast table. The colour is a dark brown. The consistence of the leather pliable and uniform throughout.

One of its sides is embroidered with an interesting scene, wherein the hunters are exhibited as returning to the village after a successful chase. The embroidery is performed with flexible slips of porcupine quills instead of thread. The stitching is so nicely done that the skin is not punctured through in any single instance; the needle, as in skilful tayloring, only passing deep enough in the leather to secure the work. The dyes, especially the blue, yellow, and red, surpass every thing that our most able chemists and manufacturers, can extract from vegetables of the forest.

It was probably intended for a mantle or ornamental covering for the shoulders; all gentlemen, however, of a classical taste, are reminded by it, of the shield of Achilles as described by Homer.

In the middle are two quadrupeds, apparently beasts of prey. From their long tails, it may be conjectured they are conguars, and that the hunt which is celebrated, is that of the American panther.—They are encompassed by a ring, as if that circumscribed space was allotted for their deposit if dead.

At the distance of an inch and more from this circle, there is a square of ten inches on each side, denoting the common area, or space assigned for general convenience in the centre of the village.

Opposite the four sides of this square there are four circles of about four inches diameter, and opposite the four angles of the same four more, representing the habitations of the tribe, con-

structed around the central area; and, after the manner of the Tartars, the houses or wigwams are circular, and not square. Around these huts or dwellings there are figures of human beings, showing that the inhabitants were briskly stirring about. Within them are forms of flowers, birds, and various other objects; illustrating, in all probability, some matters connected with their furniture, dress and cookery.

The whole village is surrounded by a work of two feet square, securing and enclosing it completely. On the outside of it, by way of border, is represented a grand dance. On two of the sides are embroidered nine men each, making eighteen, and on the opposite two sides five men each, making ten. So that the dance is performed by twenty-eight persons, connected hand to hand, and extending round the whole contour of the margin. This expression of festivity and joy seems to occupy the part of the male inhabitants that are capable of partaking the adventures of the forest.

This is picture writing advancing towards the hieroglyphic. It marks an æra in the society of these people, and it designates with singular exactness, the progress of the mind in invention, and of the hand in dexterity.

There is nothing perhaps in the celebrated paintings of Mexico, more worthy of philosophical and historical research than this and similar fabrics of the indigines.

The Mexican paintings were executed upon cloth and were symbolical. The assiniboin embroidery is done upon leather, and is imitative. The former is derived from the Austraasions; the latter from the Hyperboreans. The more cultivated Malays who peopled the southern parts of North America, formed the famous records discovered in New Spain. The ruder Tartars who migrated to the northern regions of the same continent, are the authors of the fabrics, not less curious, but in totally a different style, from those now under consideration.

American Antiquaries have an extensive and fertile field to cultivate, and it is pleasing to find so many men of talents occupied in the productive labour.

NAPOLEON AND WIELAND.

In the autumn of 1808, some of the princes, then assembled at the congress of Erfurt, came for a few days to visit the court of Weimar, and, among them, Napoleon. He was accompanied by a troop of French players, who borrowed the theatre, and on the 6th October exhibited in it Voltaire's Death of Caesar. Wieland went to see this tragedy, in which Talma was to perform, and sat

as usual in a private side-box of the second tier, reserved for the ducal family, to which he had been attached as preceptor. Napoleon observed him there, and inquired who was the venerable old man with the black velvet *calotte:* this was the usual costume of Wieland, who, not liking to wear a wig, and being exposed by the baldness of his crown to colds of the head, had adopted a circular cap resembling that of the catholic priests. After having been informed by the prince primate that this was Wieland, Napoleon signified a wish to see him after the play; and Wieland, accordingly, was ushered to the ball-room, which was to be the next place of rendezvous. In one of Wieland's letters the following account is given of the interview.

"I had not been many minutes there before Napoleon came across the room toward us; the dutchess then presented me to him regularly, and he addressed me affably, with some words of compliment, looking me steadily in the eye. Few mortals have appeared to me so rapidly to see through a man at a glance: he instantly perceived that, notwithstanding my celebrity, I was a plain, unassuming old man; and, as he seemed desirous of making for ever a good impression upon me, he at once assumed the form best adapted to attain his end. I never saw a man in appearance calmer, plainer, milder, or more unassuming. No trace about him of the consciousness that he was a great monarch. He talked to me like an old acquaintance with his equal; and, what was very rare with him, chatted with me, exclusively, an entire hour and half, to the great surprise of all present. At length, about midnight, I began to feel inconvenience from standing so long, and took the liberty of requesting his majesty's permission to withdraw. '*Allez donc*,' said he, in a very friendly tone, '*bon soir*.'

"The more remarkable traits of our interview were these:—The previous play having drawn our conversation upon Julius Caesar, Napoleon observed, 'that he was one of the greatest characters in universal history; and indeed,' added he, 'would have been, without exception, the greatest, but for one blunder.' I was about to inquire to what anecdote he alluded, when he seemed to read the question in my eye, and continued: 'Caesar knew the men who wanted to get rid of him, and he ought to have been rid of them first.' If Napoleon could have read all that passed in my inner mind, he would have perceived me saying—Such a blunder will never be laid to your charge.

"From Caesar our conversation turned to the Romans; he praised warmly their military and their political system. The Greeks, on the contrary, seemed to stand low in his opinion. 'The eternal scuffle between their little republics was not formed (he said,) to evolve any thing great. But the Romans were always intent on grand purposes, and thus created the mighty Colossus which bestrode the world. I pleaded for the art and

literature of the Greeks; he treated both with contempt, and said, they only served to dispute about.' He preferred Ossian to Homer. In poetry, he professed to value only the sublime and energetic and pathetic writers, especially the tragic poets; but of Ariosto, he spoke in some such terms as cardinal Hippolito of Este did; not aware, however, I think, that in this he was giving me a box on the ear. For any thing humorous, he seemed to have no liking; and, notwithstanding the flattering friendliness of his apparent manner, he repeatedly struck me as if cast from bronze.

"At length, however, he had put me so much at my ease, that I asked him how it came about that the public worship, which he had reformed in France, had not been rendered more philosophic and more on par with the spirit of the times. 'My dear Wieland, (he replied,) worship is not made for philosophers; they neither believe in me nor my priesthood. As for those who do believe, you cannot give them, or leave them, wonders enow. If I had to make a religion for philosophers, it should be just the reverse.' In this tone the conversation went on for some time, and Bonaparte professed so much scepticism, as to question whether Jesus Christ had ever existed. This (adds Wieland,) is very quotidian scepticism; and in his free-thinking I saw nothing to admire, but the openness with which he exposed it."

Bonaparte sent shortly afterwards to Wieland a brevet of admission into his legion of honour.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—RURAL ECONOMY.

Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor as well as the rich may be filled; and happiness and peace, be established throughout our borders." Motto of the Ag. Soc. Phil.

"*Bennett's Machine for sowing Grass-Seed*, &c." introduced into the United States from England by Dr. Logan, is a most valuable implement of husbandry: a model of it may be seen at the Hall of the Agricultural Society of Philadlphia.

Hodgkiss's Straw Cutter," is highly recommended by several practical farmers. Chaffing hay, straw, and corn stalks, with a machine of this kind, is well worth the attention of husbandmen. The expense of such an instrument, and the extra labour of preparing with it, the food, even of large stocks, will be fully rewarded in the economy of provender, which is insured by the practice.

The habits of insects should be carefully observed—the utility of doing so is proved by the fact, that the *striped bug* so injurious to *melon and cucumber vines*, may be banished by planting an *onion* on every hill.

A decoction of *white hellebore or bear-weed*, will destroy the *tick* so prejudicial to *sheep*.

In a late work by sir John Sinclair, on the agricultural state of the Netherlands, it is said that *rust and mildew in wheat*, may be prevented by adopting the following process:

Dissolve three ounces and two drachms of sulphate of copper, (copperas or blue vitriol,) in three gallons and three quarts, wine measure, of cold water, for every three bushels of grain. Into another vessel of the capacity of sixty or eighty gallons, throw three or four bushels of wheat, into which the prepared liquid is poured until it rises five or six inches above the corn. Stir it thoroughly, and carefully remove all that swims on the surface. After it has remained half an hour, throw the wheat into a basket and drain off the water, wash it immediately in pure water, then dry it before sown.

If our farmers could be persuaded to record their observations and experience in husbandry, and occasionally communicate the result of their experiments to the *Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture*, that institution would take pleasure in rendering such information extensively useful. *One fact is worth a volume of theories.*

A Dublin medical practitioner states that he has seen the symptoms of Hydrophobia checked by the application of the tourniquet.—A girl was bitten in the foot, and this disease supervened; Dr. Stokes applied a tourniquet to her thigh and the symptoms instantly subsided.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

Mr. John Eveleth (of Georgetown) advertises himself as the patentee of an invention under the name of a *Dredging Machine*. He asserts that one now in operation in Georgetown raises 500 cubic feet a day—in water too from 15 to 18 feet deep, with only the power of four horses.—With the aid of a four horse steam-engine, he calculates it might raise 8000 feet in

twelve hours.—He describes its operations as rapid and certain in their effect, as conveniently arranged, as not liable to get out of order, and easily understood and managed by ordinary workmen.

Reaping machine.—It is somewhat extraordinary, that in the opinion of the best English agriculturalists, the most useful and expeditious machine for reaping is one which was used by the ancient Gauls. It is thus described by Palladius Omilianus.

"In that part of Gaul were there are plains, the inhabitants have a method of reaping, which greatly economizes the labour of men, and by which a single ox can get in all the harvest.—For this purpose they make use of a machine drawn upon two small wheels, the square surface of which is furnished with inclining planks outward in such a manner that they render the upper part much larger than the lower. The plank in front is not so high as the others. On this board are placed in one row, a number of teeth, the distance of which is regulated by the size of the car, and of which the upper extremities are secured.

"At the back of this car are two short pieces of wood like the poles of a litter. An ox is here harnessed with his head turned towards the car sufficiently broken in to obey the driver.

"As soon as the latter directs the carriage amongst the corn; the ears become entangled between the teeth, and are collected in the receptacle, being separated from the straw, which remains upon the field. The driver who follows the ox, regulates the degree of elevation of the machine according to the height of the wheat. In this manner, in a few hours by going and returning a few times, the harvest is soon finished."

Mr. Dow, Boston, has a machine invented and constructed by himself and Mr. Treadwell, for cutting and finishing wood screws. The only manual labour required is that of coiling the wire, from which the screws are to be made, upon a reel and applying one end to the machine. The machine, which may be driven by water, steam, or a horse power, will then continue to supply itself until the whole of the wire which may be of any indefinite length, shall be converted into complete and highly finished screws. The wire is cut and headed, the thread of the screw cut, the head grooved and polished, and the finished screw delivered

simply by the operation of the machine—ten of these screws are thus made in a minute.—Many ingenious and accomplished artists and mechanics have examined it thoroughly and given ample testimony to the merits of it.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED INSTITUTIONS.

The New York Historical Society, at their meeting 11th ult. with the view of extending the utility of the New York Institution, resolved to establish lectureships on zoology and geology—botany and vegetable physiology—mineralogy—chemistry and natural philosophy, and the following gentlemen were appointed lecturers.

Samuel L. Mitchell,	M. D.	on zoology and geology.
David Hosack,	M. D.	botany and vegetable physiology.
George Gibbs,		mineralogy.
John Griscom,		chemistry and natural philosophy.

A committee was directed to make a report on the best means of promoting the study of zoology. The first object being the formation of a cabinet, they have suggested some of the leading subjects of inquiry to those who may feel disposed to promote their laudable views.

From the class of *Polypes*, inhabiting the depths of the ocean, are derived the productions called Zoophytes and Lithophytes. Every article belonging to the Gorgonias and Corals, to the Madrepores and Flustras, and to each of the kindred families, is worthy of a place in the museum.

The *Radiary* animals furnish productions no less interesting. In particular, the Asterias with its constellation of sea-stars, and the Echinus with its brood of sea urchins, will furnish many species, easy to be gathered, transmitted and preserved.

So little has hitherto been done in relation to our *insects*, that almost the whole field of ENTOMOLOGY remains to be cultivated. In an effort to form a collection of these numerous swarms, all hands may be employed. There being no particular difficulty either in procuring or preserving these creatures, it may be expected, that in a few years, all the larger animals of this class may be possessed by the society and disposed according to the most approved of the modern systems.

The *Crustaceous* class will also furnish specimens, easy to be preserved and transported. From the extensive families of Crabs, Lobsters, and their congeners, a becoming diligence will gather abundant supplies.

Molluscous animals make important and elegent contributions to naturalists. Their univalve, bivalve, and multivalve shells, commonly survive their authors. Their arrangement into genera, and species, forms

the science of CONCHOLOGY. It recommended that early and persevering pains be bestowed upon this subject, and that these beautiful productions be methodized after the most excellent of the plans that have been proposed.

Considering the facility with which *fishes* may be preserved, by drying their half skins on a board, it is desirable that at least all new species should be brought forward for examination and description. Important additions may thus be made to our ICHTHYOLOGY. To a people, who already consider their FISHERIES of the utmost importance, both to the States and to the nation, no additional recommendation is necessary, further than to ask of our fellow-citizens all manner of communications.

Among the *amphibious* orders, tortoises, frogs, serpents, and lizards, are so easily preserved, that individuals of these kinds are solicited from such persons as feel a generous ardour to favour the views of the Society.

Contributions toward the history of the *Mammalia*, may be expected, from the fur merchants, furriers, and hunters. Almost every thing, known under the titles of FURS and PELTRIES, passes through our city, or is contained within it. By application to the proper sources of intelligence, there is a confident expectation of a rich return of all the matters comprised in their respective provinces. It is not generally understood, what extensive and important knowledge, on these subjects is in store within a great city, ready to be imparted to those who seek it.

Anatomy is the basis of improved Zoology. The classification of animals is founded upon their organization. This can be ascertained only by *dissection*. The use of the knife is recommended for the purpose of acquiring an acquaintance with the structure of animals. It is proposed, that the members avail themselves of all opportunities to cultivate COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, and to communicate the result of their labours and researches to the Society. There is, perhaps, no department of the science more replete with novelty and instruction, and with the means of conferring wide and lasting reputation to those who skilfully engage in it.

To exhibit and perpetuate the researches of the gentlemen who undertake the arduous task of anatomical examination, the accomplishment of SKETCHING and DRAWING is an indispensable qualification. Beyond the representation of internal appearances, whether healthy or morbid, this art applies to all outward forms that stand in need of delineation. It is recommended to the members to procure plates and pictures of natural objects, and bring them for safe keeping and popular utility, to be placed in the port folios of the Society.

There would be an inexcusable omission in passing over unnoticed, the VETERINARY ART or PROFESSION. The diseases of domestic animals are deeply and intimately connected with the property and comfort of man. Every thing that can illustrate or cure the distempers of sheep, neat cattle, horses, swine, dogs, poultry, and of quadrupeds and birds generally, will be highly acceptable. This valuable branch of knowledge, known by the name of *Epizootic*, deserves more particular cultivation than it has hitherto received among us.

BOOKS on the various branches of Natural History, are eminently desirable. They will constitute the *Library* which the Society intends to form. There can be no doubt that many important volumes, from Aristotle up to Lamarck, might be collected from their scattered sources, if proper pains were taken. It is recommended, that every exertion be made to effectuate this object. Proprietors and authors may be frequently found, willing to be liberal, as soon as they are satisfied that a worthy occasion presents.

FOSSILS ought to be collected with particular care. The organic remains of vegetables and animals, imbedded in stone, or buried in the other strata of the earth, are frequent in our region. Some of them resemble living species; while others are not known, at present, to be inhabitants of this globe. From the Ocean to the Lakes, they present themselves to the eye of the Geologist. Let them be gathered into one body. Let the Mastodons, Crocodiles, Encrinites, Pectinites, Ammonites, Belemnites, and other reliques of the extinct races, be assembled and classed: and then let the philosopher survey the whole, and draw wise and pious conclusions. The city of New York may be considered as a centre surrounded by wonders of this sort; and the great Lakes, with their tributary streams, exhibit testimonials no less surprising and characteristic.

Zoological research is promoted in several ways by foreign commerce. Living animals are frequently imported; and these, whenever, circumstances are favourable, ought to be examined, and if necessary to be described and figured. Cargoes, and even ballast, often contain excellent specimens, both of the animal and fossil kind. Peculiar creatures are known to inhabit the outer bottoms of vessels, where they may be seen before they are disturbed for the purpose of cleaning and repairing. Sometimes too, fishes, not usually visitors of our harbour, follow the tracks of ships from the ocean, and offer themselves to the curiosity of the Naturalist. All these sources of knowledge deserve to be carefully explored.

Remarks on the more elaborate and expensive preparations of Zoology, are reserved for a future report. In the meantime, it is supposed the

matters herein suggested, will, for a season, occupy all the industry of the members and their friends.

The Committee close, with an earnest recommendation to the study of MAN. The migrations of human beings from Tartary, Scandinavia, and Polynesia, to the north-western, north-eastern, and south-western regions of America, merit extraordinary attention. There is nothing extravagant in the belief, that colonies, or bands of adventurers by way of the Aleutian Islands, the shores of Greenland, and the Pacific Ocean, penetrated our Continent at an early day; and that their descendants settled, by bloodshed and exterminating wars, their respective claims to the country situated south of the middle Lakes, four or five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus.

The Medical Society of Philadelphia desirous of promoting, by experiment, the cultivation of Medicine, offer as a premium, A GOLD MEDAL, of the value of one hundred dollars, for such a dissertation as they may approve, to any one of the questions annexed.

1st. The Nutrition of the fœtus in utero, and the mutual relations which subsist between it and the mother.

2d. On the process which nature employs in the re-union of divided parts.

3d. The influence of the Brain on the functions of respiration—the circulation and animal heat.

4th. On the best means of resuscitation in cases of suspended animation from drowning—from the irrespirable gases or from other causes.

Each dissertation shall be transmitted to the corresponding secretary of the Society, (Dr. John Barnes, No. 275 North Second street) on or before the 1st of January 1818, having on it some motto as a mark of designation, with a letter enclosed containing the name and address of the author.

All dissertations, the successful one excepted, will be returned, if desired with the accompanying letter unopened.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

On the loss of weight which takes place in the cooking of meat, both boiled and roasted.

IN whatever way the flesh of animals is cooked as an article of food, a considerable diminution takes place in its weight. It is singular, that no experiments have been made for the benefit of the public on this subject, for it is evident they would be of

use to the frugal housekeeper and the public at large. The following experiments were made in a public establishment; they were undertaken not from mere curiosity, but to serve a purpose of practical utility. They evidently show that the loss of weight is smaller in the boiling of meat, than it is in roasting it; and independent of this smaller loss of weight in boiling, it must be observed, that the animal jelly and juices of the meat are also rendered edible in the broth furnished at the same time, by the addition of a few vegetables, rice, barley, &c.: whereas in the roasting, broiling, and baking of meat, these are evaporated into the air, and consequently lost. Medical gentlemen believe, that boiled animal food is more nutritious than such as is roasted, broiled, or baked. The following are the results of experiments: — 28 pieces of beef, weighing 280*lbs.* lost in boiling 73*lbs.* 14*oz.* or 26¼ per cent.

19 Pieces of beef weighing 190*lbs.* lost in roasting 61*lbs.* 2*oz.* or 32 per cent.

9 Pieces of beef, weighing 90*lbs.* lost in baking 27*lbs.* or 30 per cent.

27 Legs of mutton, weighing 260*lbs.* lost in boiling, by having the shank bones taken away, 62*lbs.* 4*oz.* The shank bones were estimated at 4*oz.* so that the real loss by the boiling was 55*lbs.* 8*oz.* or 21¼ per cent.

19 Loins of mutton, weighing 141*lbs.* lost in roasting 49*lbs.* 14*oz.* or 35 1-2 per cent.

10 Necks of mutton, weighing 100*lbs.* lost in roasting 32*lbs.* 6*oz.* or 32 1-3 per cent.

It is therefore more economical, upon the whole, to boil than to roast meat; but in whatever way meat is prepared for the table, there is lost from 1-5 to 1-3 of its weight.

Receipt for making Gooseberry Wine.

Put to every two quarts of full ripe gooseberries, mashed, an equal quantity of milk-warm water in which has been previously dissolved 1*lb* of common loaf sugar; let the whole be well stirred together, and cover up with a blanket the tub or pan in which the mixture is put to ferment partially. When it has remained in the tub three or four days, with frequent stirring, strain the ingredients, first through a sieve, then through a coarse cloth, and afterwards put it into a cask, which should be kept full where it is suffered to ferment, from ten days to a fortnight. At the end of this period, add two or three bottles of brandy to every gallon of the wine; and before the cask is bunged up, put into it also a little isinglass (about 1*oz.* to nine gallons of the wine,) previously dissolved in water. In a fortnight, if clear at the top, it may be tasted, and

more refined sugar added, if not sweet enough. After being six months in the cask, it may be bottled; but the sooner it is bottled after being quite fine, the more it will sparkle and resemble champaign.

Currant wine may be made in a like manner. Brown sugar always gives to home-made wines a particularly treacly taste; and the practice of taking unripe gooseberries (as frequently recommended,) instead of the ripe fruit, is a bad one, the absurdity of which might easily be proved chemically. In making this remark, we do not mean to deny that excellent wine may be made from unripe gooseberries; but in that case a much larger proportion of sugar is required, than if the fruit be employed in a state of maturity.

Substitute for wheaten flour when applied for the purpose of stiffening muslins, calicoes, and other stuffs.

From some experiments made in the manufactories of linens in Prussia, and particularly at Erfurth, in Saxony, to discover a substitute for wheaten flour to stiffen muslins, &c. it has been found, that the *farina*, or flour of the Canary seed (*Phalaris Canariensis*,) is far superior to wheaten flour in the stiffening of fine cambrics or muslins; because it renders the threads extremely pliable, and imparts to them the capability of retaining a minute proportion of moisture, the absence of which renders the thread brittle; and which, in summer particularly, is a material obstacle in the business of the cambric and muslin-weaver. The warp is likewise rendered more tender, and the thread possessing greater pliability, enables the workman to make the tissue more close and uniform, and of a better quality.

The flour of the seed is obtained by simply bruising the Canary seed, and it may be used in a few days after its preparation: whereas the common wheaten flour paste requires to be fermented to a certain degree. And although the price of the Canary seed flour surpasses that of the flour of wheat, this difference is compensated by the time which the workman gains in manufacturing a certain quantity of goods in a given period, and also by the superiority of the manufactured article.

Making ink. Beat up an elevenpenny bit, and put it into a phial, with about two teaspoonsfull of aqua fortis, and one of water. Put the phial into boiling water, till the silver begins to dissolve, after which no more heat need be applied till toward the end of the operation. When the silver is dissolved (taking care that there is quite as much silver as the acid is able to dissolve) pour the solution clear off from the white sediment, and put in the size of three peppercorns of bruised gum arabic, or enough to make it glutinous, so that it will not spread from the pen.

Into a phial that will hold 4 ounces, put as much water as will nearly fill it, and to this add the size of a small nutmeg of pearl-ash. Thicken it with gum arabic moderately, about six pepper-corns: when you want to mark the linen, first moisten the part with this pearl ash solution, and dry it; then write with the solution of silver: let it dry, and then wash it and expose it to the sun.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic. The *Connecticut Asylum* the education of deaf and dumb, (vide ante.) under the direction of the Rev T. H. Gallaudet and M. Lawrent Clerc, commenced this month. The charge for boarding and tuition is $ 200. Each pupil applying for admission must not be less than nine years of age, of good natural intellect, free from any immorality of conduct and from any contagious or infectious disease.—The legislature of Pennsylvania has incorporated a company of gentlemen associated for the purpose of establishing a botanical garden in this city. In Great Britain, when a title is conferred, it is usually accompanied by something of a more substantial nature, to enable the individual to enjoy his dignity. We wish our legislators would feel this spirit. Let them look at the largesses which have been bestowed in New York, on the arts and sciences.—The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have directed that every student who shall begin to acquire a knowledge of the Greek, in the grammar school, in that institution, shall commence with the Greek grammar in the Latin language, and in no other; and that Ross's *Westminster Grammar* shall be used in such case, unless the pupil or his guardian, shall prefer some other. In such case the selection is limited to grammars in the Latin language, which shall have the same division of nouns into declensions, which exists in the Westminster grammar. Our attention has been attracted by this resolution, because it contains the decision of a question which has often been mooted. The bye road across these grounds is shut up by an authority that ought not lightly to be disputed, since it is supported by the long experience of practical men.

Mr. Caritat of New York, proposes to publish a Bibliographical account of American literature. We hope all authors and booksellers in the United States will aid him in this very use-

ful undertaking. In the specimen which he has published he has omitted the date of publication.

The map of New Hampshire, by Col. Carrigain, is beautifully finished, and contains from actual survey, more original information than can be found in any American publication of the same nature and extent.

Newspapers—There are now published in the state of New-York, ninety newspapers, including six published semi-weekly from daily offices. Of these, eight are printed daily, eight semi-weekly, and the residue once a week. This is probably a greater number than is published in the whole of Europe, if we except those published in the city of London.—Would it not be an useful matter of information to publish in every state, the number of those papers, and their names, and places of publication.

Mr. Roberts Vaux is preparing for the press, memoirs of the life of Anthony Benezet, a philanthropist, whose example deserves to be perpetuated.

James Eastburn and Co., New York, propose to publish The *U. S. Quarterly Review and Literary Journal.*—Mr. Biglow's new Journal, on the plan of Phillips' Monthly Magazine is probably now in the press.—Dr. Franklin's works are publishing in England, France and the United States.

The Publisher of the Port Folio has offered to the lovers of Botany, the prospectus of a new work, which will be splendidly executed.

FOREIGN. It appears that several journals are now published in Russia in less considerable cities than Petersburg, Moscow and Riga.—A commission from the university of Casan publish a sheet weekly, which is very well written.—At Astracan a journal, politicaland literary, in Russian and Arminian languages. Some young professors of the university of Charkew, publish a literary journal, which every month completes a quire of paper, under this title, "The Herald of Ukraine." The professor Maslowitsel publishes in the same city a journal, monthly, very satirical, entitled

"Democritus in Charkowkew"—in which some pretty verses are often found.

The celebrated traveller Richer, lately died at Smyrna, of a fever caught in examining the Ephesus. He had just returned from a long voyage from Syria and Egypt.

They announce at Goettique, that two works of the celebrated astronomer of Lilienthal, Schrœta, who died the 29th August last, have just appeared. One contains observations upon the comet of 1811; the other, the second part of his hermographique fragments.

History. Such is the abundance of the materials afforded by German authors within these few years for this part of our analysis, that a mere catalogue would fill a volume. But if we confine ourselves to those, whose works bear the stamp of learning and research, our labours will be considerably circumscribed, and the adoption of this rule must necessarily exclude a great number of useful productions, but which are destitute of that particular kind of merit, which it is the object of the present work to record. Thus, notwithstanding the philosophical spirit and fine writing, which distinguish the pages of the illustrious Prince-Primate Charles de Dalburg, in his "Character of Charlemagne," we must pass him over almost in silence. For the same reason we cannot give an ample account of "Becker's History of the World, continued by M. Woltmann," a work intended for youth; and the Histories of France and England by M. Heinrich, and the History of Ireland by M. Hegewisch of Kiel are of a similar description.

For the reason above assigned, we must also omit several biographies, which in other respects deserve the highest praise, such as the excellent accounts of the lives and writings of Hugo Grotius and sir William Temple, which have been given to the world by professor Luden of Jena. We are also under the necessity of excluding the collections of maps and historical monuments, which have been published in several provinces. These stupendous enterprises have been for the most part commenced for many years, and on that account they do not properly belong to the literary history of the present age. They are besides already well-known to the learned world. Of this description are the "Monumenta Boica," the 18th and 19th volumes of which have recently appeared at Munich. This is the proper place however to mention a great work now in preparation by Baron Aretin, the royal librarian at Munich, viz. the History of Bavaria in the most ancient times. His work was announced in a copious Prodromus printed in 1808. A Collection of Historical Monuments

is also printing at Pest in Hungary, under the superintendence of Messrs. Kovarich, Kultaar, and abbè Eder.

It is almost superfluous to add, that such books as treat of modern history, strictly so called, cannot find a place in our present report. Thus, for example, whatever may be the real merit of the Chronicle of the nineteenth century, by M. Bredow, or of the Chronological Manual of the History of the present time by M. Wedekind, these works cannot be noticed. It is but fair however to state that M. Bredow's "Universal History, political and literary" has gone through three editions in the short space of as many years. It is a most excellent elementary work, and ought to be translated into every known language. There is another estimable work of the same nature by M. Cruse of Oldenburg, accompanied by historical charts to mark the various epochs from A. D. 400. but it is painful to remark that from some unknown cause the author has not been able to continue his work beyond the eleventh century.

1. We shall have but little to notice on the subject of ancient Greece, for the "History of the Greeks," in six volumes recently published by the learned M. Eichstadt of Jena, whatever may be the improvements he has made, is merely a free translation of the English work of Mitford. But the able historian of Charlemagne and Maximilian, M. Hegewisch, to whom we are indebted for several classical inquiries into the history of the middle age, the Finances of the Romans, &c. has given us some very valuable "geographical and historical fragments on the Greek colonies, on the motives, which occasioned their establishment, on their earliest condition, and on their subsequent advancement in population and political influence." Altona, 1809.

2. The excellent book of professor Heerin of Gottingen with the title of "Ideas on the Politics, Alliances, and Commerce of the chief nations in the ancient world," 2 vols. 8vo. and which has been translated into French by M. Desaugiers, has reached a second edition, with manifest advantages from the erudition and industry of the learned Rultier. In speaking of Egypt, he has availed himself of the work of M. Denon with much success. His first volume treats of the nations of Asia, and the second of those of Africa. It is proper to mention here that M. Hecren is the author of the "Essay on the Influence of the Crusades" to which the French Institute awarded the Napoleon prize, as the best production on the subject.

3. The learned are already well acquainted with the "Lexicon Universæ Rei, Nummariæ Veterum, et præcipue Graecorum ac Romanorum cum observationibus Antiquariis, Geographicis, Chronologicis, Historicis, Criticis, et passim cum explicatione Monogrammatum," Leipsic, 6 vols. royal 8vo. This work was published towards the end of the last century by the Rev. J. C. Rasche, and the learned author has now made some valuable sup-

plements and additions to this important work. Two volumes of a new edition have recently appeared, in which the author has proceeded the length of H.

4. Professor Bredow, above mentioned, and who recently (1808) published notes on the work of Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum, published in 1806 a new edition of Eginhard's life of Charlemagne with excellent variorum notes. The last edition of Eginhard, previous to M. Bredow's, was that of Schminck, 1711. 4to. with several commentaries, and a detailed account of the historian. M. Bredow's edition, however, it is almost unnecessary to say, is far superior to any we have yet seen.

To the above notice we ought to add an account of the edition, which appeared in 1807, of another historian of the middle age—we mean Dithmar, whose chronicle is so necessary to elucidate the tenth and eleventh centuries. The following is the title "Dithmari, Episcopi Mersebargensis, Chronicon. Ad fidem codicis qui in tabulario regio Dresdae servatur, denue recensuit J. F. Wisini, J. F. A. Kinderlingii, et A. C. Wedekindi, passim et suas adjecit notas J. A. Wagner, corrector Gymnasii Mersb. Nuremberg one vol. 4to. 320pp. The new editors have been reproached with having altered in some places the text of Dithmar, as given by Leibnitz, in consequence of their predilection for their Dresden manuscript. But every person must allow that the notes are complete, and throw the fullest light on the obscure passages of the work; circumstances which prove that no later annalist of the middle age has been treated by his editors and critics with so much ability as in the present instance.

5. Within these few years, a series of solid and learned Essays on the history of the middle age have come from the pen of professor Hullmann of Franckfort on the Oder. We are particularly called upon to notice his History of the Finances of Germany during the middle age (1805) and a History of the Origin of the Droits of the Crown in Germany, which serves as an appendix. Subsequently (1808) he published a History of the Origin of the States of Germany, and latterly the same diligent writer has obtained two prizes from the Royal Society of Gottingen for the best essays "On the History of the Administration of the Domains in Germany," and "On the History of Byzantine commerce to the end of the Crusades." Both memoirs were printed in 1808, and their perusal will convince M. Hullmann's readers that his active and enterprising genius is capable of conferring still greater obligations on literature and science.

6. The History of the Crusades assumes new interest from the manner in which it is treated by Professor Wilken of Heidelberg. Deeply versed in Oriental literature, this historian has availed himself of materials which were shut up from most of his predecessors who have treated of these memorable wars. The first volume of M. Wilken's "History of the Crusades" contains an account of the first expedition, but the second is not yet publish-

ed. Another writer, M. Hacken, has also undertaken to write the History of the Holy Wars, and his first volume has appeared: his narrative is lively and animated. M. Spalding's "History of the Kingdom of Jerusalem," which was published previous to the above two works, is also full of interest.

7. "History of Maximilian I. of Bavaria," by M. Wolf, vol. 1st, Munich, 1807. The author of this valuable work having died before completing it, the continuation has been entrusted to M. Breyer, his colleague in the Royal Academy of Bavaria, who has already given many proofs of his historical powers, particularly in the great and sublime views, which he has taken of the study of natural history.

8. "NESTOR, or Russian Annals in the original Sclavonic, compared, translated, and interpreted by Augustus Louis Schlœtzer, Professor of History and Politics in the University of Gottingen, &c. &c." In announcing a work like the above, we call the attention of the learned to the labours of a long and well-spent life, dedicated entirely to the study of history and the political sciences, particularly of those nations which Providence has placed in the north and north-east quarters of the continent. Catharine II. by an imperial ukase, issued so far back as 1765, charged M. Schlœtzer, then a humble Academician of St. Petersburgh, with the task of rescuing from the chaos, in which it was involved, the ancient history of Russia. After evincing his talents for the enterprise by several minor productions on the subject since that period, M. Schlœtzer has now published his great work, and dedicated it to the grandson of the empress who first patronised him. The present portion of the annals of the great family of mankind is perhaps one of the least known in Europe. M. Schlœtzer's work elucidates not only the old chronicle of the monk Nestor (the Gregory *de Tours* of Muscovy), which discloses the origin and progress of the greatest empire now in existence, but also the history of the alliances and connexions of these Sclavonian hordes with their neighbours, with the empire of Byzantium, and with our western Europe. In the notes, commentaries, digressions, and other critical disquisitions, which accompany his translation of the Russian annalist, M. Schlœtzer, with that refinement and vigor of intellect, for which he is distinguished, has compared, corrected, and illustrated the various points of contact of the history of the ancient Muscovites, with that of other nations at the same epoch, which must render his work one of the most solid foundations for a general history of the modern nations of one division of Europe and Asia. The first volume is entirely filled with an introduction to the ancient history of Russia, in which we find the most luminous and striking views of the essentials of historical criticism in general. The second volume contains the ancient history of Russia previous to and during the reign of Rurik. The third contains the reign of Oleg; and the fourth that of Igor The work is to be completed in twelve volumes.

On the prospect of planting Arts and learning in America.
By Bishop Berkely.

Every reader of Pope will recollect that

"To Berkely every virtue under Heaven"

was ascribed by his poetical friend. Although this learned and ingenious bishop was the correspondent of the finest wits in the brightest days of Britain, it is not generally known that he was a poet himself. About the beginning of the last century, he conceived the benevolent project of civilizing the savages in America, by the establishment of a college at Bermuda. He offered to government to resign his own opulent preferment and dedicate the remainder of his life to the instruction of youth in America, on a pittance of 100*l.* per annum. While he dreamed of this noble scheme, which he was not able to realize, he composed the following verses. In the fine imagination of the Latins, the prophet and the poet, were denoted by the same word. May we indulge the hope that in these lines the characters are not divided!

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
Barren of every glorious theme;
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of Art by Nature seems undone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of Innocence,
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Why thy painful point intrude,
Or plant a moment's anguish there?
Round her form and waving tresses
Guardian spirits watchful play;
And when genial slumber presses
Chase dull care and pain away.
Then what sprite of clouded mien
Vent'ring here in luckless hour,
On ill intent, with hand unseen,
Dares to guide thy wounding pow'r?
Faries swift shall chase the gnome
O'er the realms of silvery light;
Cast him from their blissful home,
Down the steep of endless night.
There no music breathes around,
No green receives the moonlight ray:
But lost amidst the dread profound,
He'll wind his dark and pathless way.

Baltimore. A.

LOVE.

And would'st thou love?—Fair maid, beware;
(When Cupid wields his gilded dart)
That cold deceit that cannot spare,
That thorn that rankles in the heart.
Though soft as evening's dying beam,
Or bright Aurora's earliest glow,
Beware that frail and fickle dream,
That soul creative power of wo.
The silent stream, that calmly rolls
Its waveless waters to the sea,
Portrays the passage of our souls,
While gliding to eternity.
But mingling with the foaming spray,
That whitens all the billowy ocean,
Its agitated waves display,
One scene of tumult and commotion.

Thus Love, though sweet its rising morn,
  May sink to premature decay,
And leave within the heart a thorn
  That time can never pluck away.
Then let thy footsteps never roam,
  Where Pain alone may bind thy breast,
Where Constancy can find no home,
  No haven of untroubled rest.
Beware, fair maid: that awful doom,
  Thy ties of happiness may sever;
Love bears an evanescent bloom,
  But Friendship may endure for ever.
The splendour of the orb of day,
  While dazzling every wandering sight,
Is not so pure as that soft ray,
  That decks the silver Queen of night:
Thus Love may lure the startled eye,
  With brilliant beams of Fancy crown'd,
Till whirlwinds whistle through the sky,
  And clouds of darkness gather round.
But Friendship—dear and sacred name!
  Warms with a pure and steady gleam;
Nor bursts into th' unhallow'd flame,
  That mingles with the Paphian dream.

FREDERICK.

—

LUCY.

Know you the lustre which excels
  The gems Golconda's mines supply,
The beam which Sorrow's cloud dispels?
  It is the beam of Lucy's eye.
Know you where richer hue is found
  Than what the early blossom tips,
When dewy odours breathe around?
  It is the hue of Lucy's lips.
Know you a wilder sweeter strain,
  Than all the plaintive warbling throng,

The tone that lulls the heart of pain?
It is the tone of Lucy's song.
But sweeter than her sweetest tone,
And purer than her lip or eye,
When Pity makes her gentle moan,
Is the soft breath of Lucy's sigh.

LOTHARIO.

Prince William, Virginia.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

By the late census, there are in the United States 14,071 more females then males between the age of 26 and 16; but between 10 and 16 the males exceed the females 19,859; and of 10 years and under the males also exceed the females 53,852—girls, will, of course, in a short time, be in good demand, though the market appears to be well supplied at present!

A wit, describing the universal empire of love, drolly describes its visits among the *finny race:*

Love assails
And warms, mid seas of ice, the melting whales,
Cools crimped cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivelled shrimps and opens oysters' hearts!

Kotzebue avers that fish are *mute* for no other reason, than that they *drink* nothing but *water.*

Court of King's bench. Dec. 7.—MATHEW vs. BOYCE.

The plaintiff, in this case, was a solicitor, and the defendant a proprietor of one of the Brighton stage-coaches, called the Dart. The action was brought to recover a compensation in damages for a severe injury which the plaintiff had sustained through the improper conduct of the defendant's servants, who drove the Dart, on the 12th of October last. On the day in question, the plaintiff was an outside passenger by the Phœnix, another of the Brighton coaches. The coaches arrived together at a place called the Prince's Dairy, within a mile and a half of Brighton; at this time it was near nine o'clock, and both coaches had their lamps lighted. The Phœnix was at this time before, and was slowly ascending the road, which is there a hill, and rather a dangerous spot, owing to a sharp turning off at the summit of the hill. The Dart being just behind, pushed forward; the Phœnix was thrown over, the plaintiff and other passengers were thrown off, and, with several others, severely hurt.

Lord Ellenborough held that the law had been laid down repeatedly on this subject, both relating to vessels and carriages, namely, that the person following in the track of another, and who could see danger was bound to avoid it, if in his power.

Here the driver of the Dart had the power of avoiding the danger, and he ought to have done so. The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 200 pounds.

English Budget—Lord Castlereagh brought forward a statement of our naval and military establishments, and the reductions that have already taken place and are in progress in these sources of expense; and moved for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the public income and expenditures for the year 1817.

The army in 1816, was 149,445 men; in 1817, it is 123,702—reduction 25,743. The expense last year exclusively of ordnance, was 10,564,000*l*—this year it is 9,280,00*l*. The ordnance last year cost 1,969,000*l*—this year it is 1,246,000*l*. Total saving on army, 1,784,000*l*.

Navy, last year, 33,000 men; this year 19,000—reduction, 14,000. It cost last year 10,114,000*l*—this year it will be 63,97,000*l*—saving, 3,717,000*l*.

Miscellaneous services in 1816, 2,500,000*l*—do. this year, 1,500,000*l*—saving, 1,000,000*l*.

RECAPITULATION.

Army saving - - - - -	£1,784,000
Navy ditto - - - - -	3,717,000
Miscellaneous - - -	1,000,000
Total saving,	£6,501,000

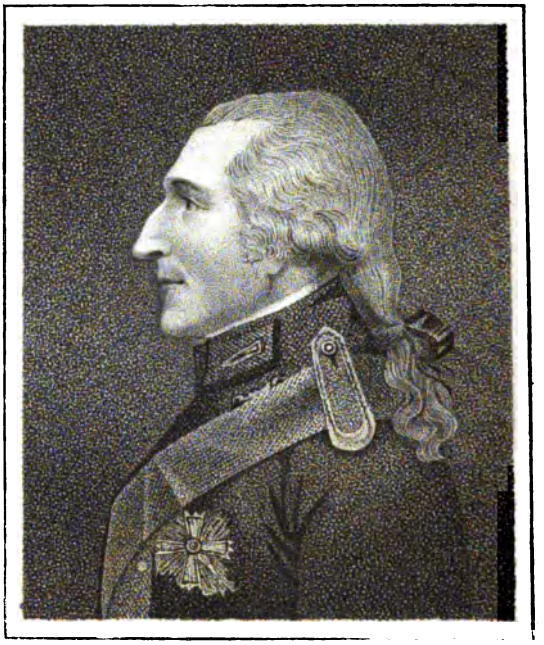
SUPPLY.

Army - - - -	£7,050,000
Commissariat and barracks, Great Britain	580,000
Do - - do Ireland -	300,000
Extraordinaries - - - -	1,300,000
Ordnance - - - -	1,246,000
Navy - - - - -	6,397,000
Miscellaneous, Great Britain and Ireland -	1,500,000
	£18,373,000

Thus it appears that the army has been reduced about one sixth—the navy almost one half. The expenses of this year exceed eighteen millions; and lamentable to tell, the country cannot count on half that amount of permanent revenue, after paying the interest on our debt!

THE DUTCH BUDGET.—The whole amount of the estimate of the wants of the state for the year 1817 is 73,400,000 florins, (a florin is about 1*s* 8*d* sterling) which is 8,600,000 florins less than the estimate of 1816. The largest item of this amount is for Finance including the interest of the public debt. F24,750,000

The King's Household, - - -	2,600,000
The Army, - - - -	23,000,000
The Navy, - - - - -	5,000,000
Department of Justice, - - -	3,000,000



Count Rumford

Engraved for the Port Folio. Published by Harrison Hall, No. 183 Chesnut St. Philadelphia.

THE PORT FOLIO,

FOR

JUNE, 1817.

Embellished with a portrait of Count Rumford, and a view of Bedford Springs, in Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS.

Correspondence, - - 452
Eulogy on Count Rumford, 453
Life of Sheridan, *concluded*, 489

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Festival of Flora, - 473
Schlegel's Lectures, 477
Childe Harold, Canto III, 490

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Gen. Washington to Judge Hopkinson, - - - - 500
President Adams to Gov. Bullock, - - - ib.
——————to Judge Chase, 501
Condition of the Poor, 505
Bedford Mineral Springs, 507
Code Napoleon, - - 509

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Bleaching old books, &c. 510
To preserve the Eyes, - 511
Removing grease from prints, &c. ib.

RURAL ECONOMY. 513

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Modern German Historians, &c. 516

POETRY.

On the Inauguration of the hon. Isaac Parker, - - - 520
Hymn, - - - - - 522
From the Persian, - 523
From the Persian of Hafez, 524
The Voyage of Life, - - 525
Wounded Friendship, - 526
Song, by Orlando, - 527
The Dream, - - ib.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Dutch Budget, *concluded*. The French Budget—New Coach New Steam-Boat——Western Commerce—Remedy for Deafness—Longevity—Slavery in New-York—Mint of the United States—Ewing's Sthernometer——Eicoloupola's Homer——Ogilvie——Agricultural Society, - - - - 528

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY HARRISON HALL, 133, CHESNUT-STREET,

AND IN LONDON,

BY JOHN SOUTER, 2, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And to be had of all the booksellers in the United States.

J. Maxwell, Printer.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our rural readers who have requested that some attention should be paid to the subject of agriculture, will find that their suggestions have not been neglected. Having recently had the honour of being admitted a member of the *Philadelphia Agricultural Society*, the editor now has access to the best sources of information.

We have concluded to reject the reply to our review of Gummere's Geography, because it would form a precedent for a practice which might become very troublesome. The opinions disseminated in this miscellany, are formed and promulgated with all that deliberation which an honest ambition and a severe sense of responsibility, can excite. If any one be desirous of appealing from the decisions of a literary journal, the daily papers are always open to him; and in our case, particularly, any writer, however destitute of decency or truth, will find two or three vulgar gazettes, whose editors will thank him for an opportunity to do us an injury. If, as Mr. Gummere avers, our language be as *unintelligible as Nebuchadnezzer's dream*, our *assertions destitute of plausibility* or *consistency*, and our *attack*, *futile*, it is scarcely necessary to trouble the public with a reply to so harmless a critic.

We neglected to state in the proper place that the articles on the *Festival of Flora* and on the *Lectures of Schlegel*, were from the *Monthly Review*.

We have received a variety of recent journals from Germany, and our correspondent at Paris, has transmitted a number of books from that country, from which we shall make copious selections.

Our thanks are due to a gentleman for the inspection of his MSS. on *China*. We shall avail ourselves of his politeness.

THE PORT FOLIO.

FOURTH SERIES.

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—COWPER.

We jest, we complain, we are indignant: we give descriptions, sometimes compressed, sometimes more diffuse, and endeavour, by variety, to adapt some things to one reader, some to another, and a few, perhaps, to every taste.

PLINY.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1817. NO. VI.

EULOGY ON BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD, read at the Institute of France, 9th January, 1815, by M. CUVIER.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, who was made a knight in England, and a count in Germany, was born in 1753, in the British colonies of North America, at a place called Rumford, and near Concord, in New Hampshire. His family, English by origin, cultivated some land there; and he has informed us himself, that he should probably have remained in the modest condition of his ancestors, if the little fortune which they had to leave him had not been lost during his infancy. Thus, like many other men of genius, a misfortune in early life was the cause of his subsequent reputation.

His father died young: a second husband removed him from the care of his mother; and his grandfather, from whom he had every thing to expect, had given all he possessed to a younger son, leaving his grandson almost pennyless.

Nothing could be more likely than such a destitute condition to induce a premature display of talent. Young Thompson attached himself to an enlightened clergyman, who endeavoured to prepare him for commercial pursuits, by giving him a tincture of mathematics; but the good man sometimes mentioned astronomy, and his lessons on this subject were more acceptable than he could have imagined. The young man brought him, one day, the diagram of an eclipse, which he had drawn up by a method invented by himself after meditating on his master's instructions: it was remarkable for its accuracy; and this success made him abandon every other study for that of the sciences.

In Europe scientific pursuits would have presented him with some means of subsistence, but in New-Hampshire it was otherwise. Happily, nature had endowed him with a handsome figure and amiable manners: these qualifications procured him, at the age of nineteen, the hand of a rich widow; and the poor scholar, at the moment when he least expected it, become one of the most considerable men in the colony.

Having taken part with the royalist party, during the troubles in America, the populace of Concord were so enraged against him that he found it requisite to take refuge in Boston, leaving his wife behind him pregnant of a daughter. The former he never saw again; and the latter joined him, for the first time, when twenty years of age.

One of the first triumphs of Washington was to compel the British troops to evacuate Boston on the 24th of March, 1776, and Mr. Thompson was the official bearer of this disastrous intelligence to London.

On this occasion by the clearness of his details and the gracefulness of his manners, he insinuated himself so far into the good graces of lord George Germain, that he took him into his employment, and in 1780 he was promoted to the rank of under secretary of state. Disgusted with the want of talent displayed by his principal, and for which Mr. Thompson was not unfrequently made personally responsible, he returned to the army in America, with the rank of major, in the beginning of 1782.

The English were then confined to Charlestown, and occupied in a war of posts. Here major, now colonel Thompson, re-

organized their cavalry, and had headed it in several important affairs, when peace put a stop to his military career.

Passionately fond of a military life, and being only thirty years of age, he returned to Europe to offer his services to Austria, then engaged in a war with the Turks. On passing through Germany he attracted the notice of the elector of Bavaria, who conferred on him a mixed civil and military employment, which recalled him to his true destiny—that of the sciences.

These useful pursuits he had never entirely abandoned. So early as 1777, on his first arrival in London, he made some curious experiments on the cohesion of bodies: in 1778, he followed them up by examining the strength of gunpowder, which obtained him admission into the Royal Society; and, in 1779, he embarked on board the English fleet, chiefly to repeat these experiments on a large scale; but the variety of his public duties did not permit him to follow them up on a comprehensive scale.

It was the present king of Bavaria who first brought colonel Thompson into notice on the continent. In passing through Strasburg on his way to Vienna, the latter appeared on parade on horseback, and in full uniform as colonel of dragoons. Prince Maximilian, (afterwards king of Bavaria,) then commanded a regiment; and, the conversation of all the military officers present having turned upon the campaigns in America, they thought the prince would be pleased to hear what an English officer, who had been present, had to say on the subject. Colonel Thompson was therefore introduced to the prince, by whom he was soon warmly recommended to his uncle, the reigning elector at Munich.

On his first interview he received the offer of a place, but before accepting it, he took a hasty view of Vienna, and returned to London to obtain leave of his sovereign to enter the service of Bavaria. Not only did he obtain this permission, but he was knighted on the occasion, and allowed to retain his half-pay in the English establishment, which he enjoyed till his death.

To the acquirements and exterior advantages already mentioned, and to the quality of an Englishman which always imposes on so many persons on the continent, sir Benjamin Thompson, when he returned to Munich, in 1784, added a talent for pleasing, which could scarcely have been supposed to exist in a man who had just issu-

ed, as it were, from the forest of the new world. The elector of Bavaria, Charles Theodore, granted him the most signal marks of favour: he was successively appointed his aid-de-camp, chamberlain, member of his council of state, and general of his armies; he procured for him the decorations of the two orders of Poland, because the statutes of those of Bavaria did not then admit of his receiving a Bavarian order: lastly, in the interval between the death of the emperor Joseph and the coronation of Leopold II, the elector profited by the right given him by his functions as vicar of the empire, to raise sir Benjamin to the dignity of count, by giving him the title of that town in New Hampshire in which he was born.

His new master not only heaped titles on him, but intrusted him with a real and very extensive power by conferring on him the united offices of war minister and superintendant of police.

Most of those who are called to power by adventitious circumstances, are led astray by the opinion of the vulgar: they know that they shall infallibly be called men of genius, and be celebrated in prose and verse, if they succeed in changing the forms of government, or in extending the territory of that government even a few additional leagues. How can it be astonishing, therefore, that intestine revolutions and foreign wars should disturb the peace of mankind? Mankind have themselves to blame. But, happily for count Rumford, Bavaria, at this period, had no such temptations for her ministers; her constitution was fixed by the laws of the empire, and her frontiers by the great powers which were situated next to her; and she was, in short, reduced to that condition which most states find so hard, namely, to confine all her attention to the amelioration of the fortunes of her people.

It is true that she had much to do in this respect; her sovereigns, who had been aggrandized at the time of the wars about religion, as a reward of their zeal for catholicism, had long carried this zeal far beyond what an enlightened catholicism required: they encouraged devotion, and made no stipulations in favour of industry: there were more convents than manufactories in their states; their army was almost a shadow; while ignorance and idleness were conspicuous in every class of society.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of the multiplicity of services which count Rumford rendered, but we will mention the most remarkable. He first turned his attention to the army, into the organization of which, a peace of forty years had introduced serious abuses: he found means to relieve the soldier from the impositions of certain officers, and to increase his comforts in diminishing the expenses of the state: his arms and clothing became more convenient. Each regiment had a garden, in which the soldiers themselves cultivated the vegetables which they wanted; and a school in which their children received the elements of learning and morals. The military exercise was simplified; the soldier was approximated to the citizen; facilities were afforded to the common soldier to become an officer; and a school was at the same time established where young men of family received the most comprehensive military education. The artillery, as being more closely connected with the sciences, attracted the chief regard of count Rumford, who made numerous experiments, with a view to perfect it: finally, he established a House of Industry, where every thing necessary for the army was manufactured: an establishment, which became at the same time in his hands a source of amelioration in the police, still more important than those which he had introduced into the army.

From what we have said of the state of Bavaria, it may well be supposed that mendicity in that country was excessive; and we know, in fact, that, next to Rome, Munich contained more beggars in proportion, than any city in Europe. They blocked up the streets, they shared the roads, and sold or transmitted them to their heirs, like real property. Sometimes they were even seen to fight for the exclusive possession of a street, or a church-door, and, when opportunity offered, they scrupled not to commit the most shocking crimes.

It was not difficult to calculate, that the regular maintenance of this collection of miserable beings, would cost less to the public than the pretended charities which they extorted. Count Rumford was sensible of this, but he also felt that he would only perform half his work, by imprisoning and feeding the beggars, if their habits were not changed, if they were not trained to la-

bour and sobriety, and if the people in general were not inspired with an abhorrence of idleness and its baneful effects.

His plan embraced, therefore, both moral and physical ameliorations; he had meditated on it a long time, and had arranged all the parts of his system, and adapted them to the laws and resources of the country: he prepared in secret the details of the execution, and when all was ready, he superintended them with firmness.

On the 1st of January, 1790, all the beggers in Munich were brought before the magistrates; and they were informed, that in the new House of Industry they would find work, and every thing necessary for their existence, but they were prohibited from ever begging in future.

In fact, they were furnished with materials, tools, and spacious and well-aired rooms, wholesome but cheap food, and they were paid for their labour by the piece. Their first work was to clothe the Bavarian army, but in a short time they manufactured clothes for other armies, and soon brought into the state a revenue of 100,000 florins clear profit.

The whole establishment was originally supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the inhabitants; far less in amount than what they were accustomed to give as alms.

Such was the success of the establishment, that not only were the poor completely relieved, but their number was reduced, because they learned to work for themselves. Two thousand five hundred were received in one week, and a few years afterwards the whole amounted to one thousand four hundred only.

Although count Rumford was guided rather by the calculations of a minister, than by the suggestions of sensibility, he was alive to the emotions excited by the metamorphosis which he had effected, when he saw upon countenances formerly furrowed by misfortunes and vice, an air of satisfaction, and sometimes tears of gratitude. On one occasion, during a dangerous illness, he heard a noise under his window, of which he asked the reason. It was a procession of the poor to the principal church, to beseech heaven for the restoration of their chief benefactor. He admits, himself, that this spontaneous act of religious gratitude in favour of a person of another communion, appeared to him a

most affecting recompense; but he does not dissemble, that there was a reward still more durable. In fact, it was in labouring for the poor that he made his finest discoveries.

De Fontenelle says of Dodard, "who, by observing rigorously the fasts prescribed by the church, made some accurate experiments on the changes produced by abstinence, that he was the first who took the same road to the academy and to heaven." The same observation is applicable to count Rumford. Every person knows, that his principal experiments had for their object the nature of heat and light, as well as the laws of their propagation: in fact, it was necessary that he should investigate this subject, to enable him to feed, clothe, and warm, with economy, a great number of men.

He first compared the heat of various kinds of clothing. Having surrounded with various substances thermometers which were warmer than the atmosphere, he kept an account of the time which they required to return to a state of equilibrium. He was delighted at the general result that the chief retainer of heat is the air contained between the fibres of substances, and that the latter furnish clothing so much the warmer the more they retain heated air. On this principle, he did not fail to remark, that nature has covered the animals of cold countries.

Proceeding afterwards to the most efficacious means of saving fuel, he saw by his experiments, that a flame in the open air gave little heat, particularly when it did not strike vertically on the bottom of the vessel: he observed also, that steam conveyed very little heat when it was not in motion, and chance threw in his way the key to all these phenomena, and opened to him a new field of inquiry. Casting his eyes on the coloured liquor of a thermometer, which was cooling in the sun, he perceived a continual motion until the thermometer fell to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Whatever powder he put into liquids of the same specific gravity, was also agitated always when the temperature of the liquid was altered, which showed, that there were constant currents in the liquid itself. Count Rumford thought, that it was precisely by this transfusion of molecules, that heat was distributed in liquids, which of themselves allowed but little caloric to pass. Thus when the heating of a vessel

commences from below, the heated molecules, becoming lighter, rise up, and the cold molecules fall down. While the top only of a column of liquid was heated, the bottom did not participate in the augmentation of heat. A piece of red-hot iron plunged into oil very close to a piece of ice, did not melt an atom: a piece of ice kept under boiling water, was two hours in melting; whereas, at the surface, it melted in three minutes. Every time that the intestine motion of a liquid was stopped by the interposition of a non-conducting substance, the cooling or heating, that is to say, the equilibrium, was retarded; thus, feathers and furs produced in water the same effects as in the air.

As it is ascertained that fresh water is at its maxium density at four degrees above 0, it becomes lighter a short time before freezing; so it is on this account that the ice is always formed on the surface first. Count Rumford discovered in this property the means by which nature preserves a little fluidity and life, in the countries of the north; for, if the communication of heat and cold took place in liquids, as it does in solids, or solely in fresh water, as in the other liquids, the rivers and lakes would soon be frozen to the bottom. Snow, on account of the air which is mixed with it, is, in his eyes, the mantle which covers the earth in winter, and prevents it from losing all its heat. In all this he saw distinct marks of the care of Providence; he saw it also in the property of salt-water, which at all degrees causes the molecules to be precipitated, when they have been cooled; so that the ocean, always temperate at its surface, softens on the sea-coast the rigours of winter; and warms, by its currents, the polar regions, at the same time that it refreshes those of the equator. The interest of the observations of count Rumford extended, therefore, in some measure, to all the operations of nature upon our globe; and perhaps he applied them with equal advantage to general philosophy, as to their utility in public and domestic economy.

This simple announcement must suffice to remind my readers, that, by the application of these discoveries, count Rumford succeeded in constucting those grates, fire-places, and boilers, of novel forms, which from the drawing-room down to the kitchen and workshop, have diminished by one-half the consumption of fuel.

The ameliorations, proposed by count Rumford in the construction of kitchens, will probably not be felt so soon, on account of the first expense of their erection. When they become general, the unfortunate cook, who is at present roasted by the heat of his own fire, will be able to do his duty in a cooler atmosphere, with a saving of three-fourths in point of fuel, and one-half in point of time. As the same quantity of primary matter furnishes much more, or much less, nutrition, according as it is prepared, he considered the art of cookery to be as important as that of agriculture. But he did not confine himself to the art of dressing victuals at a small expense, for he paid great attention to the art of composing them; he ascertained, for example, that the water incorporated with our food, becomes itself, by this mixture, a nutritive substance; he tried all the alimentary substances to discover that which was most nutritive, and at the same time the cheapest, always keeping the laws of nature in view, respecting the digestive organs.

It was by thus combining with judgment the choice of substances and economy in the art of preparing them, that count Rumford attained the art of nourishing mankind at so little expense; and that, in all civilized countries, his name stands high among benevolent persons who turn their attention to the wants of the poor? This honour is far above that which has been decreed to the Apicii of ancient or modern days, and, I had almost said, to many men who are famous in the higher departments of science.

In one of his establishments at Munich, three women were sufficient to cook the dinner of one thousand persons, and only nine-penny worth of wood was burned. The kitchen which he built in the hospital Della Pieta, at Verona, is still more perfect, for they consume only one-eighth of the wood which they did formerly.

But, in heating by means of steam, count Rumford was peculiarly conspicuous. We know, that water retained within a vessel which it cannot break, acquires an enormous heat; the steam, when it is let out, carries this heat wherever it is conducted. Baths and apartments may thus be heated with an astonishing rapidity. As applied to soap-works, and particularly to

distilleries, this method has already enriched several manufaturers of our southern departments; and, in countries where they are not so slow in adopting new discoveries, it has been productive of immense advantages. Several manufactories in England are heated in this way, and a small copper boiler is found sufficient to heat a great establishment.

Count Rumford also succeeded in economizing all the heat contained in smoke, which he did not suffer to quit his apparatus until it had become almost cold. A person, justly celebrated for his wit, said one day, that he supposed he would soon cook his own dinner with the smoke of his neighbour's chimney; but it was not on his own account that count Rumford studied economy, his various and repeated experiments cost him, on the contrary, dearly, and it was only by lavishing his own money that he taught others to save their's.

He made almost as many experiments upon light as upon heat, and among his results we may chiefly remark the observations—1. That flame is always perfectly transparent and permeable to the light of another flame: and 2dly. that the quantity of light is not in proportion to that of the heat, and that it does not depend, like the heat, on the quantity of matter burned, but rather on the briskness of the conbustion. By combining these two ideas, he invented a lamp, with several parallel wicks, the flames of which, mutually exerting their heat, without allowing any rays to be lost, may produce an unlimited mass of light. It is said, that when this lamp was first lighted, it so affected the sight of the man who made it, that he was unable to find his way home, and passed the night in the Bois de Boulogne.

Count Rumford also determined, by physical experiments, the rules according to which colours, when placed in opposition, become agreeable. Few handsome women will believe, that their choice of a gown or a ribbon, depends on the immutable laws of nature; and yet this is the fact. When we look steadfastly for some time at a spot of any colour, on a white ground, it seems fringed with a different colour, but always the same relatively to that of the spot; this is what is called a complementary colour; and for reasons which it is unnecessary to mention here, the two same colours are always complementary, the one

to the other. It is by assisting them, that we produce harmony of colouring, and please the eye most agreeably. Count Rumford, who did every thing methodically, arranged, according to this rule, the colours in the furniture of his house, and the agreeable effect was admitted by all who visited him.

Invariably struck in all his experiments with the wonderful phenomena of light and heat, it was natural that count Rumford should attempt to deduce a general theory of these two grand agents of nature; he considered both as merely the effects of a vibratory movement given to the molecules of bodies, and of this he found a proof in the constant production of heat by means of friction.

He proved more clearly than any one, that heat has no weight; a phial of spirits of wine, and one of water, remained in equilibrium after the latter was frozen, although it had thereby lost as much caloric as would have brought to a white heat the same weight in gold.

He contrived two highly ingenious instruments. The one, which is a new calorimeter, serves to measure the quantity of heat produced by the combustion of every different body; this is a box filled with a given quantity of water, through which the product of combustion is passed by means of a serpentine tube; the heat of this product is transmitted to the water, which it raises a determinate number of degrees, and which serves as the basis of calculation. The way in which he prevented the external heat from affecting his experiment, is very simple and very elegant; he commenced the operation a few degrees below this heat, and ended it a few degrees above: the external air took from it, during the last half of the time, is precisely what it had given it during the first half.

The other instrument serves to show the slightest differences in the temperature of bodies, or in the facility of its transmission; it consists in two glass balls full of air, joined together by a tube, in the middle of which there is a bell of coloured spirits of wine. The slightest increase of heat in one of the balls, drives the bell towards the other ball. This instrument, which he called a *thermoscope*, principally made known to him the varied and powerful influence of various surfaces in the transmission of heat, and in-

dicated to him an infinity of processes, by which to retard or accelerate at pleasure the heating or cooling of bodies.

Such were the chief scientific labours of count Rumford; but these were not the only services which he rendered the sciences. He founded two prizes, to be annually adjudged by the Royal Society of London, and the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, for the most important experiments, of which heat and light should be the subjects.

He was the chief founder of the Royal Institution of London, one of the best contrived establishments for promoting the sciences, and their application to public utility. In a country, where every individual glories in encouraging whatever can be useful to the bulk of mankind, the mere distribution of his prospectus procured him considerable friends, and his own activity soon accelerated the execution of the plan. The prospectus itself was a kind of description, for it spoke of something which was in a great measure realized. A large house presented almost all kinds of philosophical and economical machines; it likewise contains a library and a lecture-room, where chymistry, mechanics, and political economy, are taught. Heat and light, his two favourite objects of study, and the mysterious process of combustion, which brings them under the cognizance of man, were there incessantly made the subjects of investigation.

After having been honoured for fourteen years, by the elector Charles Theodore of Bavaria, with every mark of increasing favour, and after receiving from him, at the epoch of the famous campaign of 1796, the difficult employment of commanding his army, and of maintaining the neutrality of his capital against the two great powers which seemed equally disposed to attack it, count Rumford had obtained, in 1798, as his highest recompense, the post, which of all others he most ardently desired, viz. that of minister plenipotentiary from Bavaria to the king of Great Britain.

There could not in short be a more flattering manner of returning among his countrymen, and enjoying among them, the *otium cum dignitate;* but his hopes were disappointed: the etiquette of the English court did not admit of a British-born subject being accredited to represent another power, and the minister

for foreign affairs signified to count Rumford that the custom could not be dispensed with in his behalf.

A still more mortifying event followed: in 1799 he learned the death of his princely benefactor, and he foresaw that there would be a change of ministry at the court of Munich.

In point of fact, the new elector, Maximilian Joseph, was neither ignorant of his merit nor of his services; besides, he recollected that he was the founder of his fortunes; but, with a different system of government and opposite political interests, it was natural that he should employ other councillors, and count Rumford was not of a character to live under superiority. Besides, the happy changes which he had effected, rendered him less necessary; and his views, so useful, when it was required to civilize Bavaria, were no longer desirable, precisely on account of the rapidity with which they had spread.

He therefore returned to Munich again for a short time only, during the peace of Amiens, but even in this interval he rendered great service to science, by aiding, with his advice, the re-organization of the Bavarian academy, on a plan which united magnificence, truly royal, with utility of every kind.

The time now arrived when he thought proper to take up his abode definitively in France, where his talents were so duly appreciated, and where nothing would have been wanting to his happiness, if the urbanity of his manners had been equal to his ardour for public utility. But it must be confessed that there was evident in his conversation, and in his whole conduct, a coarseness which appeared the more extraordinary in a man so constantly well treated by others, and who had, in fact, conferred so many benefits upon others. In short, he had done all this good without loving or esteeming mankind. Perhaps the base passions which he observed in the wretches committed to his care, or the other passions, not less base, which his uniform success had excited among his rivals, had exasperated him against human nature. Thus, he did not think that the welfare of mankind should be entrusted to their own free will: the desire which seems so natural to us all, to examine how we are governed, was, in his eyes, the factitious result of an erroneous education. He had nearly the same ideas as a planter on the subject of slavery,

and he regarded the government of China as coming nearest perfection; because, by subjecting the people to the absolute power of learned men only, and by raising each of the latter class in the hierarchy, according to the profoundness of his learning, he is able to make, as it were, so many millions of hands the passive organs of a few sound understandings,—doctrines which we mention without pretending to justify them, and which are not likely to succeed among European nations.

Count Rumford was doomed to experience, more than once, that it is not so easy in the western world as in China to prevail upon others to become machines; and yet no one knew so well as he did, how to make the most of those who were placed under him. An empire, such as he conceived, would not have been more difficult for him to manage than his barracks and houses of industry. He placed his chief reliance on the effects of order. He called order the necessary auxiliary of genius; the only possible instrument of true happiness, and almost a subordinate divinity in this lower world. He proposed to make this the subject of a work, which he regarded as more important than all those which he had written; but a few crude materials only on this important subject were found among his papers. In his own person he was, in every respect, the model of perfect order: his wants, his pleasures, and his labours, were calculated as rigidly as his experiments. He drank nothing but water, and ate meat roasted only, because he thought that boiling subtracted from its nutritive properties. He allowed nothing superfluous; not even a step, nor a word; and it was in the strictest sense that he construed the word *superfluous*.

All these virtues, however, were not calculated to make him an agreeable companion. The world likes something careless always; and a certain degree of perfection always appears faulty, when as great efforts are not made to dissemble it as to exercise it.

But, whatever might have been the sentiments of count Rumford, in other respects, his veneration for the Deity was never diminished: in all his works he has constantly taken occasion to express his religious feelings, and to point out, to the admiration of others, the innumerable precautions which PROVIDENCE has

taken for the preservation of his creatures. Perhaps even his political system was founded on the idea that princes ought to act like their Heavenly Father, and take care of their subjects, without being accountable to them.

This rigid observance of method, which infringed on the solaces of private life, probably hastened his end; for a violent and unexpected attack of fever carried him off in a vigorous old age, at the age of 61, at his country seat of Autevil.

The intelligence of his death, and of his funeral, reached his colleagues of the Institute at the same moment, otherwise they would have paid the accustomed tribute to his remains. But, if worldly honours and renown can ever be superfluous, surely they must have been so to that man, who, by the fortunate choice of his career, knew how to acquire, at once, the esteem of the great, and the blessings of the unfortunate!

[Dr. Thompson, in speaking of count Rumford in connection with the Royal Society, is forced to acknowledge much haughtiness of disposition, which was very unsuitable to the character of a philosopher. As far as it was connected with the managers of that Institution, it was of little practical importance, but his tyrannical disposition is said to have produced the most baleful effects upon one of the most modest, unassuming, and excellent men that ever adorned the seat of science It forced Dr. Garnett to resign his situation as a lecturer to the Royal Institution; it was said at the time, and there is no reason that the truth should not be recorded, as a warning to those whose misfortune it may be to possess such a disposition, that his behaviour had made such an impression on the tender mind of this gentleman, as neither time nor the marked kindness of his friends, could obliterate, and he died probably more a victim to grief than to the weakness of his constitution. "Thus," says his biographer, "was lost to society a man, the ornament of his country, and the general friend of humanity. As a philosopher and a man of science, he was candid, ingenious and open to conviction; he never dealt in mysteries nor pretended to any secret in art; he was always ready in explanation, and desirous of assisting every person willing to acquire knowledge." See *Memoirs prefixed to Popular Lectures on Zoonomia*, by Thos. Garnett, M. D.

Count Rumford bequeathed a large sum to the Harvard University, and an additional chair was constituted. Dr. Bigelow, who was appointed the Rumford Professor, delivered an inaugural address in December last. After a brief sketch of the character and labours of the Founder, he concludes with some impressive reflections on the subject. Before we transcribe them, we shall just remark that in the quotation from a classical writer he is remarkably happy. Why

> "From the large circle of the hemisphere,
> As if the centre of all sweets met here,"

the noble Donor should select a spot, where he carried hostile arms, can only be accounted for on the imperishable principle of local attachment.

"Thus was the period at length arrived, when count Rumford reviewed the scenes of his versatile and chequered life, and remembered the country of his birth. It was the period when the claims of ambition and the vanities of the world were to find their true place in the scale against the more ingenuous feelings and convictions of the soul. This man, who had risen into life with a success the most brilliant and unexampled; who for successive years had flourished in the sunshine of royal patronage: who had seen institutions grow up under his forming hand, which were to enlighten and improve the world; who had been hailed as the benefactor of cities, and caressed as the favourite of courts—this man, in the twilight of his life, felt that he was a stranger in a foreign land.—With the eye of desire, and of gratitude, he looked back to the rocky shores of New-England.

"*Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*

"To the country of his birth count Rumford has bequeathed his fortune and his fame. The lessons of patriotism which we should learn from his memorable life, are important and convincing. It should teach us to respect ourselves, to value our resources, to cultivate our talents. Let those who would depreciate our native genius, recollect that he was an American. Let those who would make us the dependants and tributaries of the old world, recollect that he has instructed mankind. Let those who would despond as to our future destinies, remember that his eye, which has wandered over the continent and capitals of Europe, settled at last upon the rising prospects of this western world—For us who are destined to labour in the path that he has marked out, and to follow with our eyes, though not with our steps, the brilliancy of his career, it may suffice to acknowledge, that we are not indifferent to the honour that has befallen

us; that we are sensible of the magnitude of the example before us; that we believe, that the true end of philosophy is to be useful to mankind, and that we will cheerfully and anxiously enter upon the duties that await us; happy, if by our efforts, we can hope to add even a humble trophy to the monument of philanthropy and science, that commemorates the name of HIM, of whom it may in truth be said, that he lived for the world, and that he died for his country." Ed. P. F.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

(*Continued from p.* 377.)

MR. Sheridan took little part in the memorable disputes concerning America. The principal effortsof his parliamentary oratory were displayed upon the following occasions:—his defence of Mr. Fox's East India Bill—his observations on Mr. Pitt's Perfumery Bill, in the year 1785—his Speech on the Irish Propositions in the same year—The part which he took in the question of the proper mode of appointing a regency on the first appearance of the king's illness, and his noble conduct during the Naval Mutiny, which was so justly and generously extolled by Mr. Pitt. The wonderful display of eloquence that he exhibited on the trial of Hastings was described by Burke, in a passage which we must be permitted to transcribe:

"He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflected the highest honour upon himself, lustre upon letters, renown upon parliament, glory upon the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment-seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled what we have heard this day in Westminster Hall. No holy seer of religion—no sage—no statesman—no orator—no man of any description whatever has come up, in any one instance, to the pure sentiments of morality; or, in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction

strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration. From poetry up to eloquence, there is not a species of composition of which a complete and perfect specimen might not from that single speech be culled and selected."

Mr. Sheridan was the constant advocate of Parliamentary Reform, though without the dangerous temerity and pernicious violence of the herd. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that he was as ready as those whom he opposed to avail himself of bribery and corruption in order to obtain a seat in parliament, as a member of the town of Stafford. In the Public Characters for 1799 it is stated, by a writer who is avowedly a friend to Sheridan and his party, that although the candidate experienced *uncommon disinterestedness and great liberality* from the good people of this town, yet he was soon convinced that the moderate sum of 1000*l.* was a *sine qua non* which alone could bring the negotiation between the new champion of liberty and the independent electors to a successful conclusion. Virtuous as that borough was, it seems that even patriots were required to bear the golden bough, in soliciting the privileges of representation, like other men of less integrity and delicacy.

> Sed non ante datur telluris operta subire,
> Auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fœtus.

He was afterwards a candidate for Honiton and succeeded in the same manner. These two instances serve to prove that, notwithstanding all the noise about rotten boroughs, in those which are least under private influence, corruption prevails to as great an extent as in close boroughs where that influence is more paramount.

It is worthy of observation that no instance has ever occurred of the seat of a member of the American Congress being vacated on this account. The total absence of complaint on that score in petitions against sitting members shows how much better we are entitled to that compliment in which England was hailed as the land of liberty and good sense.

It cannot be expected that we should follow Mr. Sheridan through all the squabbles of the Green Room, the festivities of social intercourse or the contentions of party. The prospects of his

early life were of the brightest hue, but in the evening of his days, the horizon was clouded with thick darkness. He died in July 1816; affording in his end a melancholy proof that "negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." A large concourse of the nobility and most eminent personages, followed him to his grave in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, where his body was interred near those of Addison, Garrick and Cumberland. His death was followed, as usual, by that pomp of panegyric, in which heaven is represented as rejoicing in the acquisition of the deceased, and the whole land in grief for the loss. Among other writers, counsellor Philips poured forth some of his "*Irish* Eloquence" in "A Garland for the Grave," &c. In this rantipole elegy we are told, but *why* we cannot discover, that

> "Ignorance worship'd the path which he trod,"

and that Sheridan

> "Is gone to the angels that lent him their lyre;
> He is gone to the world whence he borrowed his fire,
> And the brightest and best of the heavenly choir
> The welcome of Paradise pour."

From this tissue of disgusting blasphemy and ridiculous bombast, it is a relief to turn to a "Monody" which was spoken at Drury Lane Theatre. The poem of this performance is eminently beautiful.

> When the last sunshine of expiring day
> In summer's twilight weeps itself away,
> Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
> Sink on the heart—as dew along the flower!
> With a pure feeling which absorbs and awes,
> While Nature makes that melancholy pause,
> Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
> Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime,
> Who hath not shared that calm so still and deep,
> The voiceless thought which would not speak but weep,
> A holy concord—and a bright regret,
> A glorious sympathy with suns that set?
> 'Tis not harsh sorrow—but a tenderer woe,
> Harmless but dear to gentle hearts below,
> Felt without bitterness—but full and clear,
> A sweet dejection—a transparent tear

Unmix'd with worldly grief—or selfish stain,
Shed without shame—and secret without pain.
Even as the tenderness that hour instils,
When summer's day declines along the hills,
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes
When all of Genius that can perish—dies."

But we must close this little volume lest we should be tempted to stray too far from our subject.—Mr. Sheridan was the last of a bright and radiant constellation of splendid genius, talent, and eloquence, whose meridian beams shone full upon the last age, and whose dying rays shed a pure and permanent lustre upon the present. It seems to have been the singular and enviable property of this distinguished man, to unite in himself a variety of talents, any of which would characterize the possessor as a man of taste, and some of which would singly serve to immortalize his name. A poet, an orator, a dramatist, a writer, a most delightful companion—he combined in his character whatever is included in the idea of genius. As a poet he is always pleasing, and his poetry flows in so sweet and harmonious a channel, that we cannot withhold our admiration from the writer, or our affection from the man. In the Journals of Parliament, he will be found improving, illustrating, convincing; gaining triumph for a good cause, and giving energy to a weak one. Other speakers might engage the house, when the debate was young, and their attention fresh; it was for him, among a gifted few, to awaken their drooping attention by the vivid and finishing strokes of eloquence and wit. View him again before the great tribunal of the nation, working miracles in a bad cause, and persevering for hours and days in a strain of unparalleled eloquence, every part of which, according to the judgment of those who heard him, might well pass for the finished excellence of oratory. Behold him again triumphant in the Theatre—listen to the noisy acclamations of the many, and the gentler, but more flattering testimony to his merit, in the sober approbation of the few; or observe him in the humbler situation of a party-writer, seconding with his pen the powerful impression of his tongue, abounding with arguments that persuade, and images that illustrate!

If Sheridan was not the active advocate, he was never the insidious enemy of morality; he never employed his pen to de-

tract from the loveliness of virtue, or to give an interest to the gloomy portrait of triumphant vice; he never studiously adorned the path of immorality with scenes and circumstances of passion, creating a dangerous sympathy, but feebly exhibiting their pernicious effects; nor did he strip vice of her hideousness, to clothe her in the dignity of despair.

Upon the whole, if we wish to contemplate Mr. Sheridan with that favourable regard which should ever be the portion of departed genius, let us look to the fairness of his political life —to the firmness and integrity of his public character—to his galantry—his spirit—his generosity—his good-nature—and, more than all, to the splendid concentration of talents that adorned his mind;—let us reflect that his levities, belonged to a life of "failing wisdom"—that they were the follies of a day, and as such will be forgotten, while the effects of his genius will endure forever.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Festival of Flora. A poem. With Botanical Notes. 12mo. pp. 60. London. Sharpe. 1815.

A rigid censor of the taste of the age might quote, in support of his remonstrances, the frivolity of such poetical effusions as that which is now before us, and the encouraging reception which they have experienced from the public. The ancient apologue, he might allege, pointed at least to a moral lesson: but the inferior animals are now exhibited as busied with fashionable balls and routs; even shrubs and flowers must mingle in the dance; and, ere long, we may expect to hear it announced that the Diamond has issued cards to all the gems and precious stones, for an *at home*, at Golconda. All this may appear abundantly childish; and yet, testy and cynical as we are sometimes reputed to be, we feel conscious of no disposition to animadvert on those *nugæ canoræ* which have in any degree contributed either to unknit our own brows, or to allure the young, the gay, or the fair into the delightful paths of natural science. The prose-notes, at all events, usually administer some pleasing or striking instruction; and the verses may be quietly permitted to hang out as an elegant decoy to the temple of philosophy.

The plan of this little piece of *badinage* is neither complex nor unnecessarily protracted: yet the nature of the subject would have easily admitted, and, from such a lively and amusing pen, the public would have more than tolerated, a greater multiplicity both

of incident and episode.—The goddess Flora, determined not to be surpassed in splendour and gayety by the beasts and birds, intimates to all her loving subjects, through the intervention of the Rose, her royal will and pleasure to celebrate a ceremonious gala on the 30th of June; and the Rose, "nothing loth," charges her messengers, the Gnomes and Sylphs, with a bundle of invitations to the principal families of the garden and the field. With joy and alacrity, most of them accept the honour, and make suitable preparations for the assembly:

'But some—would you think it?—declined to be gay,
And sent their excuses for staying away.
The stately old ALOE, an alien born,
And brought from afar the parterre to adorn,
Apologized much that he could not appear,
Having only his every-day jacket in *wear*;
'Twould be long ere he hoped such a scene to partake in,
For his holiday clothes took a century making.
Poor MARYGOLD mourned her unlucky mishap
To need, about noon-tide, a regular nap.
The CYCLAMEN chanced to be wholly in black;
MIMOSA had just had a nervous attack;
MIGNONETTE had long felt herself drooping, indeed,
It was very much feared she was—going to seed.
The TORCH-THISTLE thought it his duty to state
That 'twould shock all his friends to see him at the fête;
He'd an utter aversion to parties *at noon*,
But would join in a dance by the light of the moon.
The PRIMROSE of EVENING,—to solitude prone,
In the stillness of twilight found musing alone,
A romantic young lady,—was heard to declare
That, for her part, she hated all bustle and glare,
Preferring calm nature and innocent leisure
To that feverish riot which Folly calls pleasure.
Of all the fair hostess's kindred and name,
The AUSTRIAN ROSE made excuses from shame;
For his breath, says report, was so strong, it belied
The fond prejudice formed from his graceful outside.
EUPHORBIA sent from the hot-house to say
That in England she never attempts to be gay,
Reserving the delicate bloom of her flowers
For a clime more congenial and brighter than our's.
It is thus with the tender sensation of Love;
It *buds* only on earth, but it *blossoms* above.
'Some few little beauties of Flora's creation,
For certain good reasons, had no invitation;—
For the ROSE had been fearful her spirits would fail
At the drooping appearance of poor WIDOW WAIL,
And deemed it were highly improper to meet
So doubtful a person as young BITTER SWEET,
And rude to invite, among plants of good breeding,
RAGGED ROBIN, and CATCH-FLY, and LOVE-LIES-A-BLEEDING.
Looking down with contempt on the pride of fine clothes,
She avoided the COCKSCOMB and spruce POWDERED BEAUX;

And hating false gaudiness, even on gay days,
Turned away with abhorrence from all PAINTED LADIES.
NIGELLA, unhappily destined to claim
From the vulgar a homely and ludicrous name,
Was quite out of humour to find herself slighted
And wholly left out in the list of invited.
Not so BELLADONNA, whose flowers shrink away,
As if conscious of guilt, from the gaze of the day;
She, sullenly moping in murky recesses,
Is heedless of all but of Luna's caresses,
And ever delighting in dulness and gloom,
Haunts, witch-like, the ruin, the church-yard, and tomb.
All the others, employed in the arts of adorning,
Impatiently waited the Jubilee morning.'

That morning, at length, is ushered in, all balmy and blithesome; and the decorated parties issue forth, arriving at the destined spot about one o'clock. The Rose, who does the honours, and her numerous varieties, shine conspicuous in the throng:

'Then a fond pair arrived from the neighbouring dell,
AMARYLLIS the fair, and Miss LILY the Belle.
Messrs. STOCKS, from their office, Change-Alley, Cornhill,
Brought their managing clerk, little Mr. JONQUIL;
The IRIS came with them, and close by his side
Was a dashing young damsel, by name LONDON PRIDE.
MAJOR VINCA the Great Periwincle,—was seen
In a salver-shaped jacket of ultra-marine;
And adorned as he was, yet his son, though a MINOR,
Appeared than the father both sweeter and finer.
With these, in an uniform nearly the same,
The veteran MAJOR CONVOLVULUS came,
So infirm in his limbs, and so tall in his port,
That he constantly needed a stick for support.
Lo! high in the midst, overtopping the rest,
The SUN-FLOWER reared his broad saffrony crest;
But he slighted the beauties around, and his eye
Was incessantly fixed on the orb of the sky.
Thou darling ERICA, thou child of the waste,
In Nature's most lovely simplicity drest,
Whose tufts, amid all that is cheerless and rude,
Afford to the wild bird its shelter and food;
Lone orphan of Flora! thou too hast come forth
From those hills where thou wav'st to the breeze of the north,
And appear'st in the crowd as engaging and pretty
As the sweet village-maid among belles of the city.'

The *Primrose*, *Tulip*, *Anemone*, *Woodbine*, *Jasmine*, *Pink*, *Carnation*, &c. &c., as they pass in review, are characterized with equal felicity; until the bard, despairing of enumerating all the beaux and belles of the festival, seems comforted with the reflection that he has at least culled 'a nosegay for KITTY.'—The insect and feathered nations contribute to enliven the joyous scene, while solid and liquid fare are thus amply furnished for the guests:

'The provident Rose, in a nook of the glade,
Had a dozen long tables for banqueting laid,
And ordered, at intervals during the rout,
The refreshments prepared to be handed about.
Old Corn-flower had sent her some cakes of his baking;
The Candytuft, sweetmeats, and jams of her making;
The Butter-cup, milk-maid, brought junket and whey;
The Pewterwort, dishes and plates in his tray.
Herb-Christopher offered his service to wait;
Herb-Robert appeared in his livery of state;
And Sweet-William, so handsome, and gay, and polite.
In a rich suit of crimson, embroidered with white,
Showed all that attention which fitly display'd is
By gallant young men to the wants of the ladies.
The Rose decked the tables with pleasing devices;
The Snow-drop* supplied a profusion of ices;
But the plants of the Green-house refused 'em through fear,
As unwholesome to eat at that time of the year.
So the Pitcher-plant furnished a plentiful draught
Fresh drawn from the clouds, which was eagerly quaff'd;
And while Amaryllis, the handmaid of Flora,
With dimple of Hebe, and blush of Aurora,
In Campanula goblets of silver and blue,
Handed round, from his vessel, the glistening dew,
Sweet Cowslip the lass and Rose Burgundy join,
And, kissing each cup, turn the water to wine.
'As evening was closing, to wind up the whole,
The light little Columbine danced a *pas seul;*
Then Rockets went off in a brilliant display,
And the Birds with a chorus concluded the day.'

Fastidious must be that critic who with-holds the smile of approbation from verses so easy, sprightly, and graceful.—They are accompanied by *Lines sent with a Violet, on Valentine's Day*, and by the *Rose-bud*, which would not disgrace any reputable collection of fugitive pieces.—The explanatory notes are neither pedantic nor fatiguing; and they are calculated to convey some interesting information to those who are strangers to the habits of the vegetable tribes.

* The *snow-drop* on the 30th of June is rather a violent anachronism, even for a poet.—Why overlook the services of the *iceplant?*

A course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, by Augustus William Schlegel: translated from the original German by John Black. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1815.

A COURSE of lecutures on the dramatic art having been announced by M. Schlegel at Vienna, in the spring of 1808, the emperor of Germany transmitted to him in his own hand-writing the permission which had been solicited for the delivery of them; and a brilliant audience of nearly three hundred persons, including courtiers, artists, ladies distinguished for accomplishment, men of letters, and celebrated actors assembled with eager curiosity. Madame de Stael, who was one of the hearers, has recorded the strong impression which was made on all by the lecturer's judicious selection of instruction and the splendid interventions of his eloquence; and the public admiration excited by the delivery has not been in any degree disappointed, now that the discourses are collected and revised, and exposed by distant publication to the severer ordeal of literary examiners. Yet, in all lectures, something must be sacrificed to immediate and obvious effect; and, whatever be the topic, the public speaker must exaggerate in good or bad, in order that his audience may feel electrified. The oral critic, therefore, cannot afford a justice so impartial as the writer.

We shall run over the lectures, one by one: but, trusting to public perusal for a general dissemination of their contents, we shall not attempt a minute analysis, or a complete epitome; rather endeavouring to dwell on the questionable sentences of award, or portions of theory. Disposed to rationality more than to mysticism, we are apt to doubt when we do not understand; and some platonic flights of style, or system, in M. Schlegel, not being easily reduced to perspicuous definition, these we mistrust. We are not fond, moreover, of *a priori* criticism, which makes the guage first, and then tries the work by it. We think that it is possible to admire Shakspeare without deifying Calderon, although M. Schlegel's plan of panegyric applies equally to both; and our feelings allot a higher value to Euripides, to Diderot, and to Kotzebue, than these writers can be permitted to claim under a scheme of appreciation, which assigns to domestic tragedy and sentimental drama the lowest rank in art. "*Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*," said Voltaire, liberally and justly; and, of course, we should praise or blame by the head, and not by the class. Greater power may be displayed by one artist in a secondary line of art, than by another in the first

The introductory lecture treats of the spirit of true criticism, and here a good passage occurs:

'Before I proceed farther, I wish to say a few words respecting the spirit of my criticism, a study to which I have devoted a great part of my life. We see numbers of men, and even whole nations, so much fettered by the habits of their education, and modes of living, that they cannot

shake themselves free from them, even in the enjoyment of the fine arts. Nothing to them appears natural, proper, or beautiful, which is foreign to their language, their manners, or their social relations. In this exclusive mode of seeing and feeling, it is no doubt possible, by means of cultivation to attain a great nicety of discrimination in the narrow circl within which they are limited and circumscribed. But no man can be a true critic or connoisseur who does not possess an universality of mind, who does not possess the flexibility, which, throwing aside all personal predilections and blind habits, enables him to transport himself into the peculiarities of other ages and nations, to feel them as it were from their proper central point, and, what ennobles human nature, to recognise and respect whatever is beautiful and grand under those external modifications which are necessary to their existence, and which sometimes even seem to disguise them.'

M. Schlegel then proceeds to point out the characteristic difference of taste between the ancients and the moderns; which is traced principally to the diversity of religous persuasion that prevailed in the old and in the new world. The same idea was maintained by us in M. Rev. Vol. xviii. N. S. p. 129. The lecturer would apply the epithet *classical* to those forms, or moulds, in which ancient works of art are shaped; and the term *romantic* to those forms, or moulds, in which modern works of art are shaped. In reviewing the late Mr. Pye's *Commentary on Aristotle's Poetics*, we opposed the *Gothic* drama to the *Greek* drama in a similar spirit of classification. If M. Schlegel be correct in supposing that the Gothic nations borrowed from Spain those early specimens of dramatic art which became their favourite domestic modles the denomination *romantic* drama may be the more exact.

The ancients, and their imitators the Italians and French, are described as constituting the *classical* school of art, while the Spaniards, the English, and the Germans, belong to the *romantic*. The latter school appears to be the more natural of the two, and to include less of the local and conventional in its manner: since the "Sakontala," a Hindoo drama, composed in complete disconnection with either the ancient or the modern literature of Europe, approaches much nearer in structure to a play of Shakspeare than to a play of Sophocles; and so does "The Orphan of China," in its native form. If we remember rightly, it was Herder who, by his rhapsody on Shakspeare, first gave to the German critics the luminous idea, that the Gothic or romantic drama should be considered as a peculiar form of art, having laws and conditions of its own; and that it is not less beautiful, and is far more convenient and comprehensive, than the Greek plan of drama, which could not have included in one whole the representation of any great event, such as the usurpation of Macbeth, the conspiracy of Venice, or the revolution of Swisserland under William Tell. With a chorus of furies, Æschylus could leap over the bounds of space and time in his Orestes, and yet

observe sufficient probability: but, in general, the supposed presence of an unchanged chorus, during the entire action, confined nearly to one spot and to one day the incidents that were introduced into a Greek tragedy. Hence a scene of family-distress is commonly the utmost attainment of the classical poet; and a cluster of independent plays, a trilogy, was requisite to exhibit on the Athenian stage the events of a single Gothic drama.

'The phenomena of nature,' says M. Schlegel in his second lecture, 'flow into one another, and do not possess an independent existence; a work of art, on the contrary, must be a connected whole, and complete within itself. Certainly, great skill is requisite, in the dramatic poet, neatly to detach an historic incident from its causes and effects, so as to give it a beginning, a middle, and an end; and to round it gracefully into a plot separate and entire, and progressively interesting. The historical plays of Shakspeare do not always attain this perfection: sometimes the action wants unity, as in Henry IV., from the admixture of extraneous characters and incidents; sometimes it wants wholeness, as in the second part of Henry IV., there being no proper catastrophe, or termination of the story; and sometimes it wants progressive interest, as in Henry VIII., and is prolonged beyond the period which decided the fate of the principal personages. Too close an imitation of nature, or adherence to fact, has occasioned these faults.

We have also an explanation of the division of dramatic art into tragic and comic pieces, and the greater severity of the ancients is asserted in keeping each kind unmixed. It may be suspected, however, that we possess castrated Alexandrian editions of the ancient dramatists. Aristarchus is known to have struck out many idle passages from Homer; the managers of an Alexandrian theatre may have rejected many from Æschylus; and we perhaps inherit only what the pruning knife of the critic has spared. In the *Prometheus*, the entrance of the crazy old maid Io must have been intended for comic effect: clad in a cow-hide, with horns, and in avowed search of a sublime husband, she must, with her mops and moes, have excited derision; and the chorus satirically tell her, that it would have been better to marry an artisan than to speculate on climbing the bed of a divinity. In the *Persians*, the ironic character of the whole dialogue is a thoroughly comic emotion; and the return of Xerxes, a fugitive, with nothing left but a quiver of unshot arrows, his unmanly grief, and the chorus of old noblemen, parodying the manner in which women were wont to beat their breasts and howl at funerals, must have convulsed an Athenian audience with loud laughter. Potter, in his translation of Æschylus, has missed the true tone of this piece: his dialogue imitates the sedate style of Thomson's Agamemnon, instead of the false tragic of Tom Thumb; and his choral odes affect the elegant diction of Gray, instead of the overcharged manner of the Probationary Odes, which were before him. The *Persians*

of Æschylus are throughout written in the mock-heroic spirit of Chrononhotonthologos. We are mortified to see critic after critic, and even M. Schlegel himself, mistaking comedy for tragedy. He professes to treat with contempt the translation of Father Brumoy, but he slips into the same blunder.

Lecture iii. is an excellent composition, describing the structure of the Greek stage with luminous clearness and learned research. This account would exceed our limits as a quotation: but it deserves the attentive consultation of every classical scholar. Barthélémy is censured for comparing the ancient tragedy with the modern opera: since the delivery of the Greek actors resembled chant rather than recitative, and had principally for its object to render audible to vast crouds the words of the poet; while the chorus sang in unison, accompanied with simple instruments, rather intended to indicate and regulate the rhythm than to overpower the voices. The use of masks is ingeniously but not satisfactorily defended by M. Schlegel; it occasions a loss of pathetic expression and change of feeling, for which no physiognomical adaptation can be an indemnity: but for impassive beings, such as ghosts, gods, and the witches in Macbeth, masks might still perhaps be used with good effect.

M. Schlegel observes that the conception of the Greek tragedy was ideal; and that it aimed at heroic delineation, at a colossal majesty, and a grace beyond nature. This is true of Æschylus, less true of Sophocles, and not at all of Euripides;—it is true of French tragedy generally, of Young among the English, and of Schiller among the Germans. What is the proper inference? Merely that the heroic is a praiseworthy branch of art; and that to excel in it has in all civilized ages and countries founded permanent reputation. M. Schlegel, however, seems inclined to place the essence of art in this elevation more than human; on which principle Euripides, Shakspeare, and Goethe, the poets who are truest to nature and most various in their delineations, must be pushed back into the infelor ranks. Grandeur of manner, in the arts of design as in the dramatic art, is accomplished by the omission of detail, but truth of nature by the insertion of it: hence some incompatibility must always subsist between the ideal and the true; between the beautiful and the characteristic; between the heroic and the natural. Why not award equal degrees of praise to equal degrees of excellence in either department?

Something is said concerning the object and purpose of tragedy; and it is remarked that commentators are not agreed about the meaning of Aristotle, who maintains that by the operation of dramatic fear and pity the passions are to be epurated.—Let us attempt the same thought in modern phraseology, and surely its justice will be admitted. Every stage-hero pleads eloquently the cause of the passion which agitates him; and hence a higher degree of fellow-feeling is aroused among the spectators, than similar

passions would awaken in real life:—but the fear of impending evil and vindictive retribution, and pity for suffering to be inflicted or incurred, are also carried farther on the theatre than in real life. Thus the consequences of strong passions are made artificially visible during their very prevalence. The rival-sympathies are called into lively action, pending a wilder degree of fury than such as is usually compatible with any foresight or circumspection; and the dramatic spectator learns, in consequence, to bear the simultaneous presence of contending strong emotions. This exercise of fear and pity, during the very whirlwind of our feelings, progressively enables us to overcome that tendency to an exclusive partial *one-side* view of a case, which commonly attends orgasm of excitement. Hence self-control is acquired at the theatre; and the frequenter of plays will insensibly attain a power of contemplating the different probable consequences of conduct, under a degree of internal passion which would operate on untutored persons like a blind impulse, like an over-ruling necessity. Æschylus paints every passion in the state in which it would exist among men untaught by the theatre. The earliest dramatist had observed mankind in that condition: but, already, in the characters of Sophocles, the emotions painted have lost something of their native unity and vehemence; they betray a mixture of extrinsic regards; they have been purged of their excesses by fear and pity.

A little unintelligible mysticism occurs in this lecture, chiefly derived from studying the writings of Kant; a philosopher who is valuable to the metaphysician for his originality, but is extensively subversive of good taste in writing by the neoteric jargon of scholastic terms which he introduced.

Lecture iv. disserts well on Æschylus; and the author's remarks on the trilogy deserve selection:

'Among the remaining pieces of Æschylus, we have what is highly deserving of our attention, a complete trilogy. The antiquarian account of trilogies is this, that in the more early times the poet did not contend for the prize with a single piece, but with three, which however were not always connected together by their contents, and that a fourth satirical drama was also attached to them. All these were successively represented in one day. The idea which we must form of the trilogy in relation to the tragic art is this: a tragedy cannot be indefinitely lengthened and continued, like the Homeric epic poem for example, to which whole rhapsodies have been appended; for this is too independent and complete with itself. Notwithstanding this circumstance, however, several tragedies may be connected together by means of a common destiny running throughout all their actions in one great cycle. Hence the fixing on the number three admits of a satisfactory explanation. It is the thesis, the antithesis, and the connection. The advantage of this conjunction was that, in the consideration of the connected fables, a more ample degree of gratification was derived than could possibly be obtained from a single action. The objects of the three tragedies might be separated by a wide interval of time, or follow close upon one another.

'The three pieces of the trilogy of Æschylus are *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoræ* or *Electra*, and the *Eumenides* or *Furies*. The object of the first is the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, on his return from Troy. In the second, Orestes avenges his father by killing his mother: *facto pius et sceleratus eodem*. This deed, although perpetrated from the most powerful motives, is repugnant however to natural and moral order. Orestes as a prince was, it is true, entitled to exercise justice even on the members of his own family; but he was under the necessity of stealing in disguise into the dwelling of the tyrannical usurper of his throne, and of going to work like an assassin. The memory of his father pleads his excuse; but, although Clytemnestra has deserved death, the blood of his mother still rises up in judgment against him. This is represented in the Eumenides in the form of a contention among the gods, some of whom approve of the deed of Orestes, while others persecute him, till at last the divine wisdom, under the figure of Minerva, reconciles the opposite claims, establishes a peace, and puts an end to the long series of crimes and punishments which desolated the royal house of Atreus. A considerable interval takes place between the period of the first and second pieces, during which Orestes grows up to manhood. The second and third are connected together immediately in the order of time. Orestes takes flight after the murder of his mother to Delphi, where we find him at the commencement of the Eumenides.

'In each of the two first pieces, there is a visible reference to the one which follows. In Agamemnon, Cassandra and the chorus prophesy, at the close, to the arrogant Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus, the punishment which awaits them at the hands of Orestes. In the Choephoræ, Orestes, immediately after the execution of the deed, finds no longer any repose; the furies of his mother begin to persecute him, and he announces his resolution of taking refuge in Delphi.

'The connection is therefore evident throughout, and we may consider the three pieces, which were connected together even in the representation, as so many acts of one great and entire drama. I mention this as a preliminary justification of Shakspeare and other modern poets, in connecting together in one representation a larger circle of human destinies, as we can produce to the critics who object to this the supposed example of the ancients.'

Shakspeare's Macbeth bears a close resemblance to this trilogy of Æschylus, which gives, in three distinct acts, a history of the house of Agamemnon. In Macbeth, also, are three acts, or deeds, distinct from each other, and separated by long intervals of time; namely, the regicide of Duncan, the murder of Banquo, and the fall of Macbeth; the first serving to show how he attained his elevation, the second how he abused it, and the third how he lost it. A chorus of supernatural beings, the witches of Shakspeare operate like the furies of Æschylus, in both these tragic poems, hovers over the fate of the hero; and, by impressing on the spectator the consciousness of an irresistible necessity, all the extenuation which the atrocities could admit is introduced. Criticism, in comparing the master-pieces of these master-poets, may be permitted to hesitate, but not to draw stakes. To the plot or fable of Shakspeare must be allowed the merit of possessing, in the higher degree, wholeness, connection, and ascending

interest. The character of Clytemnestra may be weighed without disparagement against that of Lady Macbeth: but all the other delineations are superior in our Shakspeare; his characters are more various, more marked, more consistent, more natural, more intuitive. The style of Æschylus, if distinguished for a majestic energetic simplicity, greatly preferable to the mixt metaphors and puns of Shakspeare, has still neither the richness of thought nor the versatility of diction which we find displayed in the English tragedy.

M. Schlegel's extensive commentary on this trilogy of Æschylus is an admirable critical diatribe; original, classical, and just. The *Suppliants* are stated to form one act of a trilogy, of which the two others, intitled the Ægyptians and the Danaids,' are lost. The *Seven before Thebes* ought to have been censured for the needless superfluity of narration; the dramatist should bring every possible incident into action before the spectator: but here every pretence is seized, as on the French stage, to transform action into epic poetry. *Prometheus chained*, as we have already observed, is a tragi-comedy, the entrance of Io being obviously intended for ludicrous effect; the *fire-bringing Prometheus*, a portion of the same trilogy, was always classed by the ancients among the satyric or comic dramas; and the catastrophe of the *freed Prometheus* was happy, which in pure tragedy never occurs among the Greeks. M. Schlegel's assertion is more than questionable, that the ancients did not mix tragedy and comedy.

The panegyric of Sophocles, which is pronounced in this lecture, is truly beautiful, and more strictly just than that of Æschylus. Among modern works of art, the Iphigenia in Tauris of Goethe approaches nearest to a poem of Sophocles. It is strange that, of so many pieces as he wrote, (the number is stated at one hundred and twenty,) so few have been handed down to us; viz. only seven, and one of these, the *Trachinians*, being of doubtful authority. Perhaps the *Rhesus*, printed commonly among the works of Euripides, might with greater brobability be assigned to Sophocles. At least, we have the external evidence of a preface by some ancient scholiast, which so attributes it; and we have the internal evidence of a sweet, polished, and supported style, so different from the versatile and unequal manner of the all-intuitive (παντοφος) Euripides. Here again is tragi-comedy; ridiculous emotions being excited in this play, when Dolon offers to disguise himself as a wolf; and, when Hector promises to him the horses of Achilles, the spectator, who expects those of Rhesus to be successfully waylaid, must experience an ironical smile. From this piece, it is evident that the Greeks brought horses on their stage to increase the pageantry: "*tutto il mundo e fatto come la nostra famiglia.*"

The grounds of internal evidence are still stronger for assigning to Sophocles the *Trojan Dames*. The *Hecuba*, a tragedy

on the same theme, is certainly a work of Euripides; the heroine, tottering on a cruch and rolling in the dust, has that ignoble raggedness with which Aristophanes reproaches this tragedian; and critics notice the piece as his composition, praising his description of the death of Polyxena, still in her last moments attentive to every decorum, and gathering the robes over her person so as to fall with decency. In the *Hecuba*, this sacrifice takes place on the Thracian Chersonesus: but, in the *Trojan Dames*, Polyxena is sacrificed under the walls of Troy. Now if these two plays had the same poet for their author, a consistent, uniform, undeviating legend would be adopted in both. The *Trojan Dames*, therefore, appears to be taken from Euripides; and, as the character of Hecuba in this tragedy is a noble and beautiful delineation, worthy of the taste of Sophocles,—as the monotonous prolongation of the same emotion is peculiar to his manner,—as the perpetual climax of feminine wo is worthy of his art and ingenuity,—as the appropriate tone of the choral odes is so studiously preserved,—and as the mythological passages have none of that contemptuous impiety which marks the theology of Euripides,—it seems more rational and probable to attribute this tragedy to his cotemporary and rival. Among the lost plays of Sophocles, are enumerated *Athamas*, *Thamyris*, *Phryxus*, *Erechtheus*, *Nausicaa*, or the Wash-women (Πλυντριαι), according to Lessing a comic or satiric piece, and *Thyestes*, of which, some idea may be formed from the Latin imitation preserved in the dramatic anthology of Seneca.

The fifth lecture treats of Euripides, the favourite poet of Socrates and of Milton. Yet his dramas are valued low by M. Schlegel, who considers them as indicating the decline of art. Certainly, they have not the uniform loftiness of those of Æschylus, nor the uniform beauty of those of Sophocles: but they include greater variety of character, of situation, and of emotion; they have more of nature, if they have less of stage-trick; and they abound with sentiments of a penetrating wisdom. Æschylus imprints his own heroic and unbending disposition on every one of his personages;—the poet himself speaks through each mask. His Clytemnestra is but Prometheus in petticoats; his Electra is cast in her mother's mould; and Eteocles and Antigone have the same proud courageous soul. As in Alfieri's tragedies, the author *sits to himself* for the principal figures in every fresh delineation.—Sophocles has less energy than his predecessor. In the character of Œdipus, he has scarcely imprinted traces of that wild intemperance of feeling, which was destined to tear out his own eyes in the catastrophe. It is not by sudden sparks of passion that Sophocles touches, but by repeatedly and permanently harping on the same string; he excels in patient feminine tenderness, in refinement of feeling, and in moral beauty, but not in fluctuations of emotion. Though his range of characters is

wider than that of Æschylus, and is made conspicuous by contrasts, yet the outlines of his personages are vague, and the marks of individuality faint; they have the average compassed features of an unappropriated bust, which the artist has shapen beautifully, but has not yet chipped and channeled into a specific portrait. He is at home only in virtuous nature, in Neoptolemos, Antigone, and Chrysothemis; his criminals have not the spirit of crime. Nor is he inventive, being obliged often to borrow from himself; Electra, for instance, when she clasps the supposed urn of Orestes, employing nearly the same sentiments which Antigone advances before Creon. On the contrary, Euripides neither casts his characters in one mould nor transplants his sentiments from play to play, but is ever various, creative, and original. His heroes may be deficient in majesty, and his plots in taste, but all his personages have the distinct individuality of nature. We trace no resemblance between his Hecuba, Andromache, Medea, Phædra, Iphigenia, Alcestes, and Electra; no repetition of the common-places of sorrow, but a deeply pathetic and strictly appropriate display of emotion at the trying instant. Characters which border on each other are still discriminated; such as Ion and Hippolytus, or the insane Hercules and the insane Orestes. Emotions almost incompatible are also made to succeed each other in a breath: thus Hercules indulges his joviality when Alcestes is dying, without spoiling the pathetic scenes; and this, though not a mark of taste, is an indication of power. If Æschylus be the Schiller, and Sophocles be the Racine, Euripides is the Shakspeare, of the Greeks; and it is inconsistent in M. Schlegel to assign to Euripides so low and to Shakspeare so high a rank. Neither of these writers pursues an ideal beauty, but both are distinguished for truth of nature. They do not aim, like Æschylus and Schiller, at a grandeur beyond reality, at a majesty more than human; they are not to be classed among the heroic or ennobling poets: they do not, like Sophocles and Racine, subdue within the limits of grace and beauty every expression of feeling or passion: nor are they to be classed among the idealizing or embellishing poets: but it is for copying the impressive phænomena of human kind with fidelity, for catching a striking likeness of men and events in a narrow compass, for giving an inherent vitality to their personages, and animating each with a soul of its own, that Euripides and Shakspeare must be applauded. If they too often sink into vulgarity, their bursts of feeling and of passion gush into the heart and thrill to the marrow; and they are omnipotent over the present impression, whether it be grave or gay.

In the sixth lecture, the author treats of comedy, which seems to have begun in the parody of tragedy. A high and (we think) a well-founded panegyric of Aristophanes is here undertaken; whose resources of fancy gave a variety to Greek comedy, of

which the modern stage is in want of the return.—In the appendix to this lecture, a scene is translated from Aristophanes, in which Euripides is happily ridiculed.

The seventh lecture relates to the middle comedy of the Greeks, which more nearly resembles that of the modern world than the early comedy of Aristophanes. We here meet with an ingenious application of Xenophon's doctrine of two souls to criticism:

'There are other moral defects, which are beheld by their possessor with a certain degree of satisfaction, and which he has even resolved not to remedy, but to cherish and preserve. Of this kind is all that, without reference to selfish pretensions, or hostile inclinations, merely originates in the preponderance of sensuality. This may, without doubt, be united to a high degree of intellect, and when such a person applies his mental powers to the consideration of his own character, laughs at himself, confesses his failings to others, or endeavours to reconcile them to them, by the droll manner in which they are mentioned, we have then an instance of the self-conscious comic. This kind always supposes a certain inward quality of character, and the superior half, which rallies and laughs at the other, has from its tone and its employment a near affinity to the comic poet himself. He occasionally delivers over his functions entirely to this representative, while he allows him studiously to overcharge the picture which he draws of himself, and to enter into a sort of understanding with the spectators, to throw ridicule on the other characters. We have in this way the *arbitrary comic*, which generally produces a very powerful effect, however much the critics may affect to under-rate it. In the instance in question, the spirit of the old comedy prevails; the privileged fool or buffoon, who has appeared on almost all stages under different names, and whose character is at one time a display of shrewdness and wit, and at another of absurdity and stupidity, has inherited something of the extravagant inspiration, and the rights and privileges of the free and unrestrained old comic writer; and this is the strongest proof that the old comedy, which we have described as the original species, was not founded alone in the peculiar circumstances of the Greeks, but is essentially rooted in the nature of things.'

We do not, however, feel convinced that the critic can so easily teach a comic as a tragic poet. There is an instantaneous contagiousness in skilful ridicule, which must be learnt by practice, not from precept. In life, he who reasons about conduct before he acts is commonly a loser of opportunities; and he who must be jogged for a repartee will invent it too late for effect. The *painful* have not the rapidity of the *cheerful* emotions.

Lecture viii. gives an account of the Roman theatre, which had little original merit. Its tragedies are imitated from the Greek; and some of its comedies are referred to an Etrurian origin. A tragedy intitled Medea, and ascribed to Ovid, is probably the piece included in Seneca's collection.—From the declension of Roman art, M. Schlegel proceeds to the commencement of modern or Italian art; notices the pastoral drama as a peculiarity which had no classical model; and describes the masked comedy

conducted by *improvisator* actors. Alfieri is criticized with severity: but we would assign to his *Conspiracy of the Pazzi*, a more elevated station than M. Schlegel allots.

The ninth lecture treats of the antiquities of the French stage, and of the influence of Aristotle and his supposed rules on the forms of French plays. The three unities are discussed; and the unity of action is alone defended.

Lecture the tenth criticizes the principal dramatic works of the French. To the *Cid* of Corneille a high rank is granted: but, though it has the merit of neglecting unity of place, and the earlier scenes are spirited, the interest is in anti-climax; and the love of Chimene almost acquires a comic character in the latter acts.—Of Racine's tragedies, *Athalie* and *Britannicus* are especially praised: but his Greek and Turkish plays violate all costume of manners. Among Voltaire's tragedies, *Alzire* is here preferred. We do not think, however, that the philosophic dialogues, which it includes, are placed with probability in the mouths of Peruvians: here is surely as gross a violation of the costume of manners as we find in the Achilles of Racine. In *Zaire*, the discovery of her relation to Lusignan, which occurs early in the play, is perhaps more interesting than the catastrophe, so that the anxiety of the spectator is in an inverted order; and the character of Orosman is not Sultanic, but French:—still we consider this tragedy as the most masterly and original of all those of Voltaire. The *Peré de Famille* of Diderot is grievously under-rated. Its fable, or plot, is perhaps the completest of any dramatic poem extant: the action is intricate, progressively interesting, and the solution or catastrophe is rapid and complete: the characters are various and well-discriminated; and, though the style is perhaps too declamatory, this poetic prose is the French substitute for metrical diction, even in epic writing, and must be taken, like recitative at the opera, as the condition of the appropriate frame of mind in the spectator. The situations are critical, picturesque, and ethically harassing, yet admirably probable; and all the unities are conquered without constraint. It is perhaps the only French play in which the exposition is accomplished without any narration: generally speaking, the French dramatist is as aukward as Euripides in his opening: but in the *Péré de Famille*, the necessary preliminary information is all communicated by implication, and wrought into the action.

With the tenth lecture, the Second Volume opens. It continues in greater detail a survey of the French theatre, and the *Horatii*, the *Death of Pompey*, *Cinna*, and *Polyeucte*, pass in review. On the whole, the best tragedies of the French are those which treat on Roman subjects: Voltaire, in his *Brutus*, his *Cæsar*, and his *Triumvirate*, enters more into the spirit of the times than in *Oedipus* or *Semiramis;* and the *Britannicus* of Rachine is its master-piece.

The eleventh lecture includes a survey of French comedy which is under-valued by M. Schlegel. In delicate embarrassment, and in teasing situation, which gratifies the *grinning passion* of our nature, the French comic writers excel. Something of malice and something of ridicule are mixed up in this passion; yet it is too good-natured not to sympathize with its object, and too polite to make a laughing-stock of it; no apt name exists for this state of mind, of which irony is an ebullition. An excellent piece of criticism is the comparison between the *Aulularia* of Plautus, and the *Avare* of Moliere.

Diderot's essay *on Dramatic Poetry*, which Lessing considered as the best specimen of criticism extant in French, is here placed unjustly low. It was perhaps too carefully directed to the defence of domestic tragedy and sentimental drama, in which line the author aspired to reputation: but surely it contains delicate, original, feeling, and profound remarks on art, and has the merit of trampling under foot every national prejudice. Such tragedies as *Othello*, the *Fatal Curiosity*, and the *Gamester*, must remain admirable works of poetry, whatever arguments be accumulated in favour of personages more heroic.

In the twelfth lecture, M. Schlegel compares and assimilates the English and the Spanish theatre. Shakspeare is nobly praised: perhaps excessively in some particulars. *Hamlet*, for instance, of which the first act excites high expectation, and of which the latter acts sink into romantic farce, is treated as a profound and complete work of art. Probably we possess in it an old play, of which Shakspeare re-wrote the first act at leisure, and then rashly hurried the whole before the public, with little retouching of the rest. The shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia, in the *Winter's Tale*, is here defended on wrong grounds: the seaports of Aquilea and Trieste were appendages of the crown of Bohemia at the time at which the scene is laid; and it is common to speak of dependent territory by the name of the Metropolitan Country.—An appendix to this critical survey of the works of Shakspeare declares for ascribing to him all the contested pieces, such as *Titus Andronicus;* and, with a rashness that is excusable only in a foreigner, it attributes to him Lillo's *Arden of Feversham*, which was written in 1736, and first acted in 1762. In the *Two Noble Kinsmen* of Fletcher, M. Schlegel would detect extensive aid from Shakspeare.—A short life of our great bard is also introduced; and his sonnets are justly stated to contain several auto-biographical particulars which have escaped his historians. —This whole lecture will be read with great interest in England and will supply future editors of Shakspeare with welcome additions to the critical estimates of Dr. Johnson, which usually accompany the several plays.

The thirteenth lecture continues the history of the English stage, and deservedly praises Marlow, whose works ought to be collected and regularly edited. If the plays of Beaumont were

thrown out of the collection by Beaumont and Fletcher, the remainder would form a richer ore. Dryden's *Don Sebastian* is under-rated. Rowe is justly characterized. *George Barnwell* is properly cried down, and is far inferior to the *Arden of Feversham* and to the *Fatal Curiosity* of the same author.

Lecture xiv. treats of the Spanish theatre, which well deserves the study of dramatic authors as a mine of fable rather than of dialogue. To Calderon, the palm is assigned over all the play writers of his country. Catholic Germany may perhaps import his religious tragedies and pageants: but they would not succeed in London.

The fifteenth and concluding lecture, which relates to the German theatre, gives but a concise, cursory, and somewhat deficient view of it. Perhaps, for the very reason that the audience were familiar with the German master-pieces, it was deemed needless to *prose* about them; and perhaps even that which was said has undergone some abridgment, from an urbane regard to the feelings of living merit.

In Schiller, the Germans possess more than an Æschylus, since he has all the energy and majesty of the Greek, with more plasticity and variety. His *Fiesco*, his *Mary Stuart*, and his *Wilhelm Tell*, affect on the theatre as much as in the closet.

Of Lessing's plays, *Minna von Barnhelm*, an elegant sentimental comedy, and *Nathan the Wise*, a serious didactic drama, are especially extolled: the latter is peculiarly original, and unites the merit of painting character and emotion with delicate and discriminate precision.

Kotzebue is, in our judgment, unfairly depreciated by M. Schlegel. His slightest pieces, comic or tragic, have succeeded on every European stage, from Moscow to Paris; and in theatrical effect, in rapidity of power over the feelings, he is without a living rival. Some of his plays may justly be accused of flattering dangerous inclinations: thus the *Stranger* seems to palliate adultery, *La Peyrouse* to extenuate bigamy, and *Brother Moritz* to excuse impure marriage with the concubine of another: but these dramas are nevertheless in a high degree impressive; and many of his tragedies superadd to a vehement interest a patriotic, sublime, moral, and liberal aim. Such is *Gustavus Vasa;* which, for every requisite of fable, of character, and of emotion, surpasses any Gothic drama of Goethe, and is inferior only to the *Wilhelm Tell* or the *Mary Stuart* of Schiller. Kotzebue's *Count of Burgundy* will bear a comparison with the classical Merope, of which it transplants the fable to chivalrous times. His *Octavia*, which repeats the old story of Antony and Cleopatra, has the merit of delineating the hero with ethic probability, and of arranging the incidents with felicitous impression:—but the character of Cleopatra is too depraved for her to have overpoised the heroic and disinterested Octavia, in the mind even of an Antony.

Goethe, a living poet, and of all dramatists the most various, has produced several acknowledged master-pieces, and may be called the Euripides of Germany, or the Shakspeare; since he excels, like those poets, in distinct characterization, in variety and truth of nature, in reliance on internal resource, and in a rich verstility of diction. His feminine characters are perhaps more nicely discriminated than his men; and he may betray some want of rapidity or energy in his manner, which intercepts popularity of effect. Excellent in portraying the delicate feelings, and more akin by nature to Sophocles, Rowe, and Racine, than to the writers whom he has chosen fo his models he has expended in the delineation of energy much inadequate toil. His *Godfried of Berlichingen*, and even his *Egmont*, fall short of expectation: but not so his *Clavigo*, or his *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

On the whole, M. Schlegel's lectures deserve to be considered as forming an epoch in the history of criticism. With an eloquence worthy of Plato, with a command of fact worthy of Aristotle, he has for the first time shaped into a system those new principles of decision respecting dramatic art, which Sulzer, Herder, and Lessing, had partially and severally evulgated* in Germany; and which must naturally arise from that more extensive and comprehensive comparison of models, which this age of translation has placed within the power of all Europe. If any thing be wanting to the taste of M. Schlegel, it is some portion of tolerance and liberality towards those who have written domestic dramas, and have brought on the stage the polished men and women of modern life.—The translation is executed with elegance, and displays an intimate conversancy* both with the English and German tongue.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. A Romaunt. Canto III. By Lord Byron. New York, reprinted.

The dislike which we entertained towards the productions of this writer, and the personal disgust which he excited by his unmanly behaviour—to employ the mildest term—towards his wife, have hitherto prevented us from noticing any of his productions. But the cause of sound morals and good taste, requires that we should suppress our own feelings, when the republic is in danger, and we do think it is like to sustain great harm, when one of its most conspicuous personages is detected in the act of sapping the foundations of virtue by the perversion of the attributes of genius.

* These are not "Columbian words."—Ed. P. F.

That portion of the British public, which is styled the nobility and gentry, indignant at being stigmatised as a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease, in the time of the Stuarts, avenged itself for a long time, by not writing at all. Since the Hanoverian succession, the catalogue of royal and noble authors has received few additions, until within a few years, when lord Holland, lord Strangford, and the writer of the production before us, appeared the most conspicuous among those of their rank who have cultivated polite literature with assiduity and success. The last nobleman, it is well known, first distinguished himself in a poetical satire, written with all the personality, though not the party spirit of Churchhill, and combining equal vigour with accumulated bitterness. For this publication, its author has since expressed his regret; and the expression would be honourable to him if regret had been followed by reformation. But the tone of his subsequent productions affords melancholy evidence, that the evil spirit which breathed those numbers, has never been finally exorcised, nor even laid for a season. Next in order to the satire to which we have alluded, was the poem of which the present canto is a continuation. On its first appearance, opinions of its merit were, as usual, various and contradictory. Its very title was not without allurement; and awakening one of those associations, by which a world of thought may be connected with a word, the name of a *pilgrimage* recalled the days of romance and achievement, of knights and princes, of Bruce, St. Louis, and Richard Cœur de Lion;—when a pilgrimage was undertaken to encounter peril, or to expiate offence. It was, indeed, found on proceeding, that the fashion of pilgrimages, as of every thing else, had partaken the mutations of this mutable world; but the name continued, and has doubtless attracted many an ear, which might have revolted at the ordinary denomination of travels or adventures. The heaviness of the Spenser-stanza, so unsuited to our language, however congenial to that of Italy, deterred some from accompanying the "Childe" in his peregrinations. Others persevered, and though confined to the society of a most frigid churl, found some relief to its melancholy monotony from those occasional descriptions of natural scenery which diversify what otherwise were a dreary waste. Misanthropy, when resulting

from the contact of ardent feelings with the chill atmosphere of the world, from the milk of human kindness soured by ingratitude, or the visions of fancy dispelled and disappointed by the realities of experience;—misanthropy from any cause, indeed, where the sufferer is more "sinned against than sinning," is a character of mind than which few excite deeper interest, and on the stage or in the closet, it has exercised a most powerful fascination. Very different from all this is the misanthropy of Childe Harold. It is a display of sullen and proud, and morbid selfishness; an elaborate and repulsive exhibition of the worst feelings of our nature, as seen through the deforming medium of a distempered imagination. If this be, indeed, our nature, which we take leave to doubt—since though there may occasionally be monsters in the moral as in the physical world, they are not in the usual order of nature, but out of it, and who cares to see them?—but, if such were our nature, we are not obliged by the unhallowed curiosity which would force it on our inspection.

> "Heaven's sovereign spares all beings but himself,
> That hideous sight, a naked human heart"

and the veil that we owe to the mercy of heaven, should not rashly be rent asunder by the malice of man.

Lord Byron has been at some pains to disclaim all identity with his hero, and we are willing to take him at his word; but the striking resemblance between the features of what he advances in *propria persona*, and what he expresses by his characters, somewhat impeaches his credit. Be this as it may, we believe the effect of the "Childe" was, to leave on its readers, friends as well as foes, a feeling of dissatisfaction with the hero, the author, and themselves. Of the gross impieties of that work, we say nothing, as they have been sufficiently exposed in the journals of the noble author's own nation; nor have the impurities of his later productions escaped the public justice, that should ever fall on offences of which genius, instead of being a palliative, is an aggravation. Of Childe Harold we expected to see no more, but he now reappears, and we are sorry to say, utterly unchanged by time or circumstance since we last met him. Far from advancing, he seems to have retrograded in interest; and—spite of the dexterous

interweaving of matters personal to the writer with the musings of his Harold, we are but little moved. Perhaps the very frequency with which this occurs has defeated its own designs. Sorrow, like piety, we know to be a sacred and secluded thing; it shuns, rather than solicits, notice, and seems eager to recal even its inadvertent complainings. Even bodily privations—the most affecting of all calamities, because obvious to all, might repel our pity if the subject of perpetual lamentation; and Milton's allusion to his blindness, and that of Cowper to his awful mental malady, would, by too constant repetition, harden rather than excite our sympathies. The example of his favourite, Jean Jacques, might have taught this lesson to the noble author. Under a sense of real or supposed injury, to renounce his kind, and hide his miseries with himself from society, was natural and therefore, touching. Far be it from us to judge lightly of such suffering, because possibly visionary. Whether actual or imaginary in its cause, it was real in its effect on the individual, and as such commands our commiseration. All we would remark is, that he did not raise the spectre of his griefs in every page like the author before us, till we most heartily exclaim with Denmark's heir,

"Rest, rest poor ghost."

Enough, and perhaps the reader may think—too much, of character—let us come now to diction. The radical and reigning defects of lord Byron's style are its inflation and obscurity—the latter being in some degree, a necessary consequence of the former; and both together forming more than a match for any ordinary reader. Nothing can supply the want of perspicuity in prose or verse; but the absence of this quality is more severely felt in the latter style of composition where we are unwilling that a recreation should be converted into a task. In no department of the muse is this a pardonable fault, except the lyric and dramatic, and there only because the instrument in the one case, and the action in the other may supply the defect of the bard. In all other instances, obscurity is a defect, and one of which this canto affords so many specimens that we select the following only because among the earliest, to gratify the amateurs of the occult.

"'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give,
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I! Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I treasure earth,
Invisible but gazing as I glow,
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings dearth."

And again,

"What deep wounds ever clos'd without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear,
That which disfigures it; and they who war,
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission; in his lair,
Fix'd passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years! none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power
To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower."

Slower than what? We do not assert, that these stanzas, and many such as these, have absolutely no meaning;—we say only, it is not sufficiently apparent for the purposes of poetry, and that those who readily, and without much reflection, divine it, may venture with encouraging anticipations among the mysticisms of Jacob Bemen.

On the whole, however, we suspect lord Byron has found it for his interest to adopt this manner. Opinions and sentiments but half revealed may serve as a test of public taste; and according to the reception of these "ambiguous givings out," may their future development be pursued or renounced. Hid under the hieroglyphic of an inuendo, much may safely be hazzarded, which it were indiscreet to divulge; and hence we may account for what else might be unaccountable—how misses can read to their mamas, and quote to their admirers, the Turkish tales of the writer without hesitation, and how grave matrons to whose offspring the works of Goëthe, Godwin, or Rousseau are sealed books, can introduce and recommend to their acquaintance a far more pernicious companion. But danger, it will be remembered, is not

the less danger for being concealed. The mine to which a match has been laid, will inevitably explode under the tread of a passenger, though he may have ventured on it once and again without injury. Lord Byron is sufficiently intimate with human nature to know that the *equivoques* in which he deals, will accomplish his purpose surely, however slowly. If the writer draw but the outline, the reader will ultimately fill it up. Let a meaning be hinted, and there is always a powerful ally within, to interpret the whispering of the tempter without. The asp once applied, there is no necessity of renewing the application; the venom may confidently be trusted to work its own way.

We mentioned as another characteristic of his lordship, a destitution, perhaps disdain of the grace of simplicity. All is inflated, extravagant, and hyperbolical. There is no resting-place for the feelings, where one may stop and take breath before he proceeds. The author breathes only in an atmosphere of exaggeration, and you must go on and faint not, respiring as he does—if you can. Now this is evidently artificial, and therefore, repels sympathy. It *cannot* be natural. No man *can* exist long in a perpetual fever; or, if an illustration drawn from disease befits not our poet, the sea itself—no unworthy emblem of his impetuous genius, is not always "at the flood." One example may suffice in support of the charge—it is where his lordship is about to describe the impressions common to all who have ever visited the summits of a lofty mountain; the unuttered, unutterable reflections, or rather the suspension of all reflection, when, as has been finely observed, "we rather feel than think." Behold how this natural and simple emotion is bloated into bombast in the following stanza:—

> "Could I embody and unbosom now
> That which is most within me,—could I wreak
> My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
> Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
> All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
> Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one* word,
> And that one word were light'ning, I would speak;
> But as it is, I live and die unheard,
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

The flaming sword of Angantyr himself, as it figures in Runic mythology, never had more pomp and circumstance attending its interment, than has this shadowy brand of lord Byron! Perhaps there is no modern writer of similar dimensions so worthy a place in the next edition of Scriblerus. Poetical enthusiasm must be kept within the bounds of nature; at any rate we do not think lord Byron is one of the eagle-pinioned tribe who can

Soar through the trackless bounds of space

and indulge in those fine phrenzies which are impervious to ordinary capacities.

The ensuing lines are in far better taste, and exhibit, we think, our author's happiest manner, both in the delineation of a tranquil and of a troubled scene.

" Clear, placid Leman, thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I, with stern delights should e'er have been so moved."

And now,

" The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wond'rous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak the ratt'ling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud."

The illustrations that follow, though their force is, perhaps, weakened by extension, are strikingly appropriate, and possess great poetical beauty.

" They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither, long before it fall;

The hull drives on, tho' mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the wall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive, the captive they enthral;
The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Among his descriptions of Alpine scenery, lord Byron has paid a just tribute to the memory of that Julia, who gave to a former age an example of self devotedness, similar to that, which the French revolution has afforded in our own time, and whose filial piety recals to our remembrance, the memorable words of the daughter of Malesherbes to her more fortunate companion:— "you have the glory of saving your father, and I have the consolation to die with mine!"

We passed over the stanzas relating to Waterloo; for Scott and Southey have traversed the ground before, and the public by this time have "supped full with horrors." A more unreproved banquet as well as unexpected, is furnished in the 57th and 58th pages. The sketches of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Gibbon, are given with much discrimination and strength of outline, so as to excite in us the fervent wish that lord Byron might no longer employ his pencil in caricaturing ideal Harolds, but rather exercise its skill on a gallery of portraits from real characters.

Of the minor faults in this canto, may be mentioned a more frequent ruggedness of versification than we recollect to have before witnessed in its author. Examples are not wanting of that petty play of fancy, which, for want of a more definite term, is styled *conceit;* and the thing signified, together with its sign, would agree better with a structure of verse formed, like that of Leigh Hunt, on the Italian model. There are instances of tautology, as, "*wild-bewildered;*" of expletive, where "Brunswick *did* hear;" and of the obsolete, like "*sheen*," "*blent*," &c. which are neither useful nor ornamental. These, indeed, are trifles; if any thing can justly be so classed in a writer of celebrity, whose blemishes are far more easily imitated than his beauties. That the works of lord Byron contain beauties, both of thought and expression, is not denied. They certainly do; but unless

finer and more frequent than those of any other—which they certainly do not—their evil is more than a counterpoise to their good, and leaves them little claim to rank with their less exceptionable cotemporaries. Fortunately for the lovers of English poetry, the present, beyond any preceding era, has adorned the United Kingdom with a cluster of poets, whose lives and writings reflect mutual lustre on each other. In the north, beside the lofty strains of their dramatic muse, we have the bold and beautiful imagination of Campbell, with the elevation of an angel and the tenderness of a man; and Scott, whose varied and mellifluous versification is glowing with the prismatic colours, and like the mists of the Highlands, embodying a spirit. In England, the claimants crowd upon our memory—Montgomery, whose lips seem to be purified by a living spark from the altar, like those of the bard whom he most resembles in his fervours of piety and patriotism;—Wordsworth the philosophy of whose rural reveries, if not always intelligible is often affecting; and Southey, whose protean genius through all its transformations, whether as a British druid, or a Spanish chronicler, an Arabian Dervise, or an Indian Bramin, is constantly followed with delight and admiration!

Visions of glory spare the aching sight!

We have considered lord Byron as a poet only—as such only, we should wish to regard him; but he has chosen to obtrude *himself* upon us by combining the memoirs of the man with the minstrelsy of the writer. It has been usual for matrimonial dissention to confine itself to the family-hearth, for the sole edification and amusement of children and domestics,—and the world without was never the wiser. But such guarded decorums were only for plebeians; and the quarrels of lords and ladies, like those of Olympian Deities are to agitate a universe. The names of lord and lady Byron have been "hung on high" by the gazettes of Europe, and,—thanks to the invention of letters and the facilities of commerce,—they seem to be destined to attain similar "bad eminence," in our own distant republic. We should have passed them by, however, with mingled feelings of pity, contempt, and indignation, did not the present production contain references and conclusions, that call for more decided animadversion. That lord

Byron should avow his contempt for "church links," and his preference of "unwed" love, excites no surprise; being perfectly in accordance with all his former writings, in which love is constantly represented as an instinct rather than a sentiment, and where we discover not even one instance of any other than an illicit connection. Love, to his lordship's taste, must be lawless as his Corsair, or licentious as his Giaour; and, to do him justice, he seems as incapable of feigning as of feeling the comforts of a legitimate attachment. Here, then, in itself considered, was no matter for astonishment. The wonder is, only, how a poem containing such sentiments would be prefaced and concluded with a direct address to his daughter—an infant daughter! Should the passage in question ever meet her eye, surely it will be obliterated by her tears! Those whom the majesty of heaven could not arrest, have sometimes been awed by the innocence of infancy—but we grow solemn. Cumberland dedicated his works to his daughter, sir Philip Sydney, to his sister, Mr. Roscoe, to his wife:—for they were calculated to excite no glow but that of grateful exultation. Even Wilkes, in his poetic trifles that have a similar designation, breathes nothing but refinement. Should lord Byron ever address another poem to his child, may it be such as she can read without a blush for her unworthy parent.

The minor poems attached to this volume had not been published when these remarks were written, and we have already occupied so many pages that we shall not trespass any longer on the reader, than to acknowledge, that this canto contains some just reflections, and much moralizing truth. But these expressions, from so polluted a source, are to us, we confess, only less disgusting than the effrontery with which their opposites are as frequently avowed,—and forcibly remind us of *De la Bonde's* Prophecy concerning *Rousseau*.

"*And in those days there shall come a philosopher, preaching from the borders of a lake. And when he talks about virtue and morality, no one shall be able to discover what is either virtue or morality.*"

GENERAL WASHINGTON TO FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esq.

*Mount Vernon, 16th May, 1875.**

DEAR SIR,

In for a penny, in for a pound, is an old adage.—I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am *now* altogether at their beck, and sit like patience on a monument whilst they are delineating the lines of my face.

It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom may effect.—At first, I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle.—The next time, I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing,—now, no dray moves more readily to the thill, than I to the painter's chair.—It may easily be conceived therefore that I yielded a ready acquiescence to your request, and to the views of Mr. Pine.

Letters from England, recommendatory of this gentleman, came to my hands previous to his arrival in America—not only as an artist of acknowledged eminence, but as one who had discovered a friendly disposition towards this country—for which, it seems, he had been marked.

It gave me pleasure to hear from you—I shall always feel an interest in your happiness—and with Mrs. Washington's compliments and best wishes joined to my own, for Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself,

I am—Dear Sir,
your most obedient and affectionate
Humble Servant
GO. WASHINGTON.

Francis Hopkinson, Esqr.

MR. ADAMS TO GOVERNOR BULLOCK.

Philadelphia, July 1st, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

Two days ago I received your favour of May 1st.——I was greatly disappointed, sir, in the information you gave me, that

* For the original of this letter, the editor is indebted to his friend Joseph Hopkinson, Esq. M. C.—the elder son of the gentleman to whom it is addressed.

you should be prevented from revisiting Philadelphia.——I had flattered myself with hopes of your joining us soon, and not only affording us the additional strength of your abilities and fortitude, but enjoying the satisfaction of seeing a temper and conduct here, somewhat more agreeable to your wishes, than those which prevailed when you were here before. But I have since been informed, that your countrymen have done themselves the justice to place you at the head of their affairs, a station in which you may perhaps render more essential service to them, and to America, than you could here.

There seems to have been a great change in the sentiments of the colonies, since you left us, and I hope that a few months will bring us all to the same way of thinking.

This morning is assigned for the greatest debate of all—— A declaration that these colonies are free and independent states, has been reported by a committee, appointed some weeks ago for that purpose, and this day, or to-morrow, is to determine its fate.— May heaven prosper the new born republic, and make it more glorious than any former republics have been!

The small-pox has ruined the American army in Canada, and of consequence the American cause.—A series of disasters has happened there, partly owing I fear to the indecision at Philadelphia, and partly to the mistakes or misconduct of our officers in that department. But the small-pox, which infected every man we sent there, completed our ruin, and compelled us to evacuate that important province.—We must, however, regain it some time or other.

My countrymen have been more successful at sea, in driving all the men of war completely out of Boston harbour, and in making prizes of a great number of transports and other vessels.

We are in daily expectation of an armament before New-York, where, if it comes, the conflict must be bloody. The object is great which we have in view, and we must expect a great expense of blood to obtain it. But we should always remember, that a free constitution of civil government cannot be purchased at too dear a rate, as there is nothing, on this side the new Jerusalem, of equal importance to mankind.

It is a cruel reflection, that a little more wisdom, a little more activity, or a little more integrity, would have preserved us Canada, and enabled us to support this trying conflict, at a less expense of men and money. But irretrievable miscarriages ought to be lamented no further, than to enable and stimulate us to do better in future.

Your colleagues, Hall and Gynn, are here in good health and spirits, and as firm as you yourself could wish them. Present my compliments to Mr. Houstoun. Tell him, the colonies will have republics for their governments, let us lawyers, and your* divine, say what we will.

I have the honour to be,
with great esteem and respect, sir,
your sincere friend and most humble servant,
JOHN ADAMS.

His excellency Archibald Bullock, Esq. of Georgia.

MR. ADAMS TO MR. CHASE.

Philadelphia, July 1st, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

Your favour by the post this morning gave me much pleasure, but the generous and unanimous vote of your convention gave me much more. It was brought into congress this morning, just as we were entering on the great debate. That debate took up most of the day, but it was an idle mispense of time, for nothing was said but what had been repeated and hackneyed, in that room, before an hundred times, for six months past.

In the committee of the whole the question was carried in the affirmative, and reported to the house.—A colony desired it to be postponed until to-morrow, when it will pass by a great majority, perhaps with almost unanimity; yet I cannot promise this, because one or two gentlemen may possibly be found, who will vote point blank against the known and declared sense of their constituents. Maryland, however, I have the pleasure to inform you, behaved well.—Paca, generously and nobly.

* Zubly.

Alas Canada! we have found misfortune and disgrace in that quarter—Evacuated at last—Transports arrived at Sandy-Hook, from whence we may expect an attack in a short time, upon New-York or New-Jersey;—and our army not so strong as we could wish. The militia of New-Jersey and New-England not so ready as they ought to be.

The Romans made it a fixed rule never to send or receive ambassadors, to treat of peace with their enemies while their affairs were in an adverse or disastrous situation. There was a generosity and magnanimity in this, becoming freemen. It flowed from that temper and those principles which alone can preserve the freedom of a people. It is a pleasure to find our Americans of the same temper. It is a good symptom, foreboding a good end.

If you imagine that I expect this declaration will ward off calamities from this country, you are mistaken. A bloody conflict we are destined to endure.—This has been my opinion from the beginning. You will certainly remember my decided opinion was, at the first congress, when we found that we could not agree upon an immediate non-exportation, that the contest could not be settled without bloodshed, and that if hostilities should once commence, they would terminate in an incurable animosity between the two countries. Every political event since the 19th of April, 1775, has confirmed me in this opinion.

If you imagine that I flatter myself with happiness and halcyon days, after a separation from Great Britain, you are mistaken again. I don't expect that our new governments will be so quiet as I could wish, nor that happy harmony, confidence, and affection, between the colonies, that every good American ought to study, labour, and pray for, a long time. But freedom is a counterbalance for poverty, discord, and war, and more. It is your hard lot and mine to be called into life, at such a time;—yet even these times have their pleasures.

I am your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. Chase.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—ANECDOTES OF CHINESE WOMEN.

THE anecdote of the Spanish monarch whose life was sacrificed to etiquette, by his refusal to move from the fire is familiar to most of our readers. The following anecdotes are translated from the *Lye Nyv*, or *Illustrious Women*,—a Chinese work containing anecdotes of females, in that country, written 2000 years ago, a copy of which I found in the library of our Philosophical Society. *Cham vang*, king of *Tsa*, going abroad on a party of pleasure, carried along with him one of his wives, a daughter of the king of *Tsi*. One day, when he had left her on a pretty little island, on the banks of the great river *Kyang*, he received news, that the water had suddenly risen very high. Upon this, he immediately despatched some lords, to bring the princess from the place she was then in. These lords went post-haste to the princess, to desire her to make all the speed she could out of the island, and to repair to the place where the king was, and whither they had orders to conduct her. "When the king calls for one," answered she, "he gives his seal to those whom he sends. Have you the seal?" They replied that "the fear least the water should overtake you, made us set out in haste, and neglect that precaution." "Then you must return," said the princess, "for I shall not follow you without it." They represented that it would be impossible to return in time. "I see plainly," said she, "that by following you, I save my life, and by remaining here, I perish. But to pass over a matter of such importance, that I may escape death, would be to fail in fidelity and courage at the same time. It is much better to die." The story goes on to relate that the princess and all her attendants were drowned, and that the king regretted her mightily, but he admired her constancy and fidelity.

A similar anecdote is told, in the same book, of *Pei*, the daughter of *Swen hong*, king of *Lei*, who refused to leave a house which was on fire, until at least two maids of honour could be found; and she fell a victim to her love of the *rites*, as the expression is. It seems to be a point of honour among them not to marry a second time: one lady seems to be quite mortified that grief had not summoned her to follow her husband immediately, and another, who was remarkable for her beauty, cut off her nose in order to put

an end to the importunity of her sovereign, and was only prevented from cutting her throat by her affection for her son. The king loaded her with honours, and gave her the title of *kang king*.

☞

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONDITION OF THE POOR IN PHILADELPHIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The deep and decided attention that has of late been given in this city, to the institution and support of all sorts of benevolent societies—seems at length almost to have suggested the question, whether it is not one of these fashionable whims that for a season attracts every thing into its vortex—or whether there is really such an increase of virtuous feeling, or christian principle, that we are sincerely desirous to mitigate all the evils of human life—and do unto all men, as we would, that they should do unto us. But be this as it may, it has certainly become a prevailing opinion, that—"the number and variety of benevolent associations now supported in Philadelphia, together with the legal provision made for the poor, have created a dependance which not only increases pauperism at home, but invites the idle and worthless from neighbouring counties and states, entitling our city to the character, and entailing upon it the consequences of an Emporium of Beggars"——and "that a necessity exists for a radical change in the present mode of administering charitable assistance." This is the language of a number of respectable citizens, who have recently held several meetings—have deliberated on the business, and finally have resolved, to "organize a society solely for the amelioration of the condition of the poor, and *removing or preventing the causes that produce mendicity.*"

In the enumeration of these causes, the committee of superintendance, in their report above quoted, take notice of the migration of "the idle and worthless into our city."

The great variety of employments for labourers, which so large a place affords, the number of house servants which our

habits make necessary to us, and the high wages we give to them, encourage those to come hither, who, unwilling to work any where, are ever ready to go where they can find bread with the least possible exertion. Many bring with them large families of children to play in the streets all summer, and shiver in rags, over their embers in the winter.

Perhaps it is not possible entirely to prevent this destructive inundation—but the society will, no doubt be led to inquire, how far it may be made less distressing to us, and less ruinous to individuals.

This at least is obvious, that if these people could by any means be compelled to place their children in families, where they would be trained up to moral order and future usefulness—one source of vice and poverty would certainly be abridged. But there is another evil occasioned by this deplorable increase of our population—which it will be still more difficult for any system of reform to control. The houses of these people are the theatres of disorderly assemblages of idle servants—they are the receptacles of the goods purloined from our kitchens, for the supply of their expensive amusements—and they are the retreats to which they fly, when from laziness or caprice they abandon their places. But when we mention our sufferings from the profligacy of servants—every one shrinks appalled from the magnitude of the subject! It is a Colossus that no effort either moral or physical, will dare to encounter. We are like the countryman who prayed to Hercules, but never thought of putting his own shoulders to the wheel! Why are we thus shamefully inactive?—does any one question the necessity for a serious consideration of the subject?—Every family, and almost every individual is smarting under the affliction! Have they societies in England for the encouragement of good servants—and are we willing to be behind them in any commendable project? Or, are we destitute of power? Let us make the experiment. The multitude and extent of our improvements attest our ability—and the happy result of resolute and persevering endeavours can never be foreseen. Success, would abundantly reward us—and he who is instrumental in procuring such a reform will deserve the civic crown indeed!

PATRICIA.

BEDFORD MINERAL SPRINGS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Since the accidental discovery of the Bedford Mineral Springs, in 1804, their reputation has been gradually increasing: every successive year furnishes some new fact, by which their value, in the treatment of diseases, is becoming more important, and their usefulness more extensive. The active properties of the waters, their mountainous situation, the purity of the air, and the healthiness of the region around them, are sure pledges, that their celebrity will be permanent, if not progressive: and that they will long justify the estimation in which they are held by the public.

The situation of these springs, and the neighbouring scenery, have been described in our journal for June 1811. The writer of that article gave a partial analysis of the waters; and enumerated most of the diseases, in which it has proved useful.

In that paper it is conjectured, that the two springs, which rise contiguous are of the same origin. It has been ascertained that those fountains differ in temperature and chymical properties. The south spring, or Fletcher's, as it is now usually called, is four degrees colder than the principal spring; containing less iron, and operating more easily and mildly, as a laxative; giving less excitement to the vascular system, and therefore, to be preferred, in certain states of the body.

The Sulphur Spring, which is about fifty perches east of the main fountain, is not yet reclaimed from the creek, in which it rises; but this labour will soon be accomplished.

In addition to these, a very pure, and strong chalybeate spring* has been discovered, and opened for use, two miles distant from those already described. It rises east of Bedford in the same

* On opening this fountain, a complete skeleton of the *Mammoth* was discovered amongst the mineral deposits of the spring, about four feet under the surface—one of the jaw-bones of which remains nearly entire, and is deposited in the academy at Bedford, for the inspection of the curious. The remaining parts of the skeleton, became immediately decomposed, on being exposed to the action of the air.

valley, and is connected with the boarding-houses by a pleasant road.

Hence it appears, that in the neighbourhood of Bedford, situate on the great Pennsylvania turnpike-road, now making from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, there are four medicinal springs of very active, but different ingredients; three of which, it is ascertained, are of the first importance, in the cure of chronic diseases; and it is believed that the fourth, when reclaimed, will be of equal value and interest. These springs are connected with the Atlantic and western cities and towns, by the great western road which passes through Bedford, along the southern extremity of Pennsylvania. Over the most rugged parts of this road, a turnpike has been made; and it is believed, the whole of it will be completely finished within two years. Ten miles of the roughest part of the road from Chambersburgh to Bedford, in which it crosses the North Mountain, has been graded, paved, and completed, since the last bath season.

In the last year, the proprietor of these springs, with his usual liberality, conveyed them to five managers, in trust for the public; empowering them to receive certain fees, for the use of the waters, which are to be expended in making convenient and elegant improvements for the accommodation of the visiters. Many valuable improvements have been made. In the early part of last summer, a large and elegant building, containing two ranges of plunging and shower baths for ladies and gentlemen, was erected. The managers are, at this time, erecting a large and commodious house, containing likewise, two ranges of warm baths, with steam machinery, for heating the water, which will be finished by the 10th of June next.

The flat grounds contiguous, have been drained; and the inequalities are about to be levelled:—a considerable portion of these grounds will be enclosed by a fence, and improved by planting of trees and shrubs—by walks, grass-plats, &c. These improvements will be finished in June. In addition to the former boarding-house, the proprietor has erected a very large stone building, which will also be completed in June,—and he has engaged an active and intelligent gentleman, to superintend those houses.

The number of visiters, who had entered their names in the bath-book, in 1810, amounted to about three hundred: since that time, they have increased to five hundred and upwards, annually: the names of servants are not entered. The whole number, including servants, and those who escaped the vigilance of the bath-keeper, may be estimated at eight or nine hundred.

The season begins about the middle of June, and continues until the middle of September; during which time, the houses at the springs, and in the town, are thronged with strangers from all parts of the union.

Since the description of the Bedford Mineral Springs was published in the Port Folio, in 1811, it has been ascertained that the water of the principal spring contains, in each pint, fifteen grains of magnesia, five grains of iron and sulphur, and six grains of calcareous earth: the proportions of the acid have not been discovered; but it is found that the water contains sulphuric, muriatic, and carbonic acids:—of the latter, a very small portion.

It was the design of the managers, to have had the waters of the various springs accurately analyzed, before this time; but all the springs not being in preparation, they have deferred it until a future day, when their analysis shall be given to the public.

CODE NAPOLEON.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Napoleon Code has been turned into verse, so that the French student may now have both rhyme and reason in the same volume. The following specimen will satisfy the curious.

Title Préliminaire. De la publication, des effets et de l'application des Lois en général.

ARTICLE PREMIER.

La loi recoit partout son exécution,
Quand le Prince en a fait la promulgation.
Dans chaque lieu Français la loi sera connue,
Dés que la voix du Prince y sera parvenue.
Cette voix est censée acquérir sa valeur,
Dans le département où siège l'Empereur,

Un jour après celui qu'elle s'est fait entendre;
Dans les autres, il faut, après ce jour, attendre
Autant de fois un jour que le département,
A partir du chief-lieu, sera de fois distant
Du siége impérial, de dix myriamètres
(Vingt fois la lieue ancienne, aux yeux des geomètres.)

2. Par la loi, l'avenir est lui seul embrassé:
La loi ne produit point d'effet sur le passé.

3. Il n'est aucun moyen qui libère affranchisse
Des lois de sûreté, de celles de police
Quiconque est habitant de l'Empire Français.
La loi de ce pays régit par ces effets
Tout immeuble, et celui que l'etrangere possède.
Fût-il chez l'etranger, le Français soumis eède
Aux loix determinant avec stabilité
Des personnes, l'état et la capacité.

4. Pourront être accusés de deni de justice,
Les juges refusant de remplir leur office,
Sous le pretexte vain ou que la loix se tait,
Ou n'a qu'un sens obscur, ou qu'un texte in complet.

5. Ils ne peuvent porter en jugeant une affaire,
Un statut général, ou bien réglémentaire.
6. Aux lois d'ordre et de mœurs, chacun se soumettra;
Par des conventions, nul n'y dèrogera.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Process of bleaching old books and copper-plate prints which are become yellow by age, smoke, &c.

Take off the binding of the book, unsew the book and separate the leaves, place them in a shallow leaden pan, with slips of common window-glass interposed between them, so that the leaves lie horizontally without touching each other. Or a better method is the following:—make a wooden frame of about the size of the

leaves to be bleached, and having placed upon it the slips of glass, let the leaves be placed upon the glass perpendicularly, about a line distant from each other. This being done, pour into the vessel the bleaching liquid, which is made by dissolving one part by weight of oxymuriate of lime in four parts of warm water, and suffer the articles to be immersed in it for twenty-four hours: it may then be rinsed in soft water. By this process the paper will acquire a whiteness superior to what it originally possessed. All ink-spots, if any were present, will be removed; but oil and grease spots are not effaced by it.—Copper-plate prints bleach more easily than letter-press.

How to preserve the eyes—general rules for the choice of spectacles, and method of judging under what circumstances the eyesight may be assisted by glasses.

1. Never sit for any length of time either in absolute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light. The reason on which this rule is founded, proves the impropriety of going hastily from one extreme to the other, whether of darkness or of light, and shows us that a southern aspect is improper for those whose sight is weak and tender.

2. Avoid reading small print, and straining the eyes by looking at minute objects.

3. Do not read in the dusk, nor, if the eyes be disordered, by candle-light. Happy those who learn this lesson betimes, and begin to preserve their sight before they are reminded by pain of the necessity of sparing it. The frivolous attention to a quarter of an hour of the evening, has cost numbers the perfect and comfortable use of their eyes for many years: the mischief is effected imperceptibly, and the consequences are inevitable.

4. Do not permit the eyes to dwell on glaring objects, more particularly on first waking in a morning: the sun should not of course be suffered to shine in the room at that time, and a moderate quantity of light only be admitted. It is easy to see that, for the same reasons, the furniture, walls, and other objects of a bed-room, should not be altogether of a white or glaring colour: indeed those whose eyes are weak, would find considerable advan-

tage in having green for the furniture and prevailing colour of their bed-chamber. Nature confirms the propriety of this fact; for the light of the day comes on by slow degrees, and green is the universal colour which she presents to our eyes.

5. Those individuals who are rather long-sighted, should accustom themselves to read with less light, and with the book somewhat nearer to the eye than what they naturally like; while others, that are rather short-sighted, should use themselves to read with the book as far off as possible. By these means both will improve and strengthen their sight, while a contrary course increases its natural imperfections.

From whatever causes the decay of sight arises, an attentive consideration of the following rules will enable any one to judge for himself, when his eye-sight may be assisted or preserved by the use of proper glasses.

1. When we are obliged to remove small objects to a considerable distance from the eye in order to see them distinctly.

2. If we find it necessary to get more light than formerly; as, for instance, to place the candle between the eye and the object.

3. If on looking at and attentively considering a near object, it fatigues the eye and becomes confused, or if it appears to have a kind of dimness or mist before it.

4. When the letters of a small print are seen to run into each other, and hence, by looking steadfastly on them, appear double or treble.

5. If the eyes are so fatigued by a little exercise, that we are obliged to shut them from time to time, so as to relieve them by looking at different objects.

When all these circumstances concur, or any of them separately takes place, it will be necessary to seek assistance from glasses, which will ease the eyes, and in some degree check their tendency to become worse: whereas if they be not assisted in time, the weakness will be considerably increased, and the eyes be impaired by the efforts they are compelled to exert.

It is therefore evident that spectacles can only be said to be preservers of the sight, or recommended as such, to those whose eyes are actually beginning to fail; and that it would be as absurd

to advise the use of spectacles to those who feel none of the foregoing inconveniencies, as it would be for a man in health to use crutches to save his legs.

Process of removing spots of oil and grease from books and prints.

After having gently warmed the paper soiled with grease, wax, oil, or any other fatty body whatever, take out as much as possible of it by means of blotting-paper; then dip a small brush in rectified oil of lemons or turpentine,* previously warmed, and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. This operation may be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, if not completely restored by the first process:—dip another brush in a mixture of one part by bulk, of sulphuric ether, and two of alcohol, and draw it in like manner over the place that was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border that may still exist as a stain. By employing these means, with proper caution, the spots will totally disappear; the paper will resume its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a paper written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink it will experience no alteration.

RURAL ECONOMY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"*The husbandman that laboureth, must be first partaker.*"
2. Tim.

Experience has fully demonstrated in Europe, as well as in our own country, that *change of seed* is highly advantageous. Wheat certainly degenerates if constantly sown in the same soil. Benefit would result from changing seed, even from one neighbouring farm to another, but still greater utility would be appa-

* The article sold in the shops under the name of *scouring drops*, is nothing else than oil of lemons.

rent if farmers remotely situated from each other, could be induced to make such exchanges.

—

Salt has been very successfully used in Flanders, as a manure for *flax*. The quantity employed, should be in like ratio with the seed sown.

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Some low lands, and swamps, are situate so remote from the *outfall*, as to render the difficulty and expense of cutting drains, a serious objection to making such lands useful. A late English writer proposes the application of the *steam-engine*, as a cheap, and certain mode for draining land.—This idea is worth consideration.

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Pastel, or woad has been cultivated without difficulty in New England. The colouring matter of this plant, is a good substitute for *indigo*. A translation from the French of C. P. Lasteyrie's treatise on the culture, preparation, history, and analysis of Pastel, has been published at Boston. The Agricultural Society of Philadelphia, have a small quantity of woad-seed, to distribute for experiment.

—

Mangel wurtzel, or scarcity-root, is a *beet* of the largest species. It is in high repute in England, and is found to be well worth cultivation, by those who have grown it in this country. It is an invaluable food for sheep. Cows are fond of its leaves in summer, and of its root in winter. It is as easily cultivated as Indian corn, and if our farmers would give it a fair trial, they would not hesitate to acknowledge its importance. Seed may be obtained from our Agricultural Society.

—

The caterpillar, and other insects that infest fruit-trees, may be destroyed by casting over the tree a few handsful of *common ashes*, in the morning before the dew is dissipated from the foliage, or after a shower of rain. The former is the preferable time.

—

The practice of wrapping the stems of fruit-trees with bands of hay, or straw, as well as that of covering the trunk with oil,

should be abandoned; the exclusion of air from the tree, and closing the pores of the bark, produce greater injury, than such treatment, is intended to prevent.

—

It is ascertained by experiment that the greatest crops, and finest quality of *potatoes*, have been produced by covering the seed when planted with *litter*, rather than to pursue the old custom of manuring the ground with hot, or well rotted dung.

—

The formation of societies for promoting the interests of agriculture in the counties, or other geographical divisions of every state in the union, would produce incalculable benefit to our country. An interchange of friendly offices, and correspondence between such associations, would unite the great body of husbandmen by ties, which the dignity and usefulness of their profession, above all others, seem to require. Connected with secular avocations, it would be difficult to conceive of a more interesting spectacle, than the farmers of a neighbourhood assembled to consult with each other, and impart information concerning the *first of arts*, upon the success of which all other arts depend; a department of human industry, which forms the basis of individual comfort, and national prosperity.—The venerable president of the Philadelphia Society, for promoting agriculture, among his other various, and assiduous efforts to improve the husbandry of his country, has been instrumental in the establishment of several societies in different parts of the United States. One of those associations soon after it was organized, requested him to furnish a design for their seal;—aware that *party* animosity existed in the particular place, to a degree which he feared might prevent the hearty co-operation of many respectable men, he embraced the opportunity afforded him, for inculcating a most valuable lesson, by sending the society the following device, and motto:—*A plough*, around which these words were inscribed.—"THE PLOUGH IS OF NO PARTY, IT DIVIDES, BUT TO UNITE MORE CLOSELY."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

(*Continued from p.* 439.)

THE opinions of M. Schlœtzer as to the origin of the founders of the Russian empire have been combatted by a young scholar, M. Gustavus Ewers, member of the imperial academy of Russian antiquities, who endeavours to set up another hypothesis in an essay published at Riga in 1808. According to M. Ewers the founders of the Russian empire came from the south, and were Chazares, a Turcomanian nation. M. Schlœtzer, junior, who treads in the steps of his father, and to whom we are also indebted for several learned works, has ably answered several of Mr. Ewer's objections in giving an account of his essay in a weekly journal printed at Mittau in Courland.

This ingenious critic (M. Schlœtzer jun.) has also recently (Dec. 1808) given proofs of his talents for history by a prize dissertation on the origin of the Sclavi, who peopled Russia. His paper was adjudged by the imperial academy for Russian antiquities at Moscow to be the best, but the prize could not be awarded him consistently with the rules of the institution, the author being himself a member.

A man of genius, who has acquired great and deserved celebrity in a department of literature quite different from that of history, M. Kotzebue the dramatist, has suddenly started into the first rank among historians, by publishing in four volumes "The Ancient History of Prussia," Riga, 1808. This history commences with the most distant, or rather with the fabulous era of Prussia, and is regularly carried through all the revolutions, down to the remarkable peace of Thorn in 1466. A period of sixty years ensuing, comprehending the peace of Warsaw, the Reformation, and the Secularisation of Prussia, to its subjugation by the knights of the Teutonic order, forms a new epoch in the history of Prussia, as it does in that of all Europe. M. Kotzebue has here undertaken to give a picture of the numerous important events which are connected with the annals of the whole of the north of Europe, and with those of Poland, Germany, and the Hanse Towns during the middle ages. It is our duty to state that his task is executed with that dignity, vigour, and graceful expression, which history requires.

For several years past M. Kotzebue has been an inhabitant of the shores of the Baltic, and has been diligently employed in collecting materials for his work in the libraries and archives of the various towns and provinces, as well as of monasteries and private individuals in Prussia, Russia, Poland, and the Northern States. Every where he found the most precious documents, but at Konigsberg, chance threw in his way a treasure, which sur-

passed all the rest. The "*Archive Secrète*" of the Teutonic order, which was shut against all former historians, was opened to him by accident; and in his preface he gives a sketch of its contents. It is sufficient to say that such a circumstance has given him a decided superiority over all his predecessors; and the manner in which he has availed himself of the abundant resources thus acquired has proved that like Corneille, Voltaire, Schiller, and others, M. Kotzebue is equally eminent as a historian and as a dramatist.

Switzerland, as most of our readers will recollect, has long since found a native historian of great merit in the person of Muller. On the continent his admirers are in the habit of comparing him with Tacitus and Thucydides, and certainly the majestic dignity of his style, the vigour of his portraits, the grandeur of his ideas, and the richness of his imagination authorize the comparison. But M. Muller has an advantage even over these ancient historians, which the circumstances of the times in which they lived prevented them from possessing, and this advantage is displayed in his laborious and profound researches into ancient records, which stand unrivalled in point of accuracy. The historian of Switzerland conducts the history of his country from the origin of the nation through all its alliances with France, Italy, and Germany, which renders his work an indispensable appendage to the history of these countries.

The first four volumes of this valuable work were reprinted with considerable additions and alterations in 1806, and in 1808 appeared the first part of vol. v. which commences with the restless life and unhappy end of the duke of Burgundy, *Charles-le téméraire*, and brings us down to the end of the 15th century. The succeeding volumes will contain the history of the Reformation and of the events by which it was accompanied in Switzerland. How interesting it will be to see this important era treated by so great a master!

As M. Muller's writings have rendered this the Augustan age of literature in Switzerland, it is incumbent upon us to mention a "History of Theodoric and his Government" in 2 vols. by M. Hurter of Schaffhausen. It is a well written book, and augurs favourably of the author's future career as a historian.

We ought also to notice as a historical tract of considerable interest, "An Attempt at a Diplomatic History of the ancient Constitution and Confederation of the three smaller Cantons." It appeared at Zurich in 1808 on the occasion of a national festival, and is from the pen of *M. Geldlin de Tiefenau*.

The voluminous "History of Germany," by the late M. Schmidt, has been brought to a conclusion by M. Milbiller. The last volume, which contains an alphabetical and a chronological table appeared at Ulm in 1808. The entire work is divided into

two parts, viz. the ancient and modern history of Germany. The ancient part occupies five large volumes, and the modern seventeen.' M. Milbiller, who succeeded M. Schmidt with so much success, is also the author of a useful "Abridgment of the History of Germany."

We have it also in our power to announce the conclusion of the learned and judicious "History of the Hanseatic League" by Professor Sartorius of Gottingen. The third volume, which appeared in 1809, brings us down to the year 1669, which the author assigns as the termination, or rather the date of the last public act of a confederation, which had long proudly flourished among the contending nations of Europe, but which had been many years verging to its decline. A fourth volume, which has been announced, will merely contain the documents necessary to illustrate the work.

The above ought to be regarded as one of those important works, which are calculated to throw the most valuable light on the history, the politics, and the commerce of the middle ages. The researches of M. Sartorius, are profound in the extreme: it is only necessary to cast the eye upon the notes and appendices to be satisfied with his diligence and learning.

Another very useful work long ago proposed has been lately brought to a conclusion. This is M. Becker's History of Lubeck, the capital of the Hanseatic Towns. It is a full and authentic history of the place, accompanied with abundance of explanatory documents and notes. The third and last volume in 4to appeared at Lubeck in 1806.

A learned student of the university of Gottingen, but now attached to the library of the university of Griefswald in Swedish Pomerania, M. Ruhs, published (1803 and 1806) a History of Sweden, in 3 vols. 8vo. It is unquestionably the best account of that country extant, and forms part of the voluminous Universal History, published at Halle within these few years.

Up to the present time no good history of Hungary was to be found. Dr. Fessler, of considerable literary eminence in Germany, has obviated this complaint by an excellent work in 6 vols. 8vo. It is particularly distinguished by comprehensive and enlightened views, and bids fair to rank with the best historians of ancient or modern days.

As connected with the history of Hungary, we find the following work published at Pest, in 1808, by Mr. James Ferdinand Miller: "Epistolæ Imperatorum et Regum Hungariæ Ferdinandi I. et Maximiliani II. ad suos in Porta Ottomanica Oratores Ant. *Verantium*. Franc. *Zoy* Anger *Busbeck*, All. Wyss, et Christoph. *Teuffenbach*, quas ex autographis edidit, &c." 1 vol. 8vo.

Since the year 1806 Baron Hormayr has been engaged in the publication of several volumes of a "History of the Tyrol,"

Tubingen-Cotta. This ingenious and patriotic writer, who is also the author of the "Austrian Plutarch," has taken the celebrated Muller for his model in the present instance, and has followed the footsteps of his master with due success. The task of detailing the history of the brave Tyrolese, who from the earliest age, have been noted for their attachment to their religion, liberties and laws, could not have devolved upon a more competent author than Baron Hormayr. His acute and judicious criticisms on the earlier and fabulous part of their history do great honour to his learning and penetration.

M. Mannert, one of the most laborious and learned adepts in history and geography, published in 1807, at Nuremberg, his valuable work on the remote periods of the history of the Bavarian nation. It forms a large octavo volume.

"The History of Treves" by M. Wyttenbach of that city is a most useful work. Few places merit so much attention as Treves, in consequence of its being the rival of ancient Rome. The works of Brower and Hontheim are mere compilations, but M. Wyttenbach has had recourse to materials hitherto unknown. The first part of his work printed in 1807 contains the history of the ancient *Trevirois*, considered as a Gallo-belgic colony: the second, (1808) the state of Treves under the dominion of Rome; and the third (1809) under that of the Francs. The fourth and last volume (1810) contains the history of this city as forming a part of the Germanic empire, until its recent conquest and annexation to France. The work is full of plates. (Treves, *Schrell*, 4 vols. 12mo.

In 1806 there appeared a second edition of the "History of the three last centuries;" by Professor Eichhorn of Gottingen, a work which will be found to be a most excellent text-book for the study of modern history, abounding in ingenious and enlightened views of society and manners.

Mr. Frederick Eichhorn the son of the above gentleman, and Professor of Jurisprudence at Franckfort on the Oder, has published the first volume of a "History of the Constitution and Public Law of the empire of Germany." This first volume goes no farther than the end of the ninth century. Besides the perspicuity and accuracy of the inquiries it contains the present work of our young Jurist acquires additional interest from the passing events of the day.

POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A SONG,

Composed by one of the members of the Junior Class, and sung before the class at the inauguration of the hon. ISAAC PARKER, *LL. D. as Royal Professor of Harvard University.*

TUNE,—"*Mariners of England.*"

HAIL peaceful shades of Harvard,
Whose calm retreats among,
The muse in Science' fond embrace,
Attunes the classic song;
Oh, while around the cheerful board,
Our hearts in friendship glow;
To the Fame, of your name,
Shall the song exulting flow;
And Echo's airy voice repeat,
The song's exulting flow.

No victor crown'd with laurel,
Claims now triumphant lay;
But blooming, round our Parker's brow,
We twine the verdant bay;
Ye vocal vales of Harvard smile,
Ye fostering breezes blow;
As ye bear, through the air,
The song's exulting flow;
And Echo's airy voice repeats,
The song's exulting flow.

And oh, ye breasts that kindling
With all the patriot's fire;
See borne on Science' heaven-poised wing,
Your country's fame aspire;
See Massachusetts' earliest pride,
See Harvard's honours grow;
Still shall Fame, swell the name,
And the song exulting flow;

And Echo's airy voice repeat,
The song's exulting flow.

Could long succeeding ages,
Burst on the wond'ring view;
Reveal the statesmen yet unborn,
And speak their triumphs too;
Then, to the choral songs of praise,
Would the breast spontaneous glow;
And around, would the sound,
Of the song exulting flow;
And Echo's airy voice repeat,
The song's exulting flow.

Form'd by the hand of Genius,
Shall future statesmen rise;
A Mansfield swell Columbia's fame,
A Blackstone grace our skies;
These as they mark their former's worth,
Shall the praise, he claims bestow;
As their guide, and their pride,
And the song exulting flow:
And Echo's airy voice repeat,
The song's exulting flow.

Where waves yon funeral willow,
O'er Parsons' sacred urn,
Columbia's guardian genius weeps,
Columbia's children mourn;
There Justice o'er his hallowed sod,
Reclines in silent wo,
While the fame, of his name,
Bids the mournful requiem flow;
And Echo's plaintive voice repeats,
The mournful requiem's flow.

Yet while unfading glory,
His mouldering ashes wait;
While statesmen mourn o'er Sewall's bier,
And Science weeps his fate;

That Justice still maintains her sway,
And the fires of Genius glow,
Shall Fame still proclaim,
'Mid the song's exulting flow,
And Echo's fairy voice repeat,
The song's exulting flow.

Then rise, ye sons of Harvard,
Commemorate the day,
That gives our sphere another star,
To shed its fav'ring ray,
The refluent light on Glory's road,
Shall heavenly splendour throw,
And Fame speak the name,
'Mid the song's exulting flow;
And Echo's airy voice repeat
The song's exulting flow.

HYMN.

Isaiah, 35th chap.

The wild and solitary place
Where lonely Silence frown'd,
Awakes to verdure, light and grace,
With sudden beauty crown'd.

Through the long-waste neglected soil,
A stream of mercy flows,
And bids its thirsty desert smile,
And blossom as the rose.

Ye feeble hands your strength renew;
Ye doubtful hearts, believe;
Unclose your eyes, ye blind, and view;
Ye sad, no longer grieve.

Behold! the deafen'd ear has caught
Salvation's raptured sound;
Praise to the speechless lip is taught,
The helpless lost are found.

Say then, with joyful voice aloud,
Jehovah's work we see,
He hath his way within the cloud,
His footsteps on the sea.

But righteous is he to perform,
His word is truth indeed,
And 'mid the sunshine or the storm,
His purposes proceed.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

On this sweet day of spring
The blushing rose was born,
Bring wine and music bring,
To hail the happy morn.

When all around is gay,
Shall we from mirth withdraw?
Whoe'er on such a day,
An empty goblet saw.

My heart each foolish theme
Of self-denial hates:
Pour then the rosy stream,
'Till ev'ry heart dilates.

The man of life austere,
So pious and so wise,
Who yesterday came here,
Us lovers to advise;

That same dissembling knave
With morals so refin'd,
To-day was drunk, and gave
His virtue to the wind.

For these few coming days
Oh plunder ev'ry rose,

Before their bloom decays,
Before their beauties close.

And if a fair one's charms
Thy eager fancy move,
Within her circling arms,
Give all thy life to love.

L.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

The rose at length departs—
But ah! companions dear,
With sad and languid hearts
Why sit we silent here,

Without one strain divine
From lyre or flute the while,
Without a flask of wine,
Or one sweet damsel's smile.

When from the veil of night
The beams of morning break,
You know with what delight,
The morning draught we take.

And as our hand-maid fair
The sparkling cup bestows,
Her cheek reflected there,
With lovlier blushes glows.

Oh minstrel when thy hands
Shall sweep the lyre along,
If our great prince demands
Of thee a lively song,

To grace the festal day
In accents soft and sweet,
This fragment of a lay
Of Hafez then repeat.

L.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Sailor, on the trackless deep
Why in tears of sorrow weep?
Why for happier prospects sigh,
Safe repose, and native sky?
Vain thy hopes, tho' bright they seem,
Visions of a fev'rish dream,
Life is but a restless sea,
On this side eternity!

Bright the path which youth surveys,
Blissful scenes, and happy days!
Sweet in prospect seems the view,
Clear, resplendent, is its hue,
Beauty hovers gently round,
Op'ning flow'rets deck the ground,
Dark Suspicion, baleful Fear,
Never cast their shadows here.

But when Time his sombre shade,
On the lovely scene has laid,
Quick the vision fades away,
Faint the light of pleasure's ray;
Darkness comes, and gloomy night
Bursts in terror on the sight;
Sorrow comes, and sallow Care,
Disappointment, Wo, Despair!

Angry clouds come flying o'er,
Billows foam, and tempests pour,
Man's frail bark uncertain raves,
On the raging seas it moves.
Early dreams so sweetly fair,
Break, and vanish into air,
Dread Reality appears,
Cloth'd in sorrow, bath'd in tears.

But 'mid rolling waves afar,
What, and where the certain star,

Shining with refulgent ray,
On the dark and devious way?
Light descends from heav'n on high,
From the realms of purity,
Guides to happiness and rest,
Scenes thro' endless ages blest.

There, from storms and whirlwinds free,
Seraphs of eternity,
Tune their harps, and sweetly sing,
God the Father, God the King.
There the righteous, good, and just,
Severed from this mortal dust,
Soon shall swell, in praises high,
Heav'nly hymns that never die.

Hail! Religion! tow'ring star!
Rise, and spread thy beams afar!
Who can sail life's voyage o'er?
Who can reach the verdant shore?
Crown'd with beauty, light, and love,
Land of happiness above,
While no rays of sacred light,
Pierce the shadows of the night?

Let the storm and tempest blow,
Naught is happiness below!
But, when all is swept away,
Dawns above a brighter day!
Hope directs beyond the grave,
Where no warring billows rave;
To a calm and peaceful clime,
Quiet from the shocks of Time!

New York, 12th Sept. 1816. Q.

WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! there's a pang beyond the reach,
Of human skill to give relief—

When e'en Religion cannot teach,
The unavailingness of grief—

No art can minister a balm,
To one whose wound is in the mind—
No med'cine reproduce that calm,
Destroyed by Friendship's hand unkind.

In vain the languid pulse you feel,
The sickness of the soul to prove—
'Tis kindness only that can heal,
The wounds they make, we dearly love.

X. Y. Z.

SONG.

Soldier rest—the fight is over—
Rest in peace—the battle's won!
Sleep until the morn discover
All the deeds that thou hast done!

Soldier rest—thy mistress dreaming
Saw thee in the battle fray;
And her eye with pleasure beaming,
Mark'd our waving banners gay!

Soldier rest—and let to-morrow,
Tell of comrades lost in fight;
Then shall thou indulge thy sorrow—
Dream of love and fame to night!

Soldier rest—the fight is over,
Rest in peace—the battle's won:
Soon thy mistress shall discover
All the deeds that thou hast done!

Orlando.

THE DREAM.

Dear vision stay—
Oh let me press thee yet again:
Why start away—

Why tell me I have dreamt in vain,
And turn my rapture thus to pain?

Oh fly not yet:
Wait till the morning's cheerful ray,
Mine eye has met—
Oh let the rosy god of day
Recal the light thou tak'st away!

'Tis gone alas!
And leaves me buried in despair;
Thus pleasures pass—
Drive from the heart a single care,
But fly and leave a thousand there!

Pittsburg. ORLANDO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Dutch have large funds appropriated for the support of public worship, education, and the arts and sciences, for dykes, and canals and publick works and also for commerce and colonies.

The ways and means to provide for this expenditure, are the land tax, the tax on persons and moveables, on doors and windows, direct tax on consumption and on imports and exports. The calculation of the minister of finance was that the income of the state from these sources would amount to 73,700,000 florins, which would fully cover the expenditures.

The French budget. The report of count Beugnot, estimates the expenses of the year 1817, at sixteen millions less than the ministerial estimates, as follows.

Ordinary expenses - -	468,000,000. franks,
Extraordinary do. - - -	431,000,000,
Expenses of pub. debt. - -	157,000,000,
Making a total of - - -	1,056,000,000, franks

which is about equal to 498,000,000 of dollars. Of this sum it is proposed to raise 759,000,000 by taxes and imports of different funds, and the deficiency of 298,000,000 by a loan, from a company through which it was expected that the aid of foreign capitalists might be obtained. To enable the government to effect this loan, it was proposed to appropriate, from certain revenues the annual sum of 30,000,000.

New Coach—Considerable curiosity has been excited in Leeds, by the appearance of a patent coach. It has somewhat the appearance of a boat, the outside work being entirely of Seaton iron; the luggage is stored as it were, in the hold: the outside passengers sit most comfortably in the first half of the vehicle, greatly sheltered from the weather, with convenient benches: the inside passengers occupy behind them, a compact out-inside-coach—The wheels are so closely and aptly fixed, and the luggage so tightly stowed in the very heart of the carriage, as to render an overthrow very improbable.

—

Steam Boat Chancellor Livingston.—An experiment of the speed of this new and very elegant vessel was made lately between New-York and Newburg, a distance of 65 miles, which was accomplished in a few minutes less than 9 hours, of which the tide was in favour only three. In returning, the same distance was run in 8 hours 15 minutes, the greater part of the time against a flood and south wind. The result of the experiment has proved highly satisfactory—and it is probable the average time of going from hence to Albany will be 20 hours; making about 8 miles an hour.

—

Western Commerce. CINCINNATI, OHIO, MARCH 7th.—Came to anchor off this place the fine brig Cincinnatus, 170 tons burthen, from the ship yard at Columbia, where she was built.

This beautiful vessel, in the elegance of her model and workmanship, probably surpasses any vessel heretofore built on the Ohio; she is pronounced by seafaring men of whom, by the by, we are not destitute, although *our port* is situated some sixteen hundred miles from the sea, a handsome specimen of the art of ship-building. She is now receiving her cargo and will sail in all next week, *wind* and *tide* permitting, for Boston.

The Emigration to some parts of the western country has been so numerous the present season that some of the present settlers have been obliged to return, in consequence of a scarcity of provisions created by such an excess of population.

—

An extraordinary fact.—A large mushroom was found growing in the middle of a fire-place, in the blacksmith's shop of Mr. Banning, of Collingbour Dacis, Wilts. It measured ten inches long in the stalk, and 5 1-2 diameter; it was proved by the root of the plant, that it had grown there since 8 o'clock the preceding evening, at which time Mr. B. left work.

—

A Doctor Green, of Berks county, Pennsylvania, has discovered a method of curing deaf persons, the principle of which he says is to invigorate the whole system by which the weakened part will have an opportunity to recover.

Died at Andersier, in this vicinity, within these few days, a GANDER, well known to have been full grown when the foundation of Fort George was laid, in the year 1748. His help-mate died only a few years ago. *Lond. Pap.*

Longevity.—On the 15th of December a catholick priest proceeded on foot to the Cathedral of Adria, in Lombardy, and returned thanks for having attained his 110th year, without infirmities or sickness! He was accompanied by an immense concourse of people, and chanted the cathedral service in a firm, manly and dignified voice.

Abolition of Slavery in N. York.—The law on this subject, which lately passed the Legislature, enacts that all persons of colour, born after the date of the law, shall be free at the age of 21 years; and provides for the total abolition of slavery in this state on the 4th day of July 1817.

Projects.—A writer in the Nat. Intelligencer has proposed that the federal constitution be so amended as to admit the ex-presidents to a seat for life in the senate, and that the president's salary be increased.

New Tax.—A suggestion is made to the New-York corporation to apply for power to tax *Theatrical Exhibitions* for the support of those who by vice and immortality fall a burthen upon public charity.

Mint of the U. States.—The total value of gold, silver and copper coins made in the mint of the U. States from the commencement of the institution up to the 31st of Dec. 1816, was $13,565,501. The amount of charges and expenses for the same period of time, making all deductions and allowances was $482,847.

Part of a letter dated

"*Frankfort*, (*Kn.*) 25, *Dec.* 1816.

"I have been delighted with the looks of the country. The misletoe shows itself in the forests here and has a fine appearance. The misletoe is an evergreen, growing upon the tops of trees, somewhat resembling the garden box-wood. The mildness of the weather still seems to keep the autumn in durance, but the fields and woods do not yield that "redolence of charms" which we find in our neighbourhood.—There is not a wild flower or berry in the summer to regale our tastes, the soil being considered too rich for the growth of fruit, and destructive to the peach. A person can form no idea of this country and its rivers, without becoming a tourist, and I have a tolerable good view now, of their

comparative trade, and the different claims of enterprise and location. All those tracts situated between the Tombigby and Alabama rivers which empty into the Mobile, and between them and the Tennessee of the United States claim, will offer, very soon, immense speculations.

Inn-keepers in this country are very consequential characters, and take precedence in point of respectability and importance. This town is on the Kentucky river, and contains about 4000 inhabitants. The houses are mostly brick, and of a city like appearance, and all in the hollow of surrounding hills. These, in addition to the river and bridge, are more agreeable to me than the plains of Lexington.

Price of shaving here, 12 cents. I never was in such agony. The barber kept his razor still, and moved my head; it felt like machinery and incision."

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One of Mr. Poulson's late papers contains an account of another accident, arising from the explosion of a steam boat boiler on the river Thames; in which only six persons out of twenty-two on board, have escaped unhurt. Eight or nine were killed, and seven so wounded that six were sent to the hospital for relief. The same paper gives an article from the "New Brunswick Times," recommending to the owners of steam-boats, the Sthenometer invented by Dr. James S. Ewing of this city. The writer of this article has had frequent opportunities of seeing that instrument applied to ascertain the pressure in the mineral water machine, when a condensation was made equal to fifteen atmospheres, or about two hundred and twenty pounds on a square inch. In every instance the pressure was indicated with perfect accuracy, and the instruments operated with regularity; and it is evident from the principle of the instrument, that it will continue to show the degree of pressure, to whatever extent it may be carried.

The pressure used in Dr. Ewing's Mineral Water Machine, is considerably greater than that which is necessary for the propulsion of steam-boats. Their engines are calculated to work them by a pressure of ten atmospheres, or about one hundred and fifty pounds on a square inch. The Sthenometer has been used for a year or two past, in making mineral water, by many persons; and all of them are convinced of the safety which it ensures. In fact, all other modes used in ascertaining the condensation in making mineral waters, are vague and uncertain, and must be highly dangerous to the operators. We need look no further for a proof of this, than to the many explosions which take place every season with those who have not a Sthenometer, while those who have it, are enabled to work in perfect safety, and to make the water always of one uniform strength.

The number of lives lost on board steam-boats, have made some cautionary instrument, more than they have at present, a desideratum, and no sufficient reason can be given, why the Sthenometer may not be promptly adopted. It is to be placed in the cabin, or on deck, or in both situations, where every passenger may see for himself, and know when the workmen are using an unnecessary and dangerous degree of pressure. It is objected, that no danger can take place while the boat is under way, because, at such times vent is given to the steam. But in the instance under consideration, the explosion did actually take place after the boat was under way. It is evident, that the fire cannot be so exactly regulated, as to prevent a considerable increase and decrease of pressure from taking place while the boat is under way. Accidents of entanglement, both in getting under way and in coming to the shore, and also in occasionally running aground, necessarily call off the attention of the workmen, and render it proper that the passengers should have it in their power to know, that the primary danger of explosion, which, in such circumstances is avowedly greater, has been obviated by taking off the pressure. It was in a case of this sort, while the workmen were employed in getting up the anchor, that a boat on the Mississippi exploded and destroyed several persons.

As the boilers of steam-engines, are gradually worn away by the constant action of the fire and water on them, they ought to be taken out and proved from time to time, by subjecting them to double the necessary pressure; which would be indicated by the Sthenometer.

If it be supposed improper to trust the passengers with a knowledge of their situation, lest it should alarm the timid, or make them troublesome to the master, it may be answered, that the range of "perfect safety" on the Sthenometer gives latitude enough for any prudent or careful workman. Where steamboats ply in opposition to each other, let one adopt the Sthenometer, and an increase of passengers will very soon evince, that we all believe, that our safety cannot be better entrusted to others, than to ourselves. It is in vain that we have escaped the dangers of obstinate and drunken drivers for one half of the year, if we are to be exposed to greater ones on board of the steam-boats.

The learned world will soon possess what may truly be called a literary curiosity; being a new edition of HOMER by a *modern Greek*, Eicoloupoula. He preserves the commentary of Eustathius; but we have a right to expect much illustration and elucidation of doubts and difficulties, with new readings, &c.

A German poet having lately written a gastronomic song upon the pastry of one of the best pastry-cooks of this place; the latter thought he could not better testify his gratitude than by sending

him one of the objects, he had celebrated in his song. The poet was at first enchanted with the work. But O grief! on finishing the last morsel, he recognized in the paper on which it lay, when baked, the copy of his song with which he had testified his homage to the pastry-cook. In a great rage he ran to his shop, and accused him with the crime of *læsæ poeticæ*. "Ah sir!" replied the artist, not in the least disconcerted "why so angry? I have only followed your example. You made a song upon my pastry, and I have made a pie upon your song.

"The Theatre at Sidney appears to be in a very flourishing state," said a gentleman to John Kemble, speaking of the Botany Bay theatricals, an account of which appeared in the papers some time since. "Yes, (replied the tragedian) the performers ought to be all good, for they have been sent to that situation by very excellent *judges*.

We find the following paragraph in the Ed. Ann. Reg. for 1814, p. cxlvi.

"EDINBURGH.—SINGULAR CASE.—There is at present confined as a prisoner in the Canongate jail, upon a writ at the instance of George Canning, Esq., of Bolton-street, Piccadilly, county of Middlesex, M. P. a person of the name of William Ogilvie, designing himself earl of Findlater and Baron Banff. The debt is constituted by bond, in the English form amounting to three thousand pounds; the bond is signed Findlater and Banff; it is followed up by a decreet before the court of session, as against William, earl of Findlater; but the honourable plaintiff has in the writ of caption, altered the designation to "William Ogilvie, calling himself earl of Findlater;" and upon that, this *soi-disant* peer of the realm has been committed to prison. Being in a state of great poverty, his lordship of Findlater applied to the magistrates of Canongate for the benefit of the Scots act, 1696, commonly called the "Act of Grace." This application was strenuously opposed by Mr. Canning, on the ground that the petitioner was an impostor, and that he had not right to the title of earl of Findlater; that he had obtained the money from him on false pretences, &c. In answer to this, it was stated by the noble defendant, that his title to the earldom of Findlater was undoubted; that he had been regularly served heir by a jury before the sheriff of Banff; that he had been countenanced and written to as earl by several persons high in rank, and who had promised him every assistance, with money and otherwise, to procure his title to be recognized by the house of lords, when in an evil hour he became acquainted with the plaintiff, Mr. Canning, who besieged him most closely, offering him any sum of money, even to the extent of twenty thousand pounds if he would use his influence to get him returned for a Scottish borough. That he accordingly re-

ceived three thousand pounds for this purpose, and his friends finding he had joined with Mr. Canning, withdrew their countenance and support from him; in consequence of which he and his family came to poverty; he could not get his title recognized by the house of lords, and his friend Mr. Canning lost his Scottish borough, and is now also minus his three thousand pounds thus lent for electioneering purposes. The magistrates, in consideration of the whole circumstances of the case, and in respect it is alleged by the petioner, and not denied by the other party, that he granted a bond for the debt as earl of Findlater, and subscribed the same by that signature, and not as William Ogilvie designed in the letters of caption, modified an aliment of five shillings per day, to be paid and consigned to him by the creditor incarcerator, and which he is at present receiving."

His lordship will soon have a rival in a celebrated public declaimer, who has recently sailed from our shores, to demand the earldom of Findlater and barony of Banff, and to "*assert the nascent glories of the rostrum*" in "London, Edinburgh, and Dublin." As the title is double, perhaps an accommodation may take place between Mr. Canning's bottle-holder and our hero of the rostrum. At any rate we cannot anticipate any serious consequences to arise from a dispute about a Scotch peerage. If, however, our hero should be disappointed in his claims upon the court, we have no fear of the success of his public exhibitions, if *Trinculo*, in the play, is to be credited. "Were I in England now," says this rogue, who, according to the old saw, had just escaped a watery grave—"were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian."

We shall just add, that a dollar was the price of admission to the sight, in this country. But what effect a peerage may produce, we cannot conjecture. We have heard that he intended to demand a guinea entrance.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Philosophical Society for promoting Agriculture, at its last meeting,

Virgil Maxcy of Maryland, an hon. member,
James Henderson of Pequa, Lancaster county, *idem.*
John E. Hall, Esq. resident member,
George Morrison, *idem.*
Jacob Johnson, *idem.*
Edward Paxson, Esq. *idem.*

The Agricultural Society have in the press, vol. 5 of Memoirs.

INDEX TO VOL. III.

FOR 1817.

Adams, president, to Gov. Bullock, - - 500
——————to judge Chase, - - - - - 501
Adventures of a bank-note, - - - - - - 242
African pirates, - - - - - - - - 117
Allegory, - - - - - - - - - 159
Alliteration, on, - - - - - - - - 32
Altisidora, the Inferno of, - - - - - 181
American Lounger, - - - - - - 32
—————— - - - - - - - - 169
—————— - - - - - - - - - 511
Antiquities, - - - - - - - - 422
Analysis of medical waters, - - - - - - - - 178
Anecdotes of Johnson, - - - - - - - - 110
—————— Charles 2d, - - - - - - - 112
—————— Mr. Wilkes, - - - - - - - ib:
—————— Garrick, - - - - - - - - ib.
—————— George F. Cooke, - - - - - - 114
—————— - - - - - - - - - - 144
—————— from Ammerante, - - - - - - 116
—————— of the Chinese, - - - - - - 117
—————— of sir John Barnard, - - - - - - 41
Asylum for the deaf and dumb persons in Connecticut, - - - 85
Author's Evenings, - - - - - - - - 28-249
Babb, Sally, remarkable ability and age of, - - - - 176
Bedford springs, - - - - - - - - - 507
Biography, - - - - - - - - - - 29
Becker's history of Lubeck, - - - - - - - 518
Bigelow, Dr. appointed Rumford professor, - - - - 468
Bleaching old books, copper-plates, &c. - - - - - 510
Bread, potatoe, directions for making, - - - - - 175
British officers distinguished, who are native Americans, 84
Burton, opinions of, - - - - - - - - - 249
Byron lord, circulation of poems falsely attributed to him, stopped by an injunction, - - - - - - - - - - - 292
—————— review of his third canto of Childe Harold, 490
Caleb Quotem, - - - - - - - - - - 131
Carey on banks, - - - - - - - - - - 57
Carmack, major Daniel, death and character, - - - - - 178
Catalani Maria, account of, - - - - - - - - 177
Cicero, his writings recommended, - - - - - - - 285
Champions of freedom, the, reviewed, - - - - - - 165
China, remarkable mountain in, - - - - - - - 247
Christophe, some account of, - - - - - - - 128
Chinese women, anecdotes of, - - - - - - - 504

Chymistry, introductory lecture of professor Cooper, - 187
——— second introductory lecture - - - 401
Cincinnatus, Brig, built on the Ohio, - - - - 176
Cleopatra, Barge, - - - - - - - 263
Clerc, Mr. teacher of deaf and dumb, arrives at Boston, - 84
——— address to the city of Philadelphia, 85
Clarke's Travels reviewed, - - - - - - 59
Cow, remarkable one, - - - - - - - 83
Conjugal life, - - - - - - - - 28
Copper mine discovered, - - - - - - - 89
Comedians' coffee-house, - - - - - - 301
Code Napoleon, versification of, - - - - - 509
Comets, essay on, - - - - - - - 285
Communion on catholic principles, - - - - - 396
Course of studies at Oxford, - - - - - 311
Colours, on, - - - - - - - 453
Du Ponte's Italian poetry, - - - - - 27
Dallas, A. J. sketch of his life, - - - 181
Deaf and dumb, institution for, - - - - 122
Descent of Liberty, Hunt's reviewed, - - - 237
Domestic Economy—dressing of meat, - - - 431
——— bleaching books, &c. - - - 510
——— eyes preserved, - - - 511
——— grease removed, - - - - 513
——— gooseberry wine, - - - 432
——— substitute for starch, - - - 433
——— marking ink, - - - - 433
——— economy, - - - - - 510
Edgeworth's notice of the, - - - - - 174
Eichhorn's Centuries, - - - - - 519
Evening, - - - - - - - - 173
Fair Quaker, - - - - - - - 259
Festival of Flora, review of, - - - - 473
Fesler's history of Hungary, - - - - - 518
Fishes, reason why they do not talk, - - - 28
Frederick, - - - - - - - 76
Fluids, Rumford's experiments on, - - - - 460
Fuel, Rumford's experiments on, - - - - 459
Galt's life of West, reviewed, - - - - 47
Geography, Eddy's announced, - - - - 350
——— Gummere's reviewed, - - - 209
Greek writers modern, selections from, - - - 323
Hermit mouse, the, - - - - - 171
Heat and light, Rumford's experiments on, - - - 459
Hormayr's history of the Tyrol, - - - - 518
Icarus, - - - - - - - 82
Inferno of Altisidora, - - - - - 131
Italian poetry, - - - - - - - 27
Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane, - - - - 127
Jeremy Taylor, extracts from, - - - - 283
Kotzebue's Russia, - - - - - - 516
Lawrence James, life of, - - - - - 94
Letters, Washington's, - - - - - 287
——— to Hopkinson, - - - - 500
——— from president Adams, - - 320

Letters, to the bank directors, ... 57
——————— respecting St. Domingo, ... 128
——————— from the author of the Pursuits of Literature, 27
——————— from Lawrence, ... 94
——————— on publishing private, ... 318
Learned societies, ... 340-341-342-345
Literature, review of, ... 164-47-202-384
Life of Farmer Lane, extract from, ... 84
——————— Benjamin West, ... 47
——————— R. B. Sheridan, ... 365
——————— Mazzei, ... 289
Literary Intelligence, passim,
Lines by bishop Berkeley, ... 440
Lines to a Lady, ... 447
Love, ... 447
Lucy, ... 448
Mannert's Bavaria, ... 519
Marmaduke Oldstyle, letter from, ... 159
Mendicity, Count Rumford's measures to prevent, . . 457
——————— society to prevent, in Philadelphia, . . 505
Medal in honour of Duces, ... 58
Merinoes, ... 176
Miller's Epistles, ... 518
Miscellaneous paragraphs, passim,
Montaigne, remarks on, ... 249
Muller's Theodoric, ... 517
Myra, to, ... 170
——————— her suitors, ... 528
Napoleon and Wieland, conversation between, . . . 423
Notes by Dr. Franklin on an anonymous pamphlet, . . 52
Obituary, ... 266-262
Order of Knighthood in Virginia, ... 257
Othello, a tale of tenfold horrors, ... 442
Ogilvie's Essays, ... 90
Pascal's advice to authors, ... 28
Parliamentary portraits, ... 228
Persia, poems by the king of, ... 45
Penn on government, ... 288
Perkins's Valve Pump described, ... 307
Phillip's Irish Eloquence, ... 471
Poetry, passim
Psyche, extract from, ... 29
Public libraries, utility of, ... 169
Publications, new American, ... 83
Reading, pleasures of 154
Removing grease from books, plates, &c. 503
Rival Flowers, the, ... 170
Royal Institution, ... 453
Russian princess, memoirs of a, ... 378
Rumford, memoirs of count, ... 453
Rural Economy, ... 425-513
Saving Bank, ... 174
Sartorious, history of the Hanseatic League, . . . 518
Schlegel's lectures on the drama, review of, . . . 477
Schlœtzer on the founders of the Russian empire, . . 516

Scotti's Vauxhall, ... 80
Sheridan, life of, ... 469
Skeleton, human one, found in Maryland, . . 174
Smidt's Germany, ... 519
Soup, potatoe, directions to make, ... 175
Sporting feat near Boston, ... 84
Specimen of the sublime, ... 89
Spectacles, on the choice of, ... 511
Starling the, a novel, ... 147
St. Domingo, some account of, ... 128
Suicide, ... 281
Switzerland, Muller's history of, ... 517
Sydney's Rival Flowers, ... 280
Thermometrical observations, ... 175
Toads found in rocks, ... 265
Touch at the Times, ... 76
Travels, in Europe, Asia,, &c. review of, . . 59
Twelfth night festival, on the, ... 255
Under the rose, explained, ... 201
United States of, Geography, published at Hamburgh, . 84
Warden's Letters, ... 329
Washington's Letters, ... 24
——————— remarks on, ... 33
——————— Benevolent Society, . . 164-222
West, Benjamin, life of, ... 47
Weather at Washington, ... 175
Witty eloquence, ... 43
Wine, mode of mellowing, ... 345
Woman, a tale, ... 290
Wyttenbach's Treves, ... 519
——————— on Germany, ... ib.